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THE CATHOLIC REGISTER AND MAGAZINE.

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MARCH, 1850.

VOL. XI.

CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT CHARITY.

BY THE EDITOR.

"PLEASE, Sir, bestow a copper on a distressed tradesman," exclaims the half sturdy, half subdued tramp, sulkily touching his hat as he passes you on the turnpike road.

"Do give me a halfpenny, Sir, in charity! Mother's very ill, and I'll thank you very much!" whines the shivering urchin as he runs along at your side.

"Here I am, your honour; matches and all!" cries the disabled tar in the streets of Bath, as, in one hand, he holds out his straw hat for the expected dole, and, in the other, exhibits the bundle of matches and the whisp of stay laces which the police of the city require him to offer for sale under pain of being taken up as a beggar.

"I am starving," the squalid wretch writes with chalk in large letters on the London pavement, and lays him silently down beside his mute appeal.

These are all Protestant beggars, gentle reader. They appeal to your sensibilities merely. In England, you are never asked to bestow your alms for the love of God.

But let us not say "never." The warm-hearted, Catholic Irish wanderers cannot always restrain the habits of their mind. Though sad experience may have taught them that, in this country, a petition does not gain strength by being backed by the love of God or of the Blessed Virgin, yet the holy motive will, at times, be added; and then, if their appeal be successful, how fervently they call upon all the saints to reward you! how piously they kneel down in a retired nook in the way-side

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to pray for the object which you have recommended to their sympathy! Ragged, ruined, but yet hopeful, the father and mother of the gang will kneel there together; while the tattered and barefooted children look in amazement from their unusually-excited parents to the stranger who has proved his brotherhood in faith by making that holy sign which they had begun to think was scorned by all well dressed and prosperous people.

The English Protestant looks on, and mocks their superstition and their exaggerated gratitude.

Which of the saints was it who said that he could never refuse charity when it was asked of him for the love of God?

We do not mean to assert that Protestants, in bestowing alms, are uninfluenced by pious motives: our object is to point out the different modes of appeal which obtain in Catholic and in heretical countries. The motive may exist in the charitable of other religions, but it is unacknowledged. It is unacknowledged on the part of the giver; it is not appealed to on the part of the suppliant. Whence, we ask, is derived this so widely-different system? Climate, race, temperament cannot have occasioned it: for Catholics of the same races and countries, feel as Catholics do all over the world. Protestants read the Bible: they know that the reward promised to the giver of the "cup of cold water" is promised to the one who bestows it in His name. We fear, indeed, that Protestantism has so thrown cold water over the affections of its votaries, that they forget the motive even when they would comply with the injunction.

How different is the feeling which, in Catholic countries, unites the beggar and his patron! Members of the same community of faith, a community of feeling runs from one to the other end of the social chain. The beggar is not there looked down upon as an outcast: poverty is not there, as Sidney Smith says it is in this country, "infamous." Beggars have been canonized: Lazarus has been declared to be in Abraham's bosom: his prayers may yet avail the rich man here below. Honoured of God, why should poverty be considered dishonourable by man? And with us, I am solaced to say that is not so considered. The humble mendicant, who daily takes his place at the accustomed corner of a foreign street as regularly as the London urchin seeks his well-swept "crossing," feels no abasement when he holds out his cap to the richer neighbour who passes near him: and the latter recognises the suppliant as one of the same kind as himself; recognises his claim to sympathy by considerably touching his hat in answer to the poor man's silent appeal.

We would not deny but that the charity of Catholics may be excessive: we would not deny but that they give alms incon-

siderately, often injudiciously because spontaneously : we would not deny but that the unmeasured alms of Catholic countries may tend to foster idleness, and, destroying the feeling of self-dependence, produce that difference which all travellers observe between the lower classes of Catholic and Protestant states, between the population of the Catholic and Protestant cantons of Switzerland. We admit that, in this country, Catholic families are too apt to allow beggars to hang, in idleness, round their mansions ; considering themselves provided for during the winter if they can take possession of a shed, an outhouse, or a hovel upon their domain : but who will say that even the excess of this warm-hearted, unreasoning charity is not preferable to the Protestant system which builds workhouses and appoints paid officers to relieve the poor with cold-blooded decorum, and to test their sorrows and their claims with the legal nicety of act-of-Parliament guagers ?

Immense are the sums legally collected in England for the parochial relief of the poor ; immense are the sums freely bestowed by religious zeal or sectarian bigotry to extend what is called gospel light amongst the heathen ; to establish missionary farmers, with their wives and children, upon the best lands at the antipodes ; to scatter Bibles amongst those who cannot read. We admit the decorum with which all this is done ; but we seek in vain for the warm-hearted sympathy of Catholic charity. It is still the rich who relieve the poor. It is not one fellow-christian bestowing upon another fellow-christian that of which he is only the steward. "Do not thank me," we once heard a Catholic exclaim to one of these Protestant tramps whom she had relieved, and who humbly told his unspiritualized thanks : "Do not thank me : thank the good God who enabled me to help you. I have only done my duty : but pray for me."

How the unchristian vagabond stared !

"Eh Christiani !" cries the Tuscan beggar beside the thronged thoroughfare where thousands come out to inhale the sultry evening air : "dove andate Christiani ? Andate mangiar del coccomero. Ma non fa caldo : non n'avete di bisogno. Date mi piuttosto il vostro quattrinello per l'amor di Dio e della Santissima Virgine—Stop Christians ! where are you going ? You are going to buy slices of water melon at the stalls. But the weather is not hot : you do not need them. Give me rather, give me your penny for the love of God and the Blessed Virgin."

Such language reads strange in English ; but we think it is Christian : and we own that we like the tone of equality that pervades it,—based, as it is, upon that bond of union which the epithet "Christiani" recalls to all.

But not to this world alone is that bond of sacred union confined. How often have we seen the humble suppliant pass from chair to chair in a French church, quietly soliciting that alms the bestowal of which during prayers would, in England, be thought to interrupt the devotion which, on the contrary, it sanctifies ! How often have we seen such a humble suppliant, when the sacristan came round to collect alms that prayers might be offered for the souls in purgatory, drop, into his bag, the coin just received, and hope that the dear one for whom he wept might reap some benefit from the great sacrificial offering he thus contributed to procure !

“Be ye all of one mind, having compassion one of another, being lovers of the brotherhood, merciful, modest, humble.”

And in lieu of these holy sympathies, English Protestantism has established poor laws ; English Protestantism has built union workhouses where

—Pallentes habitant Morbi, tristisque senectus,

Et Metus, et malasuada Fames, et turpis Egestas,

—Lethumque, Laborque :

and cold officials walk, periodically, round the buildings and see that decrepitude and disease, childhood and old age, are clad, fed and cared for with the method and exactness of an utilitarian, who looks to the expenditure of his money, rather than with the sympathy of a Christian greeting an equal soul. And yet the establishment of these workhouses is a noble feature in the country. Practically speaking and looking only to its physical bearings, it is a fine spectacle to see such asylums for the destitute provided in every district of the land. Were any traveller returning from a far-off country to tell us that, in that distant region, the whole kingdom was divided into districts : that in every district was maintained a well-built, commodious mansion, superintended by a steady master and matron, in which all who were unable to find employment, orphan children and all who were brought to distress by sickness, improvidence, or their own ill conduct, were received and supported as long as they chose to stay ; were lodged in warm rooms ; well clothed ; well fed ; attended regularly by a surgeon appointed to watch over their health ; that a school master and mistress were provided for the children ; that they were assembled, morning and evening, for family prayers, and that the ministers of their religion were admitted, at all times, to see them ; that they were subject to no extraordinary labour to defray the expenses of the establishment ; and that the principal residents of the neighbourhood weekly met to hear and redress their grievances—how should we esteem the beneficence of that distant people !

But yet the Christian philosopher would understand at once that such an establishment could only have originated, could only have been needed in a country where Protestantism had dried up all the sympathies which nature had implanted in the human breast and which revelation had improved and sanctified. A Christian philosopher would have anticipated that breaking up of all family ties, that absence of kindliness and community of feeling between the rich and the poor which has filled England with suspicion and reserve, pride and immorality, speculation and stinginess. "I pay poor rates" is the reply that, unbidden, arises to the lips of most men when appealed to for especial assistance: "I pay poor rates: apply to the parish: if I relieve you I shall be only saving the rates, and shall, to that amount, be helping the other rate payers who are bound to support you. You are bashful, are you?—you recoil from the exposure, from the abasement of parochial assistance? I am sorry for your fine feelings, but I cannot afford to indulge them: besides, there is no disgrace in the application: you have a right to parish pay: the law gives it to you; and you are a fool if you do not take it."

"I support father!" exclaims an able bodied man, astounded at what seems to him so strange a proposition. "Let him go and get parish pay. Why should I slave for he? Other old folks are supported out of the rates. I can spend my earnings on myself. Why, you will ask me next to support grandfather and brothers and sisters! What is the union and the relieving officer good for, I should like to know? I'll hang myself rather than support father!"

"Why should I stay here and slave for Betsey and all these brats?" the overworked and underfed labourer at first timidly asks himself. "Every child takes bread out of my mouth. How well to do I should be with my wages if I had no one but myself to keep! Betsey would apply to the guardians: the parish would be obliged to maintain her and the children."..... What was at first a timid thought, gradually forms itself into a purpose; and he who was an affectionate and would have been a self-denying husband and father, runs from his home—pursued by a magistrate's warrant for deserting his wife and children.

Such are the consequences of methodized Protestant charity: such are the feelings which every resident in a rural parish in England knows to be engendered and fostered by our boasted system of parochial relief. From Protestantism, that system sprang: to Protestantism and its forced charities, can alone be traced that absence of domestic affection and solicitude which characterises the English peasantry. Children in England have been brought up to consider that they owe to their parents no

care and support in sickness and old age: the parish, they have been taught to think, will provide for them. Parents have been made to feel indifference to the moral conduct and education of their children;—if they turn out ill and are not trained to habits of industry that may enable them to earn their livelihood, the parish, they say, must provide for them. Youths, scarcely beyond the age of childhood, have been encouraged to contract imprudent marriages—often without possessing so much as would enable them to provide the most scanty articles of furniture; the parish, they know, must provide for their wives and offspring. Husbands have been withheld by no dread of the consequent bereavement their flight would otherwise entail, from abandoning their wives and young children:—the parish, they knew, would provide for them. Oh, doubly, trebly cursed in the heart of every well-wisher of his race ought to be this fatal parish provision! Fatal to the giver, fatal to the receiver: entailing upon the one, indifference, hardness of heart, distrust and suspicion: upon the other, pride, recklessness, improvidence; the neglect of all social duties; the disruption of all family ties! All that the heart should hold most dear, withers beneath its influence: all that heaven has pointed out as its most favourite virtues, change, beneath its baneful spell, into the most opposite and detested vices.

Oh, may Catholicity preserve poor Ireland from the withering effects of this last curse which England has inflicted upon her! If it does, it will effect a greater triumph than it has wrought by maintaining itself in the hearts of the people through three centuries of religious persecution. The charities of life may be more easily, because more imperceptibly, extinguished than can the faith of nations be changed. Those charities are essentially Catholic. In Catholic countries, amongst Catholics only, do they exist as a characteristic, as a distinguishing element in the mind of each one. Legal enactments are not there requisite to extract the contributions of the charitable. If any member of society there incurs extraordinary expense for the amusement of those of his own class, one of the number will call upon and remind him that the poor, also, should partake of his festivity. They, indeed, “have the poor always with them:”—not excluded from their walks, from their gardens, from their parks, from their museums as if they were of as distinct a species as the American considers the negro to be:—not cowed and well trained to look on the rich at a distance, with unmeaning, stolid, unsympathising respect: but avowing sensibilities akin to theirs; feeling and expressing an interest in that which they perceive to interest them: and referring ever to heaven as the common home of both classes, where both will again be equal.

"Bella giovane!" said an old beggar-woman at the door of the church at Loretto, fixing her eyes upon a young English traveller who, with tenderness in which she could sympathise and participate, supported a fair girl upon his arm:—"Bellissimi sposi tutti e due," she said singling them out from their party. "Abbate anni felici e poi il paradiso! Datemi un bajocco per l'amor della Madonna—What a beautiful girl! what a fair couple! May you have years of happiness and then paradise! Give me a penny for the love of the Blessed Virgin!"

Two-thirds of the prayer of that beggar woman have been, we trust, fulfilled. But often, in after life that young couple thought of their pilgrimage to Loretto, and of the pious appeal of the warm-hearted Italian beggar, as they contrasted it with the decorous but unspiritual, unsanctified requests of Protestants exclaiming—"Do, Sir, do my lady bestow a charity, and I'll be very much obliged to you."

Even our old and popularly-sentimental songs record and appeal to no spiritual motive for alms-giving:—

"Pity, kind gentleman! friend of humanity!
Give but relief and I will be gone."

In these two lines of a beautiful, familiar ballad, every motive is pressed into the service of the suppliant that is supposed best to recommend the petition. But the "kind gentleman"—not the fellow Christian, is addressed: the "friend of humanity"—the friend of his human kind, by his good nature, by his philanthropy, is implored to pity the wanderer's distress. A motive is, to be sure, superadded: what is it? Is it the love of God? We have seen that such it would be in Catholic countries: but the song is made for Protestant England:

"Give but relief," it says, "and"—what? "and I will be gone."

The next two lines of the same song are equally characteristic of the motives that are supposed, by the ballad maker, to actuate those who are appealed to:—

"I have two little brothers at home. When they're old enough,
They shall work hard your gifts to repay."

They shall not pray for you: my mother, who "thinks of the days that will never return," will not pray for you: God himself will not reward you—at all events, we will not ask Him to do so: we apply to you on an utilitarian principle only; we "will work hard your gifts to repay!"

INSIDE THE COFFIN.

1

I ask'd how long dead bodies wear
 Their lingering form of flesh : how soon
 The very muscles disappear
 And nought is left but dust and bone.

2

The day she died, I bade them close
 Her coffin. *Then*, I strove to bear
 The thought of her unchang'd—a rose
 Just pluck'd, but still unfaded-fair.

3

But *now*, it grieves me ; and I bid
 Imagination pierce the gloom
 And nestle 'neath the coffin lid :—
 Deep—deep within thy silent tomb ;

4

And notice how thou farest : how
 That face and form I lov'd so well
 Is chang'd and changing—fast or slow.
 All this my wayward fancies tell.

5

And then I brood on every change ;
 And know and see and feel it all.
 Truth, fancy, hope, together range
 Down there with thee—but can't appal.

6

I see the white foam gathering slow
 On lips where love was wont to reign,
 And think my hand should wipe them now :—
 In vain :—it oozes forth again.

7

I see those lips more livid grow ;
 Those cheeks, so dimpled, round and fair
 And full of bloom, sink darkling low
 And purple stains discolouring wear.

8

Those eyelids that, with trembling haste,
 I clos'd on all that gave me light,
 Sink moist and clammy—all effac'd
 Their very shape. I see the might

9

Of foul corruption stealing o'er
 Those limbs belov'd—dismantling all.
 I watch it, mark it more and more.....
 I would partake death's festival

10

With thee: would cast my spirit down
 Within thy coffin,—lay me there
 And clasp those limbs as I have done :—
 Mine still and ever—foul or fair !

11

Thus hand to hand and cheek to cheek,
 What heed I all corruption brings ?
 The very worms are her. I seek
 And watch and love the creeping things.

12

For they are her and she is them,
 And I am her and they are me.
 Wreath'd with her living diadem,
 Here, living, should my dwelling be.

13

Here, living, would I dwell with her.
 No horror hath this slime for me.
 I would not earthly joy prefer
 To lying thus eternally.

14

Eternally with her ?....Not so !
 A change is wrought. My fancy tells
 All these have pass'd away : and, lo !
 Nought lives there now or festering swells.

15

Imagination wanders home
 From that dear resting place, and gives
 The latest news from Mary's tomb :—
 Within that coffin, nothing lives !

16

That flesh, once form'd in beauty's mould,
 So full of life and light and play ;
 Then carried hence, pale, stiff and cold ;
 Then chang'd and shrunk from day to day ;

17

Is gone, with all that on it fed.
 All, self-consum'd, is wasted ; done :
 And where I lov'd to lay my head
 In thought, is nothing. All is gone.

18

All save those bones, dry, sapless, tall,
 Straight-laid upon the leaden floor.
 How large the coffin seems ! How small
 The space they'll need for evermore !

19

How dry and shrivell'd ! Yet 'tis they
 Upbore that form so fondly lov'd.
 That skull upon my shoulder lay.
 Those feet to meet me lightly mov'd.

20

Those nerveless arms, they used to cling
 Around my neck and fondly press.
 That spider hand.....Her wedding ring—
 Good God, 'tis there ! Oh, Thou didst bless

21

That ring, my God, long years ago.
 That ring she truly wore for me.
 Her fleshless finger wears it now—
 Will wear it thus eternally.

22

This slim, long-jointed skeleton
 Is that same white, full, tapering hand
 I plac'd that ring so fondly on.—
 Oh Mary ! Mary ! thou didst stand

23

Beside me then in youthful pride.
 I press'd that hand, and vow'd the vow.
 Once more I clasp it.....Oh, my bride,
 My love, my wife, I ask thee now

24

Have I not kept it ?—Was thy life
 Not blest with love and happiness ?—
 I could not love thee more, my wife ;
 And now.....I cannot love thee less !

25

For 'neath thy grave, my thoughts will come
 To mourn and dream and love and pray.
 I have no other earthly home
 Where I may spend life's weary day.

26

And thus, my Mary, thus I cling
 To all that now is left of thee.
 God save thy spirit !—Save and bring
 Our souls together speedily.

Axminster, 9th Oct. 1849.

FUIMUS.

COLONIZATION AND CHRISTIANITY.

COLONIZATION is no longer considered as a means of propagating the faith. Emigration is now generally understood to be the settlement of agriculturists on lands frequented by hunter tribes; but it has not always been so considered: and with the wide field recently opened to Christianity in Africa, in China, and in the islands of the Pacific, it may not be amiss to analyze the ridicule that has been thrown on such measures as a mean of propagating the faith of Christ: it may not be amiss to inquire how far the rulers of the Church may laudably avail themselves, for this purpose, of the course of political events, and to weigh the criticisms of their impugnors.

In the seventh century of the Christian era, arose an impostor whose success has obtained for him, in the minds of unthinking Christians and inconsequent moralists, but too easy a pardon for the impiety of his attempt and the grossness of his doctrines. This man willed that his followers should be conquerors: with the Koran in one hand and the sword in the other, he caused the divinity of his mission to be acknowledged; his successors imposed the yoke of his creed and of their own despotism on the fairest region of so much of the earth as was then known to the civilized nations. They passed the straits that separate Africa from Europe: established themselves in Spain; and even made incursions into the provinces of France. The Holy Land, once trod by blessed feet, was included in their empire: and those Christians whose devotion led them to visit the places where the incarnate Word had lived and died and risen again, were vexed and tormented by triumphant bigotry.

Of this last circumstance, the governors of the nations united under the name of Christendom, took advantage for their own defence: they roused the courage of their people to encounter the dangers and the difficulties of a distant warfare. Crusades for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre and for establishing a barrier against Mahometan conquest, long exercised the valour, the zeal and the piety of Christian heroes.

The expulsion of the Moors from Grenada, an act at least as justifiable as their intrusion into that province, may be regarded as the last of these crusades. It secured Christendom on this point, from the dread of a barbarous domination; and the Mediterranean rolled its waves between Spain and the ferocious pirate of the northern coast of Africa. But the errors and acts of the impostor had prevailed far and wide. Poland, Austria,

Venice, and the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, at last driven to the little isle where the Apostle of the Gentiles had escaped from shipwreck—these were become the bulwarks of the countries professing the faith of Christ.

Meanwhile, the opinion that religion was to be defended as it was attacked, by force of arms, became familiar to Christians: and the extension of the true faith was considered as the work not only of its unarmed teachers, but also of the powers that bore the sword. With this object in view, Pope Martin V. gave to the Portuguese the countries they should discover after sounding Africa on the south: and his successor, Alexander VI., drew a line of demarcation from pole to pole; and assigned to that nation, all the unknown regions to the eastward, and to the Spaniards, all to the westward of this boldly and magnificently-imagined line.

The great discoverer of the new world destined a portion of his treasures to be obtained in the east, as a subsidy for the recovery of the Holy Land; and trusted in the blessing of Heaven on an enterprize that would convey the knowledge of the truth to people as yet "sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death."

But Martin V. did not know the latitude of the Cape of Good Hope. Alexander VI. did not settle the disputes that might arise between the Portuguese and Spaniards when they should meet on the opposite side of the globe: and Columbus was a bigot. Such are the sneers and reproaches thrown out by modern writers; by Christians indifferent to their religion, or by philosophers who reject it.

Yet; if the Christian religion be true, it is "the power of God unto salvation to him who believeth;" and is to be taught, as such, in all the countries of the earth. How the divine justice and mercy may dispose of the souls of those who have not heard the word of truth, is not our affair: the more inauspiciously we deem of their future state, the more anxiously will Christian charity exert itself to show them the appointed way, the revealed truth, the hope of life eternal. The cruelty and rapacity of some profligate Spanish adventurers have thrown dishonour on the cause of proselytism: but for their atrocious conduct, neither the zeal of the pastors of the Church nor the piety of Columbus ought to be made responsible. Shall the patriot glory in the spread of the language and name of his country by colonization: shall the statesman applaud himself for thus increasing its power and resources: shall the man of commerce point out his own gains as part of its wealth: and shall Christians regard as a matter of no moment the diffusion of that light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into the

world? This is not natural: not consistent with gratitude to God; not in accordance with "the love of our brethren."

The project of Columbus for yet another "Jerusalem delivered" was neither so silly nor so impolitic as, in these days, it is apprehended to be: it is justified by the danger which, half a century after his death, threatened Italy and all Europe,—preserved from invasion, perhaps from subjugation, by the battle of Lepanto.

Three centuries have far advanced the discoveries to which this great—this more than great—this good man led the way: forty millions of Christians dwell in those countries which he began to make known to Europe: the pure oblation of our altars has been substituted for human sacrifices: the shores of the great inland lakes and the horrid wilds of Paraguay have echoed the praises of the true God. "Beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of those who bring glad tidings of peace:" "they who turn many to justice shall shine like stars in the firmament of heaven."

The constellation of the cross animated the first wanderers in the southern hemisphere: still the injunction "go and teach all nations" has been imperfectly obeyed; and the purpose of the Creator, that man should replenish the earth and subdue it, is as yet far short of its accomplishment. Meantime a redundant population in some countries may make it most difficult in the classes not possessed of property, to restrain that cupidity which appears to them justifiable by want and misery. Colonization is, if not a remedy, at least a palliative of the evil.

It is not a remedy; for the numbers who may depart from a thickly inhabited region will only make room for new and multiplied increase: but as a palliative, it is the best, the most glorious to the people who may adopt it; the most beneficial to the great interest of mankind. To this object, ought to be directed the efforts of Christian charity for the relief and amelioration of the condition of the labouring classes. Moral restraint, popularly sneered at as the doctrine of Malthus, is, indeed, the only efficient means whereby population can be confined within the limit of easy subsistence: but the privation of the delights of domestic affection is, in a general and extended view, no light evil; and ought not to be imposed or required while so many regions remain unoccupied and desert, as if in scorn of the magnificence of the Creator.

RECOLLECTIONS OF EMINENT MEN.

DR. PHILLPOTTS.—M. BLANQUI.—DR. GENTILI, D.D.—
MR. MATHIAS.—CARDINAL RUFFO.

AT the Green Dragon at Harrowgate, I was seated at dinner beside a staid lady-like woman;—the wife of the clergyman on the other side of her. We spoke of the changes that had taken place in the Lower Town since I had seen it last.

“How long is it since then?” she asked.

“Oh, I have not been here for these hundred years,” I replied.

She opened her dull blue eyes very wide and looked at me in silent amazement. At length she observed, in a tone of blended doubt and fear,

“I should not have thought you so old!”

“I was very young at the time,” I answered: “I was scarcely twenty years old.”.....

What memories must be mine!

“Passons, s’il vous plait, au deluge.”

Need I translate these words and explain to what they allude? More than fifty years ago, the present Bishop of Exeter, Dr. Phillpotts, apologised to me for the inconvenience to which he had put me by not understanding the meaning of the letters R. S. V. P. which I had written at the bottom of a letter; and though French and French literature are not quite so strange to us now as they were before Prince Albert established prizes for foreign languages at Eton, still there may be some country gentlemen unacquainted with Racine’s comedy of *Les Plaideurs*, in which counsel, pleading in the case of a stolen chicken, begins his speech with the protasis “Before the creation of the world”.....and is interrupted by the judge, Dandin, exclaiming, with a yawn, “O Mr. Avocat, let us skip on to the deluge, if you please.”

Thus, though enriched with the memories of “a hundred years,” I have skipped over half of them and find myself embarked in the *see* of Exeter. But, fifty years ago, Dr. Phillpotts was little liable to be addressed in the mysterious initials of French politeness. He was struggling with difficulties at Magdalene College, Oxford: and was cramming religion and sound principles of church-and-state into the mind of his first pupil. But, himself of a reduced gentleman’s family (so much reduced, indeed, that his father attempted to mend his circumstances by

renting the Bear inn at Gloucester—which he soon abandoned having, as he said, discovered that a successful innkeeper must have been bred in the stable and his wife at the bar:—from this connection with the great cheese-making country, some ill natured people have called the bishop “double-Gloucester”)—but, though himself of a reduced gentleman’s family, and maintaining himself with difficulty at Oxford, it is much to the young divine’s credit that he proposed to dismiss this important pupil because he had imbibed deistic ideas and was, as his tutor worded it, “in politics very much inclined to the vicious side.”

The future bishop was, indeed, always a conscientious supporter of the powers that be, and of the Established Church: the very attacks that were then made upon it, made him—I say it advisedly—the more anxious to enrol himself amongst its clergy. It was recounted to him that a French *Emigré*, a *Philosophe*—had exclaimed to a friend “Is it possible that you believe in Christ? I thought you were a man of sense!”

“Did you not knock him down?” exclaimed young Phillpotts with impetuous but inconsiderate zeal, such as might have animated the present member for his county when giving a “punch on the head” to a poacher. “Did you not knock him down?”

“Ye know not what spirit ye are of” was quoted to him; and he blushed and acknowledged his error.

It was in this feeling of devotion to all legitimate authority, that, at this time,—fifty, aye more than fifty years ago,—he wrote to me “I lament the horrible Injuries which the Pope has suffered from the general enemy: I admire his own Behaviour and heartily wish for the re-establishment of his Authority in some other Country. Should that be denied, I wish he may find an Asylum in England.”

Again, in our days, the Holy Father has suffered injuries; and it has been thought not impossible that he should seek refuge in England. But few of us have imagined that, were he to do so, the episcopal palace at Exeter would be placed at his disposal!

About this time, the life of the future pillar of the Anglican Church was, with mine own, placed in some jeopardy. We had taken a long and delightful walk together through a part of the country that was new to us both. Even August has its nights; and darkness overtook us and caused us to bewilder ourselves still more in unknown lanes. At length, lights in the windows guided us to what proved to be a gentleman’s house. The clock struck eleven in the hall as we knocked at the front door. The hospitable owner of the mansion, who proved to be a Mr. Alington, put his head out of the window; and, thinking

that people who knock at a front door while lights are still burning in the house, must be robbers, peremptorily called out "Who are you?" and, without waiting for an answer, fired a blunderbus at us. The shot whizzed past harmless:—one of the party was reserved for canonry and *mitraille*.

When I resided in Bath, a certain banker of Durham came for a season and took a house in Marlborough Buildings. He had some nice daughters who used to attend the balls—the father remaining at home. The girls were, however, required to return at twelve o'clock—people kept early hours in Bath in those days—not by the dread that haunted poor Cinderella of the glass slipper (originally written a slipper of *veir*, lined with royal sable, then misprinted, by some ignorant composer, *verre*, and translated into English *glass*) but by the terror of their father's horsewhip. If the clock had struck twelve when their chairman knocked at the door, he posted himself in the passage and, with a long riding whip, cut at them as they scampered upstairs. *Certes*, we recommend the plan to all fathers whose daughters are too fond of "a galop" to another tune. Let them have a "row polka" when they come home.

Our young divine married one of these well broke, well trained ladies.

The career of Dr. Phillpotts as a successful writer of pamphlets in opposition to Catholics and Catholic Emancipation, is well known. He was rewarded with the living of Stanhope near Durham—supposed to be worth £7000 a year. When Emancipation was about to be granted to the demands of O'Connell, he was accused of forsaking his principles and of supporting the ministers. He became Bishop of Exeter; and was to have retained his cure of souls in Durham *in commendam*; but the plan was violently opposed in parliament, and Lord Gray was obliged to take the living from the new bishop—who was thus a great loser, in point of revenue, by his elevation. This little transaction did not tend to heal the unfriendly feeling that had long existed between the premier and the northern divine. On one occasion, in the House of Lords, the former so far forgot himself as to wind up a period by declaring that the Right Reverend Prelate "excited his contempt and disgust." With apparent meekness, the other replied that "the charities and the spirit of his religion prevented *him* from feeling disgust or contempt for any one—not even for the noble earl." Indeed, he at once, proved himself, on the episcopal bench, to be a most able and argumentative, but bitter speaker. And yet, no one has manners more courtly, more bland, more winning-kind: no one has a voice more gentle, an intonation more soothing and harmonious. In the manage-

ment of his diocese, in the disputes between the high and the low church, the principles of his life have obliged him to take the unpopular side: and those whom he opposed, have assailed him with every imaginable epithet of scorn and contumely. The Tractarian party do, indeed, accuse him of having deserted them after he had led them on to fight for the rubric under the banner of the white surplice: yet he seems only to have withdrawn from the contest when he saw that the ill feeling engendered was greater than could be compensated by the restoration of the discipline which he preferred.

But "give a dog a bad name and hang him." The prelate's sincerity having been doubted, every action of his life is suspected and questioned. At his first visitation of his diocese, he was said to admire exceedingly the Devonshire rolls that he met with at every gentleman's house: and to please his hostess, he took with him, from every house, a little basket of rolls which were thrown from the carriage window before he reached his next friendly entertainer to make room for a fresh supply. At the church, when his clergy were gathered around him, he said, in a severe voice "Mr. — I cannot consent to your non-residence upon your other important living unless you have a curate constantly on the spot."

"I have a curate constantly in the parish, my lord."

"I am aware of it; but you really must make him an allowance more proportioned to the population and the value of the living. You really must give him one hundred and fifty pounds a year."

"I have always allowed him two hundred a year, my lord."

"I know it. I have only spoken thus, gentlemen," he said, turning to the others, "to draw out from our friend's modesty evidence of his praiseworthy conduct: and to set him before you as a model I would wish you all to follow."

A scarcely-suppressed titter ran through the assembly at the skill with which their diocesan covered what all believed to be mistakes.

But in his many contests with his clergy, he has ever been proved to be in the right. He has striven to maintain the faith and discipline of his Church: and no Catholic doubts but that, in the question of baptismal regeneration which is now said to threaten the establishment with such disruption, he will be proved to hold the doctrine of the Anglican Church—if the court is bold enough to pronounce a decision.

Last time I visited the bishop, the table in his outer sitting room—it stood near an open window in the blaze of a noonday sun—was covered with cotton stockings which had been newly labelled "H. E" in marking ink, and which were laid out there to dry. Surely this looked like apostolic simplicity!

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MONSIEUR BLANQUI.

About twenty-five years ago, a French traveller visited Bath on his tour through England. He dined at the White Hart Hotel. After dinner, cheese and cucumber were placed on his table. In France, cheese is always placed on the table with the desert: he did not know that the English plan was different; and supposing that he saw his desert, began to laugh most joyously that English people should think cucumber a fruit; that the city of Bath should afford no better fruit for desert than raw cucumbers. He wrote a book descriptive of his tour, and published in it this anecdote; expressing much mock sympathy for the poor devils who were obliged to live in so wretched a climate—

“Où l'Angleterre triste et le front couvert d'ombre,
Comme une tache sombre,
Obscurcit et noircit l'azur brillant des mers.”

Having thus done homage to the superior *savoir vivre* of France, he tells us in his book that he then ran to deliver a letter of introduction with which he was supplied to one of the most eminent characters in Bath.

I will not, at present, tarry to describe this once-valued friend. Suffice it to say that, when I went to Paris in 1827, I took from him a letter of introduction to the hero of the cucumber—to the then unknown Monsieur Blanqui.

English people, or at all events, English authors, who may, perhaps, be interested parties, frequently lament the little consideration that literary men enjoy in this country compared with that which surrounds them on the continent. I believe the complaint to be unfounded; and their position to be much the same every where:—I mean in every country where people read. When the late M. de Chateaubriand was presented to Alexander of Russia, the Emperor asked him “Are you the M. de Chateaubriand who has written.....who has written..... something?” In the dominions of the Czar of Russia, literary men may, perhaps, be ignored: but in European countries, I believe they hold that position which their birth and manners would ever secure to them. Literary pursuits are, no where, a passport to general society: general society has not sense enough to value a man for his abilities only: though, if literary eminence be added to his other qualifications, he will, doubtless, be more looked up to; and any little extravagances he may please to practise, will be laughed at and forgiven—as we all laughed at and forgave old Walter Savage Landor when, in the centre of a large party in a large room, he threw himself on a low stool at the feet of a middle aged lady and talked to her with

the *empressement* of one representing an actor in the gardens of Bocaccio. In general, literary men and authors herd together; with those who have the same pursuits, the same tastes. What should they do amid the frivolities of fashionable society, of whose interest they know nothing? and what should fashionable society do with the dreamers, the thunderers, or the wits who influence it, and sway it, and inspire it in a manner and with a power that it little suspects?

M. Blanqui was a literary man, and lived in a circle of literary men and revolutionists. He introduced me to M. Say, the celebrated political economist; who was pleased to express surprise that a man who had been educated in France "a hundred years ago," should know how to speak the language. There I met none but literary men or men of that class of politics which Dr. Phillpotts would have called "vicious"—They were not, consequently, men whom one was in the habit of meeting in the salons of the noblesse. The appearance and manners of M. Blanqui himself would have debarred him from such, had he been ambitious to enter them. But his ambition was of another sort. He was, in truth, the most ambitious embryo traitor I ever met. He lived in a small lodging—on his wits; but he was resolved that those wits should land him in a better. His one object was to earn enough by his pen to qualify himself to be elected a *Deputé* to the *Chambre*. Fictitious qualifications for members of parliament were unknown in France. The labour by which Hume the historian strove to amass a thousand pounds; the exultation with which he first beheld himself the possessor of such a sum, has been recorded. But Hume's ambition only led him to anticipate a life of literary ease: that of M. Blanqui already beheld him the destroyer of thrones. He did amass a "qualification." He was elected a *deputé*.

The part he played in the late revolution in France will be recorded in History.

DR. GENTILI, D.D.

When I was at Rome in 1823, I was acquainted, as intimately as a man of my age could well be with a man of about thirty, with a barrister practising in one of the courts there. His name was Gentili. He was a pleasant, chatty man, with a good deal of anecdote. He used to play on the guitar and sing a little. He had all the feelings of a Roman; lamenting the loss of political power and making a jest of the present state of his country. Thus whenever he spoke of any thing that had been formerly done by the Romans, he would add, "*gli antichi già s'intende: non-quelli d'oggi*—the ancient be it understood, not those of to-day." In short, he was a fair specimen of a modern

Roman gentleman of the middle class, or rather of the learned professions—in whom was apparent no great fund of genius, sensibility or religion ; although there was no want of either.

He was a poet too. While I was at Rome, Miss Bathurst was staying there with her aunt and uncle, Lord Aylmer. Poor Rose Bathurst was one of the most pretty, winning girls I ever saw. She was the belle of Rome—at least, she was so considered by all except her rival Miss Gent and her admirers. She was a good horse-woman, and on the 16th of March, 1824, rode out as usual with her relations and a gay party. They crossed the Ponte Molle and turned to the right: when, finding a gate shut through which they had intended to pass, the old Duc de Montmorenci, the French ambassador, who was as blind as a bat, assured them that he could guide them along a path beside the river which he had often past himself; without—thanks to his blindness—being aware of its danger. The horse on which Miss Bathurst rode, missed its footing, fell down the steep bank into the river upon its rider and buried her in the mud and water. A couple of twigs, placed over the shore in the form of a cross, marked the spot; and many prayed for la Rosina whom they had so much admired.

But the verse-makers were not satisfied with praying. It was a good subject for an elegy or any other bit of sentimentalism; and, at the head of the poetic mourners, Signor Gentili was ambitious to appear. He showed me the first canto of what was to have been a lengthened epic. Old Tiber was represented as calling all his nymphs and naiads and tributary courtiers around him and announcing to them the coming of a visitor from the far lands of the barbarous north whom he desired them to greet with imperial benignity and grace. The speeches of the several characters were given; and the canto closed with a chorus in praise of Rome, of Tiber and of themselves.

I do not remember whether I had any hand in preventing the completion and the publication of the work. But Signor Gentili had never been personally acquainted with the heroine of his poem: and, probably, his inspiration wore away with his first sympathy for the sufferer.

Twenty years afterwards, I was travelling through the mid-land counties at a time when all England thought itself in danger from the turning out of the Chartists—who seemed notwithstanding to be very harmless fellows. A lady and two children were with me in the open phaeton which I drove: and we all felt considerably uncomfortable when, in a sequestered road, we met a large procession of them. But they drew quietly to one side, and most of them touched their hats as we passed. The next day was Sunday, and we heard Mass at the quiet chapel of Loughborough. The congregation was small: but

what was my surprise, as soon as Mass was ended, to see hundreds and hundreds of men pour themselves into the church and quietly occupy every spot on which a man could stand, sit or climb—for the embrasures of the windows had their tenants! These were the Chartists. Each column of them was directed towards that part of the building that was least crowded by a priest who came forth to the altar and motioned them forward with dignified and impressive gesture. The priest was my old friend, Signor, now Dr. Gentili, D.D.

For some years, he had withdrawn from worldly pursuits. Had studied with zeal and devotion. Had been ordained and had piously dedicated himself to the religious service of England!

It was, at that time, a whim of the Chartists to attend different places of religious worship in turn—occupying them *en masse*, to the no small dread and discomfort of some of the clergy and congregations. Thus the Rev. Mr. Close at Cheltenham had requested them, as a favour, that they would not come to his church, but would seek some other that was less crowded with well-dressed and fashionable people. A relation of mine was stationed with his troop at Leicester with particular injunctions to prevent them from thus taking possession, as it was phrased, of the churches! They thought themselves hardly used; and on the last Saturday evening, had sent a deputation to Dr. Gentili announcing their intention of visiting him on the following day, and inquiring whether they would be repulsed. A Catholic priest could not repulse people from his church: and the good Doctor only explained to them that a part of the prayers was in Latin which they could not understand, and requested them to wait outside till these were over: they might then come in and hear the sermon.

They did come in, as I have stated; and magnificently then the preacher “pitched into them.” His language was rather imperfect; his pronunciation was foreign: but his gesticulation, though excessive, was commanding: he seemed inspired by the occasion. For one hour and a half, he poured forth an extempore address on the gospel of the day. He sympathised with the distress of his strange audience: but he declared that the cause of all their misfortunes was their abandonment of the ancient faith: and that if they would “first seek the justice of God” by returning to it, all they needed would be added to them. This bold harangue was listened to most respectfully; and, at the conclusion of it, they dispersed with the quietness and regularity with which they had entered the building. There was a little flower garden outside the door; and after the service, when I renewed my old acquaintance with my old and most revered friend, he bade me remark that not a single footstep had wandered upon it from the gravel walk.

From that time, the life of Dr. Gentili was a life of ceaseless toil in the vineyard of Christ. But, to him, all seemed a labour of love. His exertions as a missionary preacher, were untiring and most effective. He was, everywhere, followed with devotion and reverence, and completed in the confessional the conversions which he had commenced in the pulpit. Here it was, I believe, that, in the autumn of 1848, while engaged on a mission in Ireland, he caught the malignant fever of which he died. As his life had been exemplary, so was his death most edifying. May he now enjoy the reward promised to the good and faithful servant!

MR. MATHIAS.

In the last number of the "Register," the author of the "Pursuits of Literature" is alluded to by a correspondent. The book was published during the last century; but it holds its place in libraries as a standard work. Bigoted and uncharitable as the author shows himself when referring to the faith of Catholics, his notes upon books are valued for their research and erudition. In fact, his text is but a peg on which to hang his notes.

I was personally acquainted with Mr. Mathias when we both lived at Naples. He may live there still, for aught I know to the contrary: for such a shrivelled, wizened, little old man he was, that he looked as if there was not life enough in him to die! And yet he was the greatest eater, I ever met. He had not a tooth in his head; but he eat voraciously, and masticated his food with his bare gums so violently as to shake his whole head. He disliked conversation. Like many men who have risen to eminence by some one sudden effort, he seemed to fear lest he should commit or expose himself, and fall back from his pinnacle of glory.

During his long residence in Italy, he gave himself up to the study of the Italian language. It was his ambition to be an Italian poet. He translated Beattie's "Minstrel" into Italian verse and published it. I have also a folio volume, printed by him for private circulation, of "Poesie Lireche e Prose Toscane." His versification is, however, laboured. His language is that of the student, not of him who uses it familiarly. Even in his conversation this appeared. When he did talk, he was fond of talking Italian: and I once mortified him exceedingly by calling to him, before a large company, "Mr. Mathias, you are a native and can tell us: what is the Italian for puss?"

"For puss?" he replied: "oh, gatto, to be sure!"

"No: no," I insisted, "*gatto* is Italian for *cat*, I want to call puss, puss."

He thought awhile; coloured; and absorbed himself in a vol-au-vent of woodcock.

CARDINAL RUFFO.

After the French invasion of Italy at the end of the last century ; after they had obtained possession of the city of Naples, which the lazzeroni had defended against them for three days, until the commander of the French forces proposed to send a guard of honour to protect the shrine of St. Januarius, when they joyfully capitulated and mounted guard side by side with the invaders ; after the king had fled to Sicily under the protection of the English—an opportune moment was thought to have arrived for a fresh incursion into the dominions *di qua del Faro*. A busy man who thought himself, and who was generally thought, to have some military genius, got the ear of the royal counsels—probably while hunting with King Ferdinand. He was not in holy orders, but had the title of cardinal which is not unfrequently bestowed upon those who are not priests. At his instigation, all the prisons of Sicily were cleared of their tenants on condition that they should join the standard of the cardinal ; and vagabonds flocked around it from every side, while respectable people held aloof from what was understood to be a mere predatory incursion. An army, such as Falstaff would have scorned to march through Coventry with, was, however, thus collected and passed over the straits from Messina. It gathered materials of the same sort as it marched towards the capital. The French troops were taken by surprise ; the towns were undefended ; and Cardinal Ruffo seized upon Naples at the head of his victorious bands. For three days, he delivered it up to pillage ; and the depredations that were then committed were spoken of with horror a quarter of a century afterwards.

A small body of French troops was soon brought together ; and the army of Cardinal Ruffo melted away as rapidly as it had been collected.

I knew this old man well when I lived at Naples. He also delighted to reside there, as on the scene of his former triumphs : for though he still retained his honorary title of cardinal, he looked upon himself as a military man—the only hero, thank heaven ! in the sacred college. He was a thin, spare man ; very active and sprightly in his manner : with a quick, glancing eye ; and affecting a military swagger in his deportment and language, no less than a contempt for the unsoldier-like capacities of Roman ministers and ecclesiastics. Thus the Campagna being infested by robbers at that time, a cardinal had been sent from Rome, with a considerable force, to restore order in the country. Cardinal Ruffo called on me to discuss the matter. He evidently thought that the command of the expedition ought to have been entrusted to himself.

"Why the devil!" he exclaimed with military swagger, "why the devil! will they worry to death a poor cardinal as fat and as plump as this."—and he rounded out his long arms with appropriate gesture: "a man," he continued, "who has never meddled with such matters; and who, all his life, has only scattered benedictions? If he catches the robbers, he will give them a dinner, a pension and his blessing!"

About the same time, a Mr. and Mrs. Hunt were barbarously murdered near Pæstum. They were very young, pleasant people, lately married; and were on their wedding tour. They had been to visit the ruined temples with a party occupying three carriages:—unfortunately a certain interval occurred between each; or each might have protected the other. Mr. and Mrs. Hunt were in the second carriage: and when summoned to deliver their money and trinkets, instead of meekly complying, as the ladies in the first carriage had done, Mr. Hunt quarrelled with the banditti; lost his temper; and, in his imperfect Italian, used some expressions of which he did not understand the full force, but which the valiant highwaymen thought insulting to their honour. A gun was pointed at each side of the carriage; and, while his bride clung to him in terror, he dared the gang to fire. They did so, in their anger. Husband and wife were both mortally wounded; and the robbers fled in terror at what they had done—leaving all their booty behind them.

Now it was asserted that one of these murderers was a favourite gamekeeper of King Ferdinand, to whom he had been recommended by Cardinal Ruffo: that the cardinal had taken him formerly out of a Sicilian prison and still favoured him for his conduct during the predatory expedition to Naples. I do not vouch for this fact: but I am led to believe it by the behaviour of my friend Ruffo. He called upon me as soon as the wretches were arrested: and though I was at dinner, insisted upon seeing me on a matter of importance. But the murder at Pæstum was the only subject on which he had to speak. He complained that Mr. Hunt had used bad language to the robbers; and gave me to understand that the object of his visit was to ascertain if English travellers at Naples would be displeased if they were allowed to escape the penalty of their crime. I assured him that we should expect justice to be done upon them. He left me dissatisfied.

Four months after, the murderers were executed: and I saw Cardinal Ruffo no more.

In our next, the Rajah of Sarawak—Duchesse de Berri—the Blind Traveller—Cardinal de Gregorio.

THE HOUR AND THE MOTIVE.

CHAP. I.

IN a handsomely furnished breakfast parlour were seated two ladies.—The elder of the two was occupied in reading aloud to her companion, who was engaged in needlework.

There is a positive pleasure in seeing a well dressed lady at work. It is a custom so endeared to all men's minds, telling so much of happy home and dear domestic bliss, that the mere witnessing of the needle and thread glide swiftly through the delicate fingers of the worker, imparts a charm unto our hearts which for gold we would not destroy. A happy home!—What can equal that? Home! home! Oh, let poverty sit in state upon the empty board, and gaunt famine with its hideous laugh roam throughout the house, so that it is a home, so that there are some joys attached to the cheerless hearth, some kind hand and loving heart to cheer your drooping spirits, and by its patient bearing urge you forward in the struggle which all for life must make, so that there are these joys, these kind words, these gentle auxiliaries, the place itself may be a very desert, yet in the heart of man it lives an Arabian palace, redolent of gold and spices. Home! home! what, what can equal thee?

We digress. Pardon us, gentle readers; but once, long, long ago, we had a home, and felt those joys which faintly we describe.

The cottage in which this parlour was situated, was but a small one, a little above Putney Bridge, but there was an air of taste displayed in every portion of it, beauties to be discovered inside and out, so that small as it certainly was, it stood there stamped as the abode of some one of wealth and taste, and who inhabited the house for choice and not necessity.

The breakfast parlour opened through French windows into a lawn neatly kept, and commanded a view, through a few trees planted in tasteful array, of the river.

"Where's Arthur, dear?" said the lady who was reading, pausing to turn over her leaf.

"Giving the dogs a run; when you decide upon going out, I will send Roberts for him," was the reply.

"No, dear; bright as the morning is, I feel more inclined for reading; but you ride."

"Not without you, dear, I have work, but go on, if you are not tired, I am quite interested in Ruth Vincent."

The elder lady was reading to her companion, who indeed was her daughter-in-law, "Use and Abuse," a work of powerful interest and of language gorgeous and brilliant in the extreme, conveying a *moral* of so deep and grave a nature that none can read with interest and say, "I believe not in God,"—a gem to those who worship; to those who will not, a sting.

The lady resumed her book, but in a short time was interrupted by the entrance of the son of the reader and the husband of the younger lady, Capt. Arthur Harcourt, of the Guards.

To those who have before heard of Arthur Harcourt it will suffice to say, that this chapter finds him in the third month of a happy marriage with Miss Eliza Berrington, the sister of his old friend. To those readers who may not have perused the short tale written as a kind of prologue to the present one, it will be merely necessary to state, that the elder lady was the widow of Col. Harcourt, late of the 27th, and that her son, having been presented with a commission in the Guards, had soon attained the rank of captain, and after a courtship of eighteen months, had married (according to the papers), "the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Joseph Berrington, Esq., of Connaught Place, Hyde Park, and The Lawn, Somersetshire." And furthermore, that (see the papers again), "This is the *lovely* and accomplished lady, whose *reception* into the Catholic church lately, caused so vast a *sensation* in the neighbourhood of EXETER HALL." (The italics belong to the morning paper before mentioned.) The rest our tale will unfold.

"Still reading, still reading," said the Captain on entering; "I thought I was to drive you two to town this morning."

"Mamma feels very much inclined to read, and I feel very much inclined to listen, Arthur dear," said Mrs. Arthur Harcourt.

"On such a morning too!" said Arthur.

"But such a book!" remarked his mother.

"Oh, books, fiddle on books."

"Now, Arthur," said his pretty wife laughingly, "do leave off crying down literature; it's only since you have turned soldier you have felt so inclined to underrate all works of fiction."

"Arthur thinks it manly," remarked Mrs. Harcourt.

While Arthur was defending himself from this charge, Mrs. H. observed three gentlemen on the lawn fronting their house, coming evidently from the river. It was difficult to say who they were for they were indulging in a game of "leap frog," and although they all seemed somewhat about the age of Captain Harcourt, they were pursuing their game with all the ardour of school boys, and, we may add, with all the noise in addition.

"It must be Frank," observed Mrs. Arthur Harcourt. "It is Frank, but who is he with?"

Arthur went from the room to receive his brother-in-law, and speedily returned with his brother-in-law, Francis Berrington, Lord Roland Agincourt, and Mr. Villars.

Lord Roland was an old friend of Harcourt, son of the Marquis of Axminster, a clever man, strongly addicted to the days gone by; young, ardent, and generous, a moderate poet, and a staunch Conservative.

Mr. Villars was a fellow schoolfellow of the other, and was studying for the church, a living being in his family. He was a slight, sharp man, with keen grey eyes, and a kind of sneer playing about his lips, a dandy in his dress, a clever reviewer, and a consistent Liberal; perhaps he went with the extreme Liberal school, but he had an uncle in the Commons, who had a hankering after the peerage, and that was his excuse.

The gentlemen knew the ladies, so no introduction was necessary. Berrington attempted an apology for their leap frog exploit, but Lord Roland interposed, and glorying in the game, entered into a defence of such sports.

"Leap frog is an ancient game," said Lord Roland.

"So was highway robbery," drily observed Villars.

"Well, I will pray forgiveness of you," said Mrs. Arthur Harcourt. "Have you, Frank, heard from mamma?"

"Still at Bath."

"With?"—

"Oh!" observed Arthur, "Mrs. Dawson, I suppose, and all the saints."

"Or all the sinners," said Villars.

"Why Frank," said Mrs. Arthur Harcourt, "you, I thought, were confined to your chambers reading deeply."

"So I am," replied Berrington, "in dull weather, but when the sun comes playing in at the windows, and the gentle breeze wafting o'er the river raises the dust from off my books, whirling it round and round the room in fantastic shapes, I can't read, and so I come out for a stroll till the dust settles down, and the breeze dies away, and meeting these idle men, we agreed to come after Arthur, and see what he was doing."

"Idle men!" said Lord Roland and Mr. Villars simultaneously.

"Well, are ye not?" asked Frank.

"Gad! I am not," answered Lord Roland.

"Nor I—I read," said Villars.

"Until the dust enters your room, and drives you out, I presume, Mr. Villars," said Mrs. Arthur Harcourt.

"Apropos of idle men," said Lord Roland, "why do you not

attempt Parliament Captain Harcourt? your party want strengthening."

"My party? which party?"

"The Catholic party?" said Villars.

"The Tory party," suggested Berrington.

"Well," said Villars, "I cannot understand a Conservative Catholic."

"I am one," said Lord Roland.

"Pardon me," said Harcourt, "you are not a Catholic."

"Yes he is," answered Villars, "strictly; but I used the word as applied to *Roman* Catholic, strictly speaking. Lord Roland is a Conservative Catholic."

"Strictly speaking," replied Arthur, "I say he is nothing of the sort. It won't do, Villars, although you are reading for a rectory. Catholicism can only be used in reference to my church."

"Catholic," said Berrington, "means universal."

"A Church for every one," said Villars.

"Nothing of the sort," replied Capt. Harcourt; "the Church everywhere."

"Well, your Church is not everywhere," said Villars, triumphantly.

"That's poor logic, Villars," said Berrington. "If by the words 'every where,' you mean the whole globe, with perhaps countries yet unfound: but so far as places are known, there Catholics may be found. In China, on the Rocky Mountains, missionaries from our Church have appeared. Whenever a new country is explored, or an old penetrated into, there some memorial of the *One* Church makes its appearance—a rude cross by the way-side, a crucifix, a rosary, something appears to say we have been here to preach God's word. Can you say the same?"

"Well," said Villars, "Protestant missionaries are to be found almost every where. The Sandwich Islands, New Zealand, China, they all appear with yours."

"But," answered Harcourt, "you forget that they are Protestant missionaries, not Church of England men. No two of them agree. One says, by baptism ye are saved; another denies that: one baptizes and makes happy some naked savage; the other steps in, and denies his predecessor's doctrines. There's little Catholicism in this attempt at universality."

"What a dry discussion for the ladies," said Lord Roland; "and my question unanswered, also. How would you like, Mrs. Harcourt, for the Captain to be in Parliament?"

Mrs. Arthur Harcourt's eyes glittered with delight. What lady would refuse consent to her husband attaching M.P. to his name, even if it did keep him from home at nights, and drag him out to committees on private bills in the mornings?

"Arthur could never speak," said Mrs. Harcourt, sen.

"Practice, practice," said Lord Roland: "we must have all a beginning. I like a military man in the Commons; it gives him a tone."

"There are too many military men already there," said Villars.

"Villars, you're turning financial reformer," said Lord Roland. "Clergymen must be Tories, if orthodox."

"Villars is not inducted," said Berrington.

"It is strange," said Lord Roland, addressing Mrs. Harcourt, "that we four, old schoolboys together, should thus represent, and yet still in our youth, the four great classes of our country—Arthur as a soldier; Berrington, a lawyer, a civilian; the clergy present in Villars; and I, the old nobility."

"And, stranger still," said Villars, "that four different faiths are personified in us—the old Catholic; the modern one; a compound of the Catholic and Protestant; and a staunch Evangelical."

Capt. Harcourt looked at his wife, who laughed heartily at the sound of the last word. Villars noticed it.

"Do you object to my styling myself a staunch Evangelical?" he inquired.

"Oh no, Mr. Villars; but you must remember, I was once of that party myself, though now improved into an old Catholic," replied Mrs. Arthur.

"But, returning to my starting point," Lord Roland remarked, "why don't you enter Parliament, Harcourt? I am sure a Catholic party is required."

"It would never hold together," remarked Villars: "Ireland would be its stumbling block; on that it must split."

"I differ from you, Villars," said Harcourt. "A purely Catholic body would be certain to hold together, and regenerate poor Ireland: without a Catholic party the Irish party, are useless, for in no country is religious strife so bitter in its detail as in Ireland; and so your men of the north, though representing Irish counties, throw over their constituents to carry out their opposition to the Catholics. A really Catholic party would alter this. And then, instead of every long-winded member propounding some notion of his own to Government for Ireland's welfare, we should have a clear and practical scheme submitted to the authority that would willingly assist us. If the scheme failed, it would be the scheme of all, and one could not reproach the other; if it succeeded, well and good. But now, Villars, we have dozens of petty schemes submitted; which, if one of them was taken up, would raise from the favourers of all the others a cry so loud, so long that no Government could stand before it; and, for the same reason, the ministry will not them-

selves strike out a plan, for no two individual members will agree to it. Ireland must have a purely Catholic party."

"Will anything save her?" asked Villars, sneeringly.

"Yes," responded Harcourt; "emigration, exertion, and the end of faction."

"Three mighty things," said Berrington.

"Mighty," said Lord Roland, "because untried. Every thing unattempted seems difficult. To cross the desert, to ascend Mont Blanc, to drink hot tea, all seem impossible until tried; all require a mighty effort in theory, an easy task to accomplish in practice."

"The word impossible is then expunged from your vocabulary," said Mrs. Harcourt.

"Not expunged, but shelved," answered the young nobleman. "As poor Derrington used to say, Arthur, I hold not the word in my moral power, and seldom use it in my physical. Poor Derrington."

"How! Poor Derrington—a rich merchant and an expectant happy husband!"

"Arthur?"

"Have you not heard the news?" eagerly demanded Villars.

"News! What news?"

"Harriet Byron has eloped," said Lord Roland.

"Eloped!" cried Mrs. Harcourt, senior, in a tone of horror. "Are you not jesting with us, my Lord?"

"Indeed no," returned his lordship. "I thought the whole town knew it; it was known yesterday morning. Villars here knew it well."

"And with whom?" inquired Harcourt.

"Sir John Granby."

There was a pause; one of those unpleasant ones which often occur when a sudden announcement paralyzes people, and, as it were, freezes the thoughts within them.

"Eliza—Mother," said Captain H., "you must find a cavalier for the day from these guests. Frank, stay here and do the honours to our friends. I must to London and see poor Cyril. A heart so pure, so noble as his will, I fear, break with such a shock. Oh, how he loved her!"

"I am astonished," said Mrs. Harcourt. "Harriet to elope! and with Sir John Granby, a man of by no means a good character! She, too, a strict Catholic!"

Villars laughed.

"I know what you would say," said Arthur. "The greatest show, the least piety. Well, well; we will not argue, Villars, now. Don't any of you leave because I must. Poor Derrington—poor Cyril Derrington?"

Hastily saying "good bye," Captain Arthur Harcourt left his house, and was soon in a Putney omnibus on his road to London, on a work of mercy, to comfort, (if possible), an old schoolfellow and friend under such a trial.

CHAP. II.

Cyril Derrington was indeed a man whose life was severely tried; and it was yet no ordinary shock that could affect his mind. Strong in principle and purpose, he bore the brunt of minor difficulties with all the strength of the sturdy oak that, as the blast rushes furiously by, raises its head in stern defiance and meets the storm; but the shocks he had experienced would have stricken the stoutest heart, and brought to his mother earth the strongest of all men.

The son of a Yorkshire gentleman, Cyril Derrington had been brought up with the idea that he was the inheritor of wealth; but his father, deprived of the soothing care of a fond and clever wife, and kept in early days from the House of Commons through his faith—for the Derringtons were followers of the Church ordained by Christ, the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church—had degenerated into the rough-riding, hard-drinking squire, that once abounded in our northern counties. Careless of money, heedless of expenditure, and happy only in his stud, his kennel, and his dinners, Mr. Derrington managed to run through three times his large income; and, reckless of all consequences, borrowed money on exorbitant interest, and sold acre after acre to satisfy the claims of some usurious creditor.

He died: the estates were unentailed; and Cyril Derrington, fresh from school and scholastic fame, found himself a beggar.

But the young man had friends, kind, good friends, who marked the character so strongly developed in Cyril's person even then, and who rallied round him, determined to yield him support: a mercantile life was determined on; and Cyril Derrington entered into his new pursuit grateful for the numerous favours bestowed on him, and determined by ceaseless exertion to deserve a continuance of theirs.

His warmest friends were Colonel and Lady Honora Ellerton. Colonel Ellerton, who was a distant relation of his mother, and who had won glory and wealth in the Indian army, had originally been engaged in trade. He loved it, even after he had closed his military career, and was living at home, easy and indolent, upon the fortune that career had brought him. He had

marked Derrington's aptitude for business; and, assisting him by his connexions and with money, soon beheld him occupying a fair position in the greatest city of the world.

But there was destiny in Cyril Derrington's life: a destiny that seemed ever to operate against his success. When he had realized a moderate fortune, and while rapidly adding "increase to his store," the bank in which his all was deposited stopped; and Cyril Derrington's name figured in the list of bankrupts.

Derrington was too proud to ask of his rich friends aid. The misfortune had been none of his own rearing, and he was determined to meet the blow firmly. Extensive as were his engagements, a few days sufficed to lay his true position before his creditors. He showed, that if his bankers paid but twelve shillings and sixpence in the pound, he was free from debt with a handsome surplus; that should not more than eight shillings be realized from them, every one to whom he owed money would obtain their full demand. He surrendered, voluntarily, every thing he possessed, and sought no mercy, although his was, in truth, a case where mercy should be shown.

Such conduct ever meets with its reward. His creditors gathered together, and placed him again in business; nay more, for his open and upright conduct, the men to whom he stood indebted, presented him with plate which an emperor might have coveted, for on one salver was engraved, a memorial of his integrity, and a recapitulation of the esteem he was held in.

It was just at this crisis Cyril met Miss Byron. Harriet Byron, (daughter and heiress of the late Sir Valentine Byron, of Byronville, county of Donegal), possessed the vivacity so common, and we may add, so pleasing, to well educated Irish ladies. Her form was elegant, and her face of an oval form, set off by a pair of beautiful blue eyes, large, and attractive in expression,—the face of a perfect beauty. Such as she was, Cyril felt soon the captivation of her charms, and imperceptibly glided into the fetters Harriet Byron forged for him.

Miss Byron lived with a distant relative—a cousin of her father—a Miss Longford, but was a perpetual visitor, oftentimes a weekly resident, at Lady Honora Ellerton's. It was there Derrington met her; there he first spoke to her of love; and there he heard her utter those sweet words, which he believing, drank in as heaven's offering, and felt renewed energy to struggle with the world—a mighty power to vanquish opposition.

The Colonel and his lady, highly approved of this attachment; they were extremely fond of Cyril, fond also of Miss Byron. The lady was wealthy; her fortune would be a valuable acquisition to Derrington, especially in the present state of his

affairs. But Cyril was firm here; he loved passionately; devotedly; but the man who refused to apply to his friends for assistance, refused independence at the hands of his wife. If she would wait, he would work. They were young; love would render him cautious. In vain the Colonel argued,—in vain Miss Byron placed at his disposal her fortune; Cyril was inexorable.

Harriet Byron had just that spice of romance in her composition, that led her to entreat Derrington to use her money. There was something "heroic" (so she thought) in wedding with a poor man—one whom she truly loved. She implored him to accept her gold. What was it to her? Cyril loved her dearly; but he loved his honour, too. And so he toiled on; toiled with a light heart, for his toil was to be rewarded. The bankers paid but six shillings in the pound. In five years Cyril had paid off all his debts, was again acquiring the name of a wealthy man, and yet was young. In these five years, night after night had he visited Harriet; from sweet eighteen, when he first knew her, she attained now the age of twenty-three, and had ripened from a lovely girl to a most beautiful woman.

Harriet Byron, however, was not of that nature that would have made Cyril happy. She ever wanted adoration; the deepness of Cyril's love, his character, his conversation, had won upon her; but, while he deeply loved, she only esteemed—esteemed, fancying esteem was love: and so mistaken thus, she pledged her hand believing that she pledged her heart: as time glided on, she found the change. Harriet's fault was a love of flattery: she ever desired to be spoken of while spoken to: she exacted homage from those who admired her; and truthfully as Cyril loved, this adoration he could never yield. It was his first love: he had never till he had seen her dreamt of it; but now, while he loved her to excess, while he would willingly lay down his life to serve or gratify her, his tongue refused to utter "the unmanly nothings" that sprang from other lips; and so her fancied love cooled gradually down, and that heart which had charmed and captured Cyril's, beat not in return for him.

Among the many who bowed to the beautiful heiress, Sir John Granby stood in the first rank. Sir John was a lady's man: he sang French chansonettes, and waltzed admirably: delighted in attending a lady to her carriage or to the Park; and had always on his tongue compliments, fulsome yet to women so pleasing. True, he had gambled away his fortune, was anything but strict in his morals; but then he had a fine person, and dressed admirably. And this man entered the lists;

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this man, in form at least, became his opponent; and triumphed over such a character as Cyril Derrington.

It would have been better, both for Harriet and for Cyril, if the lady had had the courage to inform Derrington of her change of feeling towards him. Not that Miss Byron concealed this for the love of deceit, or for the wish of increasing the sorrow of her once-loved Cyril; but the concealment arose principally from a morbid weakness which prevented her from confessing it, and principally from the advice of a lady nearly related to Sir John Granby, with whom she had become extremely intimate.

Lady William Frippingham, widow of Lord William Frippingham, brother of the Duke of Toxopholite, and once ambassador at a German court, was a lady endowed with a most intense love of diplomacy and a determination to rank among the principal public personages in Europe. Immediately after her marriage, she commenced scheming, the object of her ambition being to deck her husband's coronet with a strawberry leaf, and thus rank equally with her brother-in-law's lady, the admired Duchess of Toxopholite. Keeping house always open, she, while in London, became of incalculable advantage to a weak ministry; and when residing abroad the information which she managed to obtain and furnish to the cabinet at home, caused her lord to be considered as one of the most skilful foreign diplomatists of the day.

The death of her husband overthrew the lady's hope of ranking as a duchess, at least with reference to her last husband, and she now turned her attention to increasing the power and influence of her own family. Her sister, prettier and younger than herself, she married well; and thus gained to her party a vote in the House of Lords and two in the Commons; for the Earl of Rosherville, whom her sister married, was rather in his dotage and voted strictly in accordance with his wife's wishes, and compelled his nominees in the lower house to vote that way also. But although this successful piece of generalship caused Lady William to rank highly in the minister's esteem, she could not get him to provide for her brother, Sir John Granby, who was deeply in debt and sadly in want of a place.

"Debt is no crime, over due unpaid acceptances are no political disqualification," remarked the minister; "but morals, my dear Lady William—we are a moral Government, and we cannot provide for your brother." To soften the refusal, the great man presented a commission to a young cousin of his fair ally, and caused her uncle to be promoted to a deanery of some value.

Lady William Frippingham had, therefore, no other plan of

providing for her brother than by a wealthy marriage, and accident throwing in her way the young Irish heiress, the fair intriguante commenced an attack upon Miss Byron's heart.

She was favoured in her plans by the absence from England of Colonel and Lady Honora Ellerton, who were wandering on the continent : and she very soon saw, with immense satisfaction, that Harriet Byron's passion for Mr. Derrington began to give way, and Sir John Granby to rise high in her esteem.

The fact was, Miss Byron again mistook love. With Cyril it had been esteem, with Granby fascination ; with neither love. She esteemed Cyril still, but felt she did not love him ; she was fascinated with Sir John, and fancied that she did.

There was another reason why Lady William exerted herself to forward this match. Miss Byron was a Catholic, and Lady William Frippingham flattered herself that Harriet, once Lady Granby, would be soon reconciled to the Church of England, and as the Primate of all England was her friend, she hoped, if Miss Byron's conversion was secured, to attach that prelate to her train, and thus pave a path for the advancement of a few nephews and cousins, who were ready either for the church, the army, or the navy, as preferment offered.

The difference of their creeds (if Sir John could be said to have any) was the reason Lady William desired Miss B. to keep her engagement secret, and on no account dismiss Mr. Derrington. She painted in glowing colours the trouble it would occasion all parties, and the exertions her friends would make to prevent an alliance with a Protestant ; and painting also, in no less striking tints, the intense love of her brother, she soon persuaded Harriet to keep the matter secret, and even allowed poor Cyril to consider he was the favoured lover as well as the affianced husband.

The real secret was, that Lady William feared if the match was proclaimed, that some kind friend would tell the heiress Sir John's position, and the rank he held in decent people's esteem.

It was a cruel act toward Cyril, and a hard and bitter task for Harriet to play so deceitful a part, but she fancied she loved Sir John ; and, if the truth must be told, she dreaded Cyril's reproaches, knowing how justly she deserved them. Everything therefore was kept in the strictest secrecy. Lady William Frippingham arranged the preliminaries, got her own lawyer to draw up the settlements (Harriet was of age and her fortune entirely her own), had a clergyman at Bath in readiness to perform the ceremony by special licence, and planned a little tour for the newly-married couple of sufficient length, to allow all the spiteful sayings that would certainly be said, to evaporate before their return.

Even Miss Longford was uninformed of the approaching ceremony. Harriet stepped into her carriage, passed the day with Lady Frippingham, left in the afternoon with Sir John for Bath by special train, and was Lady Granby before eight o'clock in the evening. The next day Lady William's valet took a note to Miss Longford, that apprised her of the step taken; and it was that lady, almost heart-broken (for she had known Harriet almost from birth, and had nursed her while a baby), who communicated the news to Cyril Derrington, at a time when he was dreaming of the bliss which he believed was in store for him: for he, like lovers who love from the heart, had waking dreams as well as sleeping ones.

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It was a quaint old-fashioned house, close to the Royal Exchange, in which Harcourt sought his friend. The rooms were all wainscoted with a dark wood, and the ceilings decorated with paintings of a mythological character.

There are several of these houses yet existing in the city, grim and gloomy-looking places, out of keeping with the present day, and where one can easily imagine the old-fashioned cit to have lived in solemn grandeur, patronizing foreign artists and laying the foundation of the mighty name which London has now obtained.

Derrington had kept within a small room all the day. The old housekeeper declared he would be starved. Arthur's knock at the door obtained no response, nor led him to be certain the room contained a living being. Fearful of he knew not what, Harcourt entered the room.

Cyril Derrington was seated before a table, his elbows resting thereon, his chin resting upon his hands, and his eyes turned towards the door, but they showed no symptoms of a consciousness that the door had been opened, nor did Derrington move or alter his look when Arthur softly closed the door and advanced towards his friend.

His raven hair flowing over a majestic forehead contrasted strongly with the extreme pallor of his complexion, with his eyes fixed upon some fancied object, the extreme rigidity of his body, and the firm compression of his lips. He appeared more like one of Canova's exquisite productions, than like a human being gifted with the powers of reason.

"Cyril Derrington!" said Arthur.

There was no reply.

"Have you forgotten me, Cyril—Cyril!" exclaimed Harcourt. Again, no reply. Harcourt advanced, and placing his hand upon his shoulder, again said "Cyril!"

A convulsive throb shot through Cyril's frame, a throb that Harcourt felt as his hand rested on him. Then rising suddenly, drawing himself up to the height of his fine person, with a calm and easy air he said—

"Captain Harcourt, this is an unexpected visit—how are you."

Arthur staggered back at his friend's calm speech. It was but for a second, but Derrington detected it, felt that Arthur knew all; and flinging himself into a chair ejaculated—

"Oh Arthur, Arthur, would I had died ere this!"

The strong man was overcome completely. The nerves, braced to their highest pitch, had given way, and Cyril wept aloud.

In vain Harcourt offered consolation to him; alas, it was useless! To Derrington, life seemed a burden, so deeply, so faithfully, so truly did he love.

"I could have borne her rejection of my hand, even now after our long engagement," said Cyril, when after some time his calmness returned, and he spoke to Arthur of his trials, "I could have borne rejection, had she herself told me that her heart was changed. I loved her too well, I love her now too well, to have wished anything that would have given her one moment's sorrow or uneasiness: but to be cast off in this manner, to have been her sport and plaything for years, adds fuel to the flame; oh, Harcourt, though I still love her, I condemn her; though I could yet worship, I could spurn her."

"With whom too has she fled?" resumed Derrington after a pause; "a man, whose character is stamped base upon its very surface—a libertine—a spendthrift—one who has wooed her for her gold, and won her through his flattery: and for such a man has she broken a heart that beat but to please her; has spurned one who would have died to save her—oh, Arthur, Arthur, pray for me, my friend, pray for me lest I curse her from my soul."

"I feel I am the laughing-stock of the world," again Cyril broke forth; "the pity of the idle fools that swarm about the town. Bah! how I hate their sympathy, and despise the pity they are showering upon me now."

"The world will own, must own, you have been betrayed," said Harcourt.

"What, then, will it avail me now?" Cyril uttered frantically.

"Calm yourself," said Arthur. "Remember others have had trials even as you have now witnessed."

"Did they," demanded Derrington, "love as well?"

"Why not?"

"Well, if they did, they felt as I now feel, and pray for death as I now pray."

"Cyril! is this my friend who often spoke to me of wishes such as these? Is this the friend that preached of human suffering, and showed me how the greatest suffering man can ever know is nothing to that torture our Saviour for us voluntarily underwent?"

There was a pause.

"You are right, Arthur," replied Cyril, at length, "you are right; but oh bear this in mind, my friend—how easy 'tis to preach when one is free from sorrow; how hard to practise when in woe we're steeped."

Derrington rose from his seat calm, tranquil, and collected.

"Will you go with me?"

"Where?"

"Where I should have gone before had I possessed my reason—to seek the guide that man should ever follow. To Mr. Howe in the first place."

"Are you collected?" said Arthur.

"Place your hand upon my heart," said Cyril, "and feel how steadily it beats. The impatient stroke of passion has long left it. I can pray for *her* now, Arthur, and will. Yes, our prayers are wanted, for she has cast her lot into a perilous ocean, and her way in this world will be beset by storms and troubles. Oh holy and blessed Virgin, pray for me at the throne of heavenly grace, that I may be enabled to save her whom I still dearly love from the dangers and difficulties I feel will now be hers. And here," continued Cyril, taking Arthur's hand and elevating his right hand above his head, "here, in the presence of you, my early friend, I dedicate my life alone to her. While I possess the power, will I watch over and cherish her; her happiness my only study, her wishes my only charge."

(To be continued.)

SHOULD RENTS BE LOWERED? NO.

WHATEVER may be their religion, whatever may be their profession—no class of people in England, nay in the whole world, can be indifferent to the consequences of Free Trade as it may affect the cultivation and produce of the soil. Protectionist leaders harangue their yeomanry and declare to them that the farmer must be ruined; and yet, with strange inconsistency, they call for their rents, less some small and partial reductions, and expect to let their lands: Sir Robert Peel tells his tenants that they have, thus far, (he will not pledge himself beyond the present,) that they have thus far, suffered from the change; that their farms are not now worth what they give for them; but that, if they will pay up all, he will spend 20 per cent. of it in improvements which may make the lands worth hereafter what he takes from them now: Mr. Caird and Mr. Huxtable declare that farmers may still go on and prosper: and the “*Catholic Standard*,”* with the levelling party, asserts “that the farmer, on the best managed farms, receives a profit of about nine shillings per acre, while the landlord receives nine pounds,” and that landlords must lower their rents—inviting them to their fate in the spirit if not in the words of the old catch:

“Dilly dilly dilly consent to be killed;
For you must be starved and the customers filled.”

We fancy we see the mouths of our brother landlords water at the idea of getting nine pounds an acre for their land! If our cotemporary will show them a rent-roll on such a scale, we pledge ourselves that they will gladly throw off seventy-five per cent. and more of their income: for they know too well that the average rent of land in England does not amount to one pound an acre, instead of nine. He is nearer the mark when he asserts the profit of the farmer to be nine shillings per acre: and as the capital invested in the cultivation of the land is oftener under than above five pounds an acre, the tenant is not to be so much pitied when he receives nine shillings interest for the same.

But we wish not to cavil at the statements of those who are obliged to write on a subject of which they know nothing. We

* 19th January, 1850.

would only insinuate a caution to our readers that they should not be led to swell an insensate cry against "the aristocracy;" who, supposing it were even true that they did receive nine pounds an acre for their lands while their tenants received only nine shillings, would receive it not by compulsion. The owner of the farm has offered his land in the market: the tenant has made his calculations—or if he has not, it is his own fault—and has agreed to rent it. Each party has made a bargain with his eyes open: and has no one but himself to blame if he has miscalculated.

We freely admit that, where such bargains have been based upon the anticipation of high prices secured by Act of Parliament and endorsed by the pledged word of living statesmen—the tenant has a right to complain if, by any alteration in the laws, he is deprived of those advantages upon which he had calculated. We have always asserted that, when the change in the law was made, it ought to have been made optional to all who, as payers or receivers, were bound, by leases, settlements or wills,—it ought to have been made optional to them all to exchange the fixed money payment to which the lands were liable for a corn rent varying with the price of corn, as does the tithe rent charge: so that the amount of money paid or received should have been the value of an equal number of bushels of corn, however much the price of the article might fluctuate. This would have been more fair than that land, charged with the payment of twenty shillings when those twenty shillings would purchase only two bushels of wheat, should continue to pay the same twenty shillings when they will buy four bushels of the same corn: for most things fall in price when the price of corn falls; and the receiver of the money is thus benefitted at the cost of the payer in a manner that was not anticipated when the lease, the will, or the settlement was made.

The wisdom, the carelessness, or the treachery of Parliament has not, however, pleased to make this most just and easily-worked provision; and it behoves us to inquire whether the position of the English farmer and landowner will, in truth, be injured, and if so, to what extent, by the abolition of all protecting duty. In order to ascertain this, we will, as practical men who have a long and extensive experience of the subject on which we write, enter into a few calculations, which shall be intelligible to Protectionist, Free Trader, and Socialist.

Let us take an occupier of one hundred acres of land, and see where he will lose and where he will gain by a continuance of the present low prices of corn. Most public speakers and writers on the subject, forget that the farmer is a consumer as well as a producer, and, therefore, to that extent, benefitted by

low prices. We will assume that our specimen tenant rents an arable farm of fair average quality, that will produce turnips, barley, clover and wheat, in succession. This is the most approved system of cultivation in England, and is that most generally followed. Under the protective system, to enter upon such a farm he would have required, for the purchase of implements, stock, labourers' wages, and rent, until he could receive any benefit from it, about five pounds an acre. His expenses of cultivation would have stood thus:—

	£	s.	d.
The four horses he would have to keep for its cultivation would have consumed 312 bushels of oats per annum, at 2s. 6d. per bushel, costing .	39	0	0
The wages of two ploughmen to attend the horses, at 9s. per week, would have been .	46	16	0
Wages of one constant labourer, as hedger, shepherd, &c., at 9s. per week .	23	8	0
TURNIPS would have been tilled on 25 acres of his land, which would have cost him for manure, if he had purchased it .	100	0	0
If he had not bought the manure, he would not have raised as much corn as we give him credit for.			
For hoeing the turnips twice, he would have to pay 8s. an acre; or, for 25 acres .	10	0	0
The 250 ewes, the lambs of which he would have fattened upon them, would have consumed 250 bushels of peas, at 4s. 9d. per bushel .	59	7	6
BARLEY would occupy 25 acres of his land, the seed of which, 75 bushels, at 4s. per bushel, would have cost .	15	0	0
Drilling, mowing, stacking, thatching, and thrashing the crop would have cost him 15s. an acre; or, on the 25 acres .	18	15	0
HAY CROP would have grown upon 12½ acres of his land, the mowing and making of which would have cost, at 5s. an acre .	3	2	6
The other 12½ acres would have been fed by sheep, at the cost only of shepherd's wages, already allowed for.			
WHEAT would have occupied the remaining 25 acres of his land: the cost of seed, three bushels per acre, at 7s., would have been .	26	5	0
Reaping, stacking, thatching, and thrashing the crop would have cost 10s. per acre .	25	0	0
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Thus the expenses of his cultivation would have amounted to .	£366	4	6

As it is not anticipated that the price of meat will be lower than heretofore, we need only see what would have been the value of the protected produce in corn and wool:—

	£	s.	d.
BARLEY, 25 acres producing 800 bushels, at 4s. .	160	0	0
CLOVER, 12½ acres eaten by 75 sheep, producing 375 lbs. of wool, at 10d. .	15	12	6
WHEAT, 25 acres producing 800 bushels, at 7s. .	280	0	0
	<hr/>		
	£455	12	6
	<hr/>		

Such would have been the expenses and such the produce on a well-managed farm, with prices “ruling” as they have averaged for many years, and before the very recent introduction of improved machinery and artificial manures, all which ought to be taken into account in considering the necessity of agricultural protection; but we will not complicate our calculations by estimating the advantage derived from any of them, excepting artificial manures, which may be easily valued. Let us now see what is the cost of producing and what the value of the same produce at present free trade prices:—

	£	s.	d.
The four horses consume the same 312 bushels of oats, the value of which being now only 2s. per bushel, instead of 2s. 6d., is	31	4	0
The wages of two ploughmen, at 8s. a week, in- stead of 9s.	41	12	0
The wages of one constant labourer, at 8s., instead of 9s.	20	16	0
TURNIP LAND: 25 acres manured with guano, pro- ducing a more certain crop than the dung:—3 cwt. per acre—75 cwt., at 10s.	37	10	0
Cost of hoeing these, 7s. an acre, instead of 8s. .	8	15	0
The 250 ewes and lambs fattened with 250 bushels of peas, at 3s. 3d. per bushel	40	12	6
BARLEY LAND: seed for 25 acres—75 bushels at 3s. .	11	5	0
Drilling, mowing, stacking, thatching, and thrash- ing the crop, at 13s. 3d. per acre	16	11	3
CLOVER: hay-making on 12½ acres, at 4s. 9d. .	2	19	5
WHEAT LAND: seed for 25 acres—75 bushels, at 5s. .	18	15	0
Reaping, stacking, thatching, thrashing crop, at 18s. per acre	22	10	0
	<hr/>		
Expense of cultivation on free trade prices .	£252	10	2
	<hr/>		

Under the same free trade prices, the value of the same produce will stand as follows:—

BARLEY LAND: 25 acres producing, as before, 800 bushels, but at 3s. only a bushel	£	s.	d.
	120	0	0
CLOVER: 12½ acres fed by 75 sheep, the 375 lbs. of wool produced by which is now worth 15d. per lb.	23	8	9
WHEAT LAND: 25 acres producing as before 800 bushels, but at 5s.	200	0	0
	£343	8	9

Thus we have seen the value of produce under protection to be	455	12	6
Deduct cost of producing	366	4	6

Balance profit	£89	8	0
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Value of produce under free trade	343	8	9
Deduct cost of producing	252	10	2

Balance profit	£90	18	7
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It will be understood that this balance does not represent the profit from the whole farm, as we have not given credit for any improvement in the sheep—generally calculated at twenty shillings each. We have only sought to show the practical effect of the repeal of the corn laws if the value of corn and of wages be permanently lowered as it is supposed by many that they will be. The result does not appear to be so very disastrous! On the contrary, the free trade farmer of 100 acres receives £1. 10s. 7d. more than he did in the worst-for times of comparative high prices!

But we will not allow that this is his only gain. Will he not gain in the lessened cost of implements? in the lessened cost of clothing and maintainance for himself and family? in the lessened amount of poor rates?—for, even this winter, they are lower than they were last year, in most parishes? Will he not gain by this still-increasing price of meat and wool?—for as the price of bread is lowered to the mass of the people, they will have more money to spend in clothes and in meat.

“Lord, Sir!” a relieving officer in our union lately said to us, “Lord, Sir! what a sight of meat we could eat in this country if we had but the money to buy it with!”

And consistently with this argument, we do not believe that the average price of wheat will continue so low as five shillings a bushel—or forty shillings a quarter. As the price of the

article falls, people will begin to require it of a better quality ; and so, becoming accustomed to good wheaten bread, will raise the price of it upon themselves and will not afterwards return to coarser food. Those who are older than we are, can remember when barley and oat bread and cakes were generally the food of the labourer in this country, as they still are in remote districts and in Scotland. Dr. Johnson described oats as "The food of men in Scotland and of horses in England."

"Yes, Sir," replied the Scotchman ; "and where do you see finer horses and finer men ?"

But however national vanity might apologise for them, national taste is becoming more refined : and, north and south of the Tweed, pure wheaten flour is beginning to be most esteemed. Not anticipating this refinement, we ourselves did, this last year, sow a field with wheat and barley mixed—the peasantry around us having hitherto always gladly bought for their meal that which was better than all barley and cheaper than all wheat : but when we sent it to market yesterday, they turned up their noses at it !—They can afford to buy good wheat now.

When dining some years ago with one of the ministers of the late King of Saxony and with many of the diplomatic corps, white wheaten bread and black rye bread were carried round to the guests ; but we observed that, almost all the Germans selected the rye bread. Their taste is more educated now.

Yet let it not be supposed that we deny the existence of distress amongst the agricultural class : but it is distress occasioned by the potato blight followed by the disastrous rains of last year—a year of spoiled corn, of spoiled hay, and of spoiled straw ; a year in which the panic, occasioned by suicidal protectionist landlords, prevented their tenants from getting more than two-thirds of its value for all stock sheep and cattle they forced upon the market. All were to be ruined, and it was *sauf qui peut*. Those whose corn crops had failed, were obliged to raise money by selling their stock ; and those who wanted to buy, not only took advantage of these necessities, but still more of the panic cry raised by ignorance and party spirit : they bought stock with the air of the Indian widow sacrificing herself on the funeral pyre of her protector, or rather with that of the poor woman who was hanged the other day in a swoon, having whispered to the executioner to give her as little pain as possible. By the conspiracy or the panic of all, this depression was attributed to free trade : and free trade is now made to answer for the present low prices of corn by those who heretofore forget that no duty has been able to keep up the value hitherto in the face of an abundant harvest. In 1835, the average price was lower than it is now : and we much doubt whether it would,

with the splendid crops of this season, be higher if foreign corn was excluded now as rigorously as it was then.

However: we would refrain from entering upon all problematical disquisitions. Our only object has been to show what are really the effects of low prices upon farmers, whether those prices be occasioned by free trade or over production; and to prove to our readers that the outcry which has been raised against rents is as ignorant as we believe it to be evil-intentioned. For this reason, we have not given details of the whole management of a farm: they were unnecessary to illustrate the assertion at the head of this paper. We think, we have maintained it: we think we have proved that land can be cultivated as profitably now as it was in those days which are for ever passed away; and, consequently, that landlords are not called upon to lower their rents.*

VERSES FOR THE MONTH.

THE ANNUNCIATION.

Justice aveng'd: but Mercy said
 "The woman's seed shall crush the serpent's head."

Four thousand years had pass'd away;
 And man, 'mid sin and strife,
 Now look'd for Him whose promis'd sway
 Should give back unknown life;
 Should open heaven and thus restore
 Forgotten bliss—lost long before.

Oft had the promise been renew'd:
 And many a Jewish maid had sigh'd
 And marvell'd, when a blushing bride,
 If He from her should spring;—

* We copy the following from the "Western Times," of February 8th.—"I know my grandfather cultivated poor soils, and made a profit on his trade, and sold wheat at 3s. 6d. per bushel; and carried lime in bags, on horses' backs, 15 or 16 miles. *Spare work, this.* Don't you think, 'Tenant Farmer in the West,' we obtain manure 50 per cent. cheaper than this, now-a-days—eh?"

"This same man paid £60 for a thrashing and winnowing machine. Now I can obtain two, very superior implements to his, for £25. A wrought iron ploughshare cost him new 5s., and 5s. more in sharpening, steeling, and lying, before it was worn out (to plough about 80 or 70 acres). I can obtain a chilled cast iron share, to plough the same quantity of land, for 1s. This same man sold his butter at from 4½d. to 6d. per lb.; and gave 3d. to 4½d. per lb. for salt. He paid 50 per cent. more than you and I need, for the glass in his windows, the clothing for his person and his household; and every other thing was by far more than two-sevenths dearer than you and I, or any other farmer now need give. Do you call this all nothing, 'Tenant Farmer in the West?' If you have done so for time past, you must not for the time to come.

"Shall we then despair, with all our enlightenment, and improved implements, and new manures, &c., &c.? No! I say we need not even return to the old rents paid by our grandfathers. Cheap clothing, cheap cotton goods, and cheap everything will follow; and being better informed in our business, we can certainly grow three bushels of wheat with less expense than our grandfathers grew two; consequently we can pay one-half more rent than was paid by them (our forefathers, say previous to 1780)."

If He, whom prophets had foreshow'd
 As Saviour, priest, and king,
 Should bless her race, should bless her name
 With fame beyond all other fame.

But not from man could God arise—
 God, though self-exil'd from the skies.
 His passage from His throne must be
 All purity and mystery.
 Mary! in thee would God come down,
 Thou full of grace! thou blessed one!
 Thou virgin holy, undefil'd,—
 Thine—thine shall be that heavenly child.

Blest be the day, for ever blest,
 When Gabriel went, on God's behest,
 And bore, to yon poor Jewish maid,
 Tidings for which the world had pray'd :—
 Tidings that He, desir'd by all,
 At length would come to break their chain :—
 Would come to loosen Satan's thrall—
 Would come to open heaven again.

Oh, blessed hour! The promise given
 In paradise, shall now be wrought;
 The woman's seed shall open heaven,
 The serpent's head be crush'd to nought.
 The legend now, the mystery
 Shall prove a truth divine :
 The woman's son God's Son shall be,
 And Mary—Mary—thine !

Look up, thou lowly Jewish maid !
 Accept the high behest :
 Let not the greetings Gabriel said
 Alarm thy gentle breast.
 Oh magnify the Lord : confess
 The wonders He has done :
 Nor fear to say how men will bless
 Thee, too, thou favour'd one !
 Nations have bless'd thee—bless thee now—
 Will call thee "bless'd" for aye :
 Mother of God, to thee we bow—
 For us, dear Mary pray.*

* From "Catholic Hymns in English that may be sung to the old Church Music." By J. R. Beste, Esq., published by Burns & Lambert.

LEAVES FROM MY JOURNAL.

24TH JANUARY, 1850—I had tarried long in one of the beautiful villas that arise amid the western extension of our mighty metropolis. Minutes, half hours, nay hours had sped away, while we talked of phrenology—of theology—of mutual friends—of mutual sorrows:—of the past—of the unforgotten:—her fine face and figure had lighted up with more than usual animation as she spoke of the wrongs of Ireland—her bright eyes had been dimmed as she referred to the murdered peasantry of Kilrush. Then rapidly had her spirited ponies whirled me back to Long's Hotel, and left me to discuss the details of business—the chances of an exciting speculation.

Other engagement, other hope for the evening had failed: and my last night in London was about to hang heavy on my hands, when the image of the theatre, that refuge of the homeless, uprose before my imagination. To the Haymarket:—be it so:—and, to the Haymarket, I slowly wended my way.

"A change came o'er the spirit of my dream." I stood within its porch, but the wish to enter had left me. I imagined all the tinsel glare—the forced wit—the unnatural acting of these degenerate times. I bethought me of Lord Chesterfield's advice to his son—that I should leave my stock of common sense with my money at the door, to be picked up again as I came out of the house. But it was not a case, it was not a question of common sense; or I would not have cared to part with it: it was a question of imagination, of feeling; and quite aware that I should, indeed, have to leave these at the door on entering, I doubted whether I should be able to find them again on my return.

"Who shall administer to a mind diseased?"—who but Thou only, Thou refuge of the desolate! "Oh!" methought, "oh that a quiet church were open, a peaceful sanctuary amid this ungodly hubbub!.....The Oratorians!.....my quiet oratory in King William Street!.....Dear St. Philip Neri; you "went to heaven laughing," for you knew and you pitied the wants of a great city; and who knows but that your pious successors in London may have provided for such longings as I now feel?"

What a change from the glitter of the porch of the Haymarket theatre to the dim and soiled, but well-worn, steps of the Oratory! The congregation was dropping in; humbly, noiselessly, piously they sought their seats on the unreserved benches. Modestly the women past to one side, the men to

the other side of the nave. Rapidly the throng increased ; but still, piously, noiselessly, humbly they found them room in the crowded benches. And I noticed, as a peculiarity of the congregation of this chapel, the charity with which each one who was already seated strove to make additional room, and, disregarding of personal inconvenience, to accommodate beside himself a new comer, however poorly clad.

The spirit of pews and of reserved seats lived not here.

The service began. No artistic choir trilled forth studied solfeggios in the name of a listening congregation : but the congregation itself uplifted its untaught voice ; and, uninspired by aught but the feeling of piety and prayer, put up strains that would not, perhaps, so soon have "raised a mortal to the skies," but yet, methought, would sooner have "drawn an angel down,"* than would the better modulated accents of hireling mediators.

And now the hymns were ended—would that they could have been sung in English !—and now I listened, for three parts of an hour, to a discourse on the festival of the morrow—the conversion of St. Paul :—good St. Philip Neri loved to preach on the lives of the saints and on the festivals of the time :—and then were the tapers around the tabernacle illuminated, and lights and countless lights typified our love and our piety to the Most High. The altar was a blaze of flame ; and when the richly-robed priest entered and upraised in his consecrated hands, HIM who deigned, unseen but bodily, to dwell amongst us and to bless us—down, down went every head, and high, aye heavenly-high aloft sprang every heart and every mind. Oh blessed tears, that gush unbidden from the downcast eye ! No, ye shall not be restrained ! Flow over those burning lids : course silently adown that quivering cheek. Give to the pent up spirit some vent for all it feels. Though worldly sorrows may, in part, create ye, they alone would never have allowed ye to rise : religion, love, hope and piety—all these unite their separate and most holy influences ; all these rush together to create that rapturous sorrow, that teeming love, that blend earth with heaven, and already give a foretaste of the bliss of the elect. Oh there must be, indeed, a heavenly bliss in tears !

The cheering service was over ; and silently we all wended our way from the humble but consoling Oratory. And as I

"Let old Timotheus yield the prize
Or both divide the crown :
He rais'd a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down."

Dryden's Ode for St. Cecilia's Day.

pass, I read it again: yes, there is the inscription that so opportunely caught my glance: there is the retired bench where, on New Year's Day, at my first visit to this quiet church, I knelt, during the most holy sacrifice, and prayed, with sorrowing heart, that it might please Him who was being offered for me and for all of us, that this year might be my last. Fervently I prayed that my spirit might "fly away and be at rest;" when, raising my eyes to enforce the not-impious appeal (not impious, for it was put forth in submission to the divine appointment) I first saw that inscription over the side altar. I saw it and started back; and my prayer was checked in its upward flight: for it seemed addressed to my heart:—

ASPICE STELLAM: VOCA MARIAM.

Yes, Mary, holy star of this world-troubled sea! I did call upon thee. Pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death: pray for us that we may await that death patiently and with cheerful resignation to the designs of thine adorable Son.

I returned to my hotel, and did not regret that I had exchanged the Haymarket Theatre for the Oratory.

25th January. I am sometimes puzzled to recollect whether I have a personal knowledge of past events or one formed only upon hearsay and reading. Imagination easily supplies the reminiscences that might linger from a state of prior existence. I almost doubt whether I really remember all the dissatisfaction that was occasioned by the first construction of turnpike roads; the hostility to toll bars—greater even than that of the more modern Welsh heroine—and the evils that were anticipated to country morality by bringing it thus in comparative contact with the wickedness of towns. Then came the establishment of mail coaches which surely must be fresh in the memory of every one. What pity was bespoke for the keepers of road-side Inns whose ruin was certain to be occasioned by the more rapid conveyance of passengers! They asked for indemnity from government:—just as borough-mongers did since, and as protectionist land-owners do now: and the proprietor of the coach whose way bill, dated about eighty years back, I have seen at the Black Swan at York, and which announces that, owing to improved arrangements, it will thenceforth make the journey from York to London "in five days, God willing"—the proprietor of this Swift Sure naturally conceived that he had a vested interest in the well-measured pace of a journey to London. But, as the proverb saith, every dog has his day: so when I lately sent to consult a friend as to what might be the value of the copy-right of a certain book, he sagaciously wrote to ask me the subject of the work—whether it was a treatise on railroads or on stage coaches.

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"But wherefore this exordium, you will say:" merely to show how railroads must have ruined inns. Thus I drove into what is now the best hotel at Kingston. Pitiab!e is its present state. I was shown into the only room in which was a fire :— it was the "commercial room." A gentleman sat at his breakfast : and while mine was being prepared, he conversed intelligently on different subjects. I made my tea and poured me out a cup.

"Well, Sir," he asked : "can you drink it?"

"I must," I replied : "I cannot tell, from the taste, whether it be black or green or coffee or chocolate : but there is evidently nothing better in the house, so that drink it I must."

"Not at all," he exclaimed : "no must in the case. They made me some of the same stuff; but I threw it away. I am in the tea trade. I opened my samples, and made something wholesome. There is the teapot full, at your service."

I learned better to appreciate the advantages of the Commercial Room : and to rejoice that we are, as Napoleon said, "a nation of Shopkeepers."

2nd February. At the house of a friend, I, this day, met with a Catholic newspaper which, though it has lately deserted us as unworthy of its domestic, political and ecclesiastical dictation, still maintains a correspondent amongst us. Turning to the letter of this correspondent, I read an account of the service at the beautiful cathedral of St. George ; and a touching description of the manner in which it had affected all present. One Herculean Protestant was observed, by the writer, to listen most intently to the service till, overcome by his feelings, tears trickled down his huge cheeks and he finally fainted away. But though more than six feet high, wide in proportion and closely wedged in by the dense mass around, the "correspondent" had carried him into the open air "without disturbing or even drawing the attention of any one present; and when restored, had again led him back to his place in church."

I made inquiries as to the present state of this *phénomène gras et intéressant*, (as the handbills described a "fat boy," whom I remember seeing in France for ten sous) and was sorry to learn that his recovery had only been temporary. They had, however, erected to his memory a Tablet.

8th February. This being Friday, a large party is, of course, collected at dinner in my neighbourhood. In every neighbourhood in England, three dinner parties out of four take place on a Friday :—a custom remaining, I presume, from those olden times—almost three hundred years old!—when the Catholic faith was suppressed in England and people wished to prove that "they were honest men and eat no fish." The Bishop of

S—l—y was expected at my friend's house ; and I passed his travelling carriage on the road. The Right Rev. Father in God sat within ; his third wife was at his side, and, in her lap, an infant. They were whirled rapidly on ; but as they drove by, I observed a child's wicker cradle strapped on the top of the travelling imperial behind.

One of his clergy said to me in the afternoon, "I certainly regret that his Lordship should have married a third time, although he asserts that the injunction of the Apostle only means that a Bishop should not have more than one wife at once:—and he never had more :—but the baby being there, you cannot find fault with the cradle ?"

"None in the world !" I exclaimed. "When the student of Salamanca returned to his university, he was eagerly asked what he had seen in his travels in England. 'What I have seen !' he cried : 'I have seen—I have seen bishops and bishopesses and bishoppeens !' The Bishop of S—l—y's bishoppeen must be taken care of ; and I decidedly approve of the cradle."

His Cathedral church, by the way, has the finest spire in the world : those of Strasbough and Vienna are not to be compared to it. I am not about to describe it ; but I have just met the great nephew of the heroine in a tragical incident that occurred within its sombre vaults. As I can vouch for the truth of the story, I will record it here. The Wyndham family possess a handsome mansion in the Cathedral Close. The lady of the house fell sick, and was buried in the family vault in the Cathedral, within a gun shot of her own residence. A handsome ring—a hoop of brilliants—was left upon her finger. This became known to the sexton. He concealed himself in the church, and, in the dead of the night, found his way into the vault, a darkened lantern in his hand. He forced open the coffin, tore down the shroud thrown over the body, and saw the ring glittering on the hand that lay straight-drawn upon the white robe that enwrapped the corpse. There was a somewhat unusual expression upon the fair youthful face ; but the sacrilegious robber turned his eyes quickly from it ; and grasping the death-cold hand, pulled at the jewelled ring he coveted. Apparently, the finger was swollen, for he could not force it beyond the knuckle. Again and again he pulled, but still in vain. With an oath, he set down his lantern ; and drawing a knife from his pocket, opened the blunted blade, and once more grasped the white and clammy hand. He thrust the knife above the ring, between it and the next finger, and cut a deep gash that reached the slender bone. A shudder passed over the corpse, and a deep-drawn sigh upheaved its chest. The robber stood as one petrified. The lips of her he believed to

be dead began to move. He dreaded to hear a curse pronounced upon him from the other world; and rushed wildly from the vault and from the church.

Blood flowed from the finger of her who was supposed to be dead. Gradually her senses returned: she opened her eyes; then quickly closed them again, as to shut out a horrid dream. But the dream would not be shut out. And as she recovered full consciousness, she understood all that had passed and where she now was. With an effort, she raised herself from the coffin, and gathered her long white shroud around her. She had ever been familiar with every part of the Cathedral; and with the help of the light left by the flying sexton, she groped her way to the door which he had omitted in his flight to shut. She crossed the close; and rang at the door of her own house from which she had been carried with funeral pomp on that very morning.

It is a curious fact—and it is a fact—that the servants of the house refused to admit her. They insisted that it was their lady's ghost that was at the door; and it was not until, with bell and knocker, she had drawn her husband's attention, that he himself opened to her, and received and folded her in his arms.

She lived for many years after this at the College, and gave birth to more than one child.

11th February. I have to-day seen an equipage still more extraordinary than that of the Bishop of S. At a place, popularly known by the vulgar name of "the four forks," now up-rises a large building from the summit of which a broad banner flouts the wind and displays, on its ample folds, the Lion of Judah. This is the castle of those who call themselves the Latter Day Saints. Their prophet was taking an airing in his usual ostentatious style. Six handsome horses drew a carriage bedizened with the representations of the Lion of Judah, wild beasts and lambs in peaceful confusion. Outriders blew horns as they passed: and two other carriages, drawn by four horses each, followed with the ladies of the establishment.

I can learn little of the peculiar tenets of these people. A clergyman, formerly of the established church, seems to be their principal supporter; but they make converts, acquire property, and have recently purchased a considerable estate. Their enemies tell nothing against their morality and peaceable conduct: and as it has been recently decided in our courts of law that a lady who had joined their society was not necessarily mad and had, therefore, been improperly sent to a lunatic asylum, we must presume that the Latter Day Saints are not mad. The courts of law are highly esteemed in England as tribunals to adjudicate

upon questions of religious faith ; and, on their testimony, I do firmly believe that the Latter Day Saints are not—more mad than many other pious sectaries in this country.

15th. There is a society of learned men in England—I forget the designation in which its members delight : but they wander from place to place, like the royal agricultural society ; investigating all that is supposed to be interesting and ancient in each neighbourhood. About four years ago, they were at Southampton, and after examining the really curious bits of antiquity that had been dug up in the grounds of the ancient Roman Clausentum (and rejoicing still more in the hospitable mansion of Bittern Manor that has arisen above its foundations) they all proceeded to a farm near Winchester on which they had been told were some curious tumuli or barrows which had not yet been examined. Elated with the anticipation of making discoveries equal, at least, to those of Columbus, they invaded the farmer's barton in a body.

"Good day to you, Mr. Smith," exclaimed the most eager of the band, addressing the astonished yeoman. "We have heard that you have some curious barrows on your farm, and we would wish to inspect them, if you please."

"Barrows on my farm," replied Mr. Smith, not at all pleased at seeing such a number of happy and zealous-looking strangers invade his premises. "I never had more than two barrows on the place ; and Bob Dolens has borrowed one, and t'other's a broke. But the wheel on't lies under the shed there ; and e may look at un as much as e likes."

I have just passed Silbury Hill—the largest barrow, not wheel-barrow, in England. This, also, has been inspected by learned antiquaries, who cut into the centre of it to rifle the bones of the dead, without, I rejoice to say it, finding anything. Have these lovers of science no sympathy with those "who raised the mould around the stone, and bade it speak to other years ?" "Speak to the people, oh stone," they said, "after Selma's race have failed. Prone from the stormy night, the traveller shall lay him by thy side : whistling moss shall sound in his dreams ; the years that are past shall return. Battles rise before him—blue shielded kings descend to war : the darkened moon looks from heaven on the troubled field. He shall burst, with morning, from dreams, and see the tombs of warriors round. He shall ask about the stone, and the aged shall reply, 'This grey stone was raised by Ossian, a chief of other years !'" This may be ridiculed—it is the fashion to ridicule Ossian, and to despise all poetry in this intellectual age—but methinks it embalms a better feeling than that prurient curiosity which ransacks the tombs of the dead, because they have been dead a long while.

Men whose sensibilities would revolt from the idea of rifling the coffin of one interred within their own memory, scruple not, from Silbury Hill to a desecrated cathedral where rests the coffin of some sainted Catholic bishop—from the mausoleums of Rome to the burial-grounds of Magna Grecia and the pyramids of Egypt—to invade the last homes of the mighty dead in order that cockneys of London, or *badeaus* of Paris, may gaze through the glass case of a museum, on a coin, a bone, a bit of broken glass, or a rusty hatchet—the ticketed and labelled proofs of their sacrilegious success. I rejoice when such men are foiled by finding, as at the great pyramid—

“That not a pinch of dust remains of Cheops.”

28th February.—What were the words that Nelson signalled to his fleet before the battle of Trafalgar? “England expects every man——” what else? We have all heard of them, and boasted of them, and foreigners have envied us the inheritance of them for the last half century: what were they? “England expects every man to do his duty?” So they had registered themselves in my mind: by them I had fancied every man in the fleet to have been electrified—and that *before* the battle. It seems I was mistaken. Or, perhaps, as we have disgraced what Sir Robert Peel designated as “the finest site in Europe,” by mast-heading the admiral in Trafalgar Square, so we may have misquoted his words to make them in keeping with all our other outrages upon good taste around. One of the bas-reliefs has, at length, been fixed, I see, on the pedestal of the Nelson column: it represents the hero falling amid a scene of carnage, and underneath is inscribed “England expects every man will do his duty.” This does not read to me like the same sentiment as the other conveys; and if I were writing for the public, I think I could prove that “*will*” to be as wrong in grammar, as it is laboured in effect. I am certain that Nelson never spoke it. As well might they change the present into the future tense in Napoleon’s famous address before the battle of the Pyramids—“*Du sommet de ces monuments quatre mille siècles vous regardent.*” From the tops of these monuments four thousand years look down upon you.”

Very fine: but what Nelson said is grander in its simplicity.

NOTICE TO OUR READERS.

We have to announce that Mr. Dolman, who established this Periodical and watched over it for some years, has withdrawn from all connexion with it; and is, consequently, no longer responsible for anything that may appear in its pages.

Our readers will also learn with regret that the Rev. E. Price, who has latterly so ably edited the work, has been induced, by the increasing labours of his mission, to resign duties which he could no longer fill with justice to those Subscribers whose kindness and support has ever shown that they duly appreciated his care, ability, temper, and discretion. The present Proprietor of the REGISTER AND MAGAZINE has, however, much gratification in announcing that he has still the advantage of that reverend writer’s support and contributions.

REGISTER

OF

NEW PUBLICATIONS, CORRESPONDENCE, AND EVENTS.

The Editor of the CATHOLIC MAGAZINE AND REGISTER desires that his Correspondents and Contributors may alone be held responsible for the opinions and sentiments that each may express. But he invites our Venerable Clergy and all Catholics to send him information on all matters of religious interest in their several neighbourhoods.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Comptum, or the Meeting of the Ways at the Catholic Church. The Third Book. Dolman.

A former Number of this periodical contained so full an account of this valuable work, that we feel called upon to notice only slightly, the appearance of this, the third volume. Like all that is written by Kenelm Digby, it is a spiritual posy—redolent of sweets, collected from all ages and from all authors, and blended together by the fragrance of his own Catholic spirit. In this volume, does he show us how the Road of Friends, the Road of Union, the Road of Strangers, the Road of the Commonalty, the Road of Active Life, the Road of Workmen, the Road of the Poor, the Road of Captives, all meet together in the Catholic Church, “from which spiritual centre the traveller cannot turn without resisting, either unconsciously or deliberately, the special influence that exists upon it to guide him, and violating, with more or less of responsibility in consequence, some duty and some principle of his nature.”

How beautiful is the author's walk on the Road of the Poor! How true his appreciation of their long-suffering, and of the tender solicitude, the untiring charity of the Church and her sainted Clergy towards them! By them knights and nobles and sovereigns were inspired, and the poor in goods were rich in the sympathy of the world. We hope this work will be universally read: no one can read a book by Kenelm Digby and not be made wiser and better by it.

The Complete Gregorian Plain Chant Manual, &c. &c. By the Rev. W. Kelly, M.A. In Two Volumes; Vol. 2. London: Richardson.

We congratulate Mr. Kelly on the completion of this his very laborious undertaking. Fifteen hundred and eighty-six full-sized octave pages of church music, text, annotations, and copious critical remarks, must have required no ordinary patience to surmount, and to have brought forward in the correct and elegant form in which this valuable work is now presented to the Catholic public, in this, its present state of completeness. In the former pages of this periodical, we pointed out the merits of the first volume, and passed a well-merited eulogium on its multifarious contents. The present and concluding volume under notice is deserving the same praise. It is of exceeding great utility, and need only be read to be appreciated as it deserves. In the rapidly advancing state of Catholicity—in the wide development of its beautiful resources—in the increasing order and exactness of its ceremonial, we want the means and appliances necessary for this development still more widely diffused. Among these, church music bears an

important and very prominent part—not so much instrumental, as vocal and choral music—the glorious plain chant of the olden time, now gathered together and strung into one garland of magnificent dimensions under the fostering care and studious ability of a zealous and laborious Catholic Missionary. Everything relative to the Roman Processional is contained in this second volume. Mr. Kelly's prefatory remarks on the public processions, or supplications which the Catholic Church, from the most remote antiquity, has been accustomed to practise, are of singular research and ability. They come at the right and fitting season, when those beautiful public and devotional displays are becoming happily so frequent. Every hymn, response, and anthem, from Advent to Advent again, are here inserted, both words and music. The Vesper service also forms a large portion of this bulky volume, and with all the supplementary festivals. This is a great boon, and prevents the turning from book to book, as commemorations are chanted in the choir. All the hymns of the divine office too are given; they are metrically classed, including those recently inserted in the breviary; and various and copious examples are given of singing the hymns belonging to each metre. And not less useful are the concluding pages of this work, devoted by their talented and laborious author to a few plain directions for chanting the Divine Office. Its last words are singularly well chosen, and happy.—“In fine, an excellent means to sing well, is to bear in mind what we owe to God, whose praises we sing, and to enter carefully into the meaning of the words. ‘Non clamans sed amans cantat in aure Dei,’ says St. Bernard—‘Not clamorously but lovingly, let each one sing in the ear of God.’ ‘Psallam spiritu, psallam mente.’ 1 Cor. xiv. 15,—‘I will sing with the spirit, I will sing also with the understanding.’” We trust that a large and remunerative sale of this valuable work will repay Mr. Kelly and his spirited publisher for their unwearied exertions in behalf of the ancient psalmody of the Church.

Tears on the Diadem; or, the Crown and the Cloister. By Mrs. Anna H. Dorsay. Dolman.

This is one of a series of republications for “Dolman's Home Library” of an American work. The authoress is already favourably known to the public; and this little volume is calculated to increase her popularity with the readers of it. It embodies passages from the life of our Elizabeth, queen of Edward IV., than which none could afford matter of more stirring interest: and when we add that these are combined with a considerable knowledge of the manners, customs, and feelings of those stirring times, we have shown that, as a mere story, the work cannot lack interest. But it has also interest of another kind: the religious feeling that pervades it, will recommend it to Catholic readers: who will be glad to find their own sentiments re-echoed from beyond the Atlantic.

These works are brought out at a merely nominal price, and in a bold legible type that must recommend them to all.

Zenosius; or, the Pilgrim Convert. By the Rev. C. C. Pise, D.D. Dolman.

Another little volume of the same series. Those who like to read controversy interwoven with a fictitious story, will delight to follow the American Pilgrim from New York to Rome, and to see the whole history of religion unfolded in his inquiries after the truth. Such a history cannot be studied without giving evidence of the truth of the Catholic faith: and this the pilgrim quickly acknowledges; and returns to his own country with the blessing of the successor of the apostles.

Devotions for the Quarant' Ore. London: Burns and Lambert.

This is a most timely publication and should be gratefully hailed by all who have the opportunity of sanctifying this holy season by a full participation in the means of grace which our revered Vicar Apostolic has opened to us. It is published with his Lordship's approbation; and is most appropriately introduced by his Lenten Pastoral of 1849, in which the objects and the motives of these holy devotions are explained. We advise all Catholics to make use of this little volume: only regretting that the hymns cannot be sung to the old Church music.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the "Catholic Register and Magazine."

SIR.—The solemn devotional time of Lent is kept extremely well in London. It is edifying to read the long list of devotional exercises to be performed at each Catholic church or chapel during the Lenten period. It is still more edifying and consoling to witness the crowds that nightly assemble to hear the word of God, to join in prayer, and receive the benediction of our Blessed Lord in his most holy sacrament. The missionary retreats already given by the Rev. Fathers of the Passion and the Oratory have been productive of wonderful holy fruits. The good have been sustained, strengthened, and advanced in the road of piety and perfection; the indifferent and the lukewarm have been stimulated to fervour; and an almost countless host of poor sinners have been converted to repentance and a hearty amendment of life. A great number, too, of Protestants have been received into the Church, and already begin to reap great spiritual fruits in their conversion from error to truth, from doubt to certainty, from a cold and barren and empty ceremonial, to the magnificent aids and true consolations of the Apostolic Church of God. But the great feature of Lent, and its greatest spiritual charm and consolation, is the forty hours prayer. By day and by night, and that continuously—from Ash Wednesday to Palm Sunday—the exposition of the Adorable Sacrament goes on in silent, fervent, concentrated prayer and heartfelt adoration. And when the song of praise in the *Tantum Ergo* ceases in one chapel, it is, on the instant, sweetly taken up in another, so that those who have the time and opportunity may join daily, and at every hour, in this most beautiful and consolatory rite. Last Lent it was productive of wonderful spiritual fruit and benediction. We may humbly hope for an increased share of spiritual blessings during this present Lent. The London clergy are all zealously and indefatigably employed in the furtherance of the good work. Their confessionals are crowded from an early hour till late each night, and every day the altar rails are thronged with communicants. And this religious revival is done without noise or ostentation. The spirit of God moves the hearts of the dear people to come and hear the word; that word fructifies in their hearts, and without scarce an exception produces its blessed fruits in a good confession, a good communion, and a change of life so wonderfully for the better.

And good Father Ignatius has been working heart and soul for the conversion of England. He has preached again and again and to most crowded congregations for that blessed, and hitherto un hoped for, result. The surest way to attain it is to sanctify ourselves, to purify that decayed and corrupting mass of Catholicity that festers in our courts, and lanes, and alleys; to bring those pariahs of the faith to repentance and a fervent performance of their religious duties. And, thanks be to God, this has now,

in many quarters, been begun in earnest. Large and unmanageable districts have been divided into parishes. Each priest has his own parish to look after, and for which he is responsible. House to house, and room to room, visitations have been carried on for some time, and with most signal success. It is incredible the amount and number of poor Catholics that have been discovered who were living in crime, and sin, and in the entire neglect of their religious duties; their children either entirely destitute of education or religious training, or sent to the ragged and district schools of Protestant perversion. And, in many localities, where practicable, missions have been preached in the densely crowded courts, and many, many hundreds of poor sinful creatures have been happily reclaimed. This new change of system, wherever it has been tried, has worked remarkably well. It is one great step gained before the hierarchy is established. It paves the way naturally for its, perhaps, necessarily modified introduction into still Protestantized England. We hope our provincial brethren in large towns will soon adopt the same plan. They will find it of infinite advantage, both for themselves and their flocks.

A LONDON PRIEST.

To the Editor of the "Catholic Register and Magazine."

SIR.—A very singular, (I am unwilling to call it a very silly), custom has of late years been growing up and extending amongst us. Not satisfied with the legitimate distinction conferred on them by the title denoting their priestly character, a certain number of the clergy seem to aspire to something more, and, as if they could increase their respectability by assuming what did not belong to them, have made use of any and of every pretext to dub themselves "*Very Reverend*." Do, I pray you, Sir, give these gentlemen a hint of the animadversions which they draw down upon themselves by this unworthy assumption. The title of "*Very Reverend*" is the title only of *dean*. It belongs as exclusively to that dignity as does the title of "*Right Reverend*" to a bishop, or of "*Most Reverend*" to an Archbishop; and the persons, therefore, who thus improperly assume it are just as wrong in *principle*, though not perhaps in *degree*, as if they claimed to be designated by either of the latter appellations.

I am aware that there are instances in which the practice that I am condemning originates rather with the laity who have chosen to attribute, than with the clergymen who are thought to have assumed, the title in question. But these instances, I am afraid, are the exception; and assuredly, from whatever source the error proceeds, it is high time for all to know, that *deans alone* are "*Very Reverend*," and that in this country there is but *one* person who has a right to bear the title, namely, *The Very Reverend Richard Horrabin, Dean of the Chapter of all England*.*

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

SACERDOS.

* Our respected correspondent must remember that the parties he alludes to would rightly assume the title *Reverendissimo*, which, translated into English, is *Most*, or *Very Reverend*.—ED. C. R. & M.

To the Editor of the "Catholic Register and Magazine."

SIR.—Answering to the request of your correspondent "B. T.," I hasten, the first moment on my recovery from the couch of sickness, to send you the extract from "*La Gazette de France*," of 18th December, 1849, respecting the death of the notorious Francesco Salvatorri.

"Giovanni Francesco Salvatorri, representative in the Constituent Assembly at Rome, and one of the most zealous demagogues of the day, took refuge at Sarra Valle, where he remained forgotten by all. On the 24th of November, being suddenly seized with violent vomiting of blood, he exclaimed 'Let me now think of my soul!' and having, with the kind assistance of one of the Capuchin monks, made an act of public penance, died; having previously received the last sacraments of holy Church, exclaiming '*Timor mortis conturbat me quia in inferno nulla est redemptio; miserere mei Deus.*'"

With regard to L'Abbé Chantôme, and the letter of his Holiness to the Archbishop of Paris, "B. T.," will find it in "La Gazette de France" about the same date. M. Chantôme is at Naples with the immortal Pius IX.; but we much fear the result of his interview will be the same as that of De Lamennais with GREGORY XVI. of blessed memory. May, however, his friends act as Montalembert, Lacordaire, Rohrbacher, and others have done. The *Drapeau du Peuple* is still continued, and becomes daily more and more revolutionary and really anti-Catholic.—Yours faithfully,

Fest. Conv. Sti. Pauli, 1850.

A CONVERT.

To the Editor of the "Catholic Register and Magazine."

JESU CHRISTI PASSIO.

DEAR SIR.—As you kindly promise me space in the "Catholic Register," for occasional correspondence on the conversion of England, I am unwilling to allow the ensuing number to appear without in some way availing myself of your permission; although, being now engaged about a Mission in this church, I have not time to write at any length. I would wish, at this time, simply to propose this subject to the consideration of your readers, and invite them to take an interest in it. I myself am daily more and more convinced that it deserves to be regarded with absorbing interest; and that, if properly brought into notice, it will be acknowledged to be the subject of the greatest importance in our day, not only by Catholics but by all others, who in any point of view have some concern for the welfare of our country. I conceive that no reasonable person, whether Catholic or not, will deny the following proposition: that if anything threatens ruin to England, politically, commercially, socially, morally, or spiritually; and if any one thing more than another hinders our advancement in temporal prosperity, power, and wealth, as well as in all spiritual good—it is our religious divisions. I have therefore long been proposing to all classes with whom I come in contact, the removal of these as an object of supreme importance; and, as the first means of removing them, I have proposed prayer. Catholics, knowing with certainty that in the Catholic Church alone can religious union be found, are called to pray for the return of England to this Church. Protestants of all classes, as they none of them profess the infallible certainty, which we do, of being in the truth, are invited to pray in general terms that God would bring our people to *unity in the truth*, wheresoever they see this truth to exist. I have been occupied more or less constantly for more than eleven years in soliciting these prayers from Catholics, and in proposing them likewise to Protestants of all parties; and I can speak from experience, that the proposal is approved in theory by all, though it has not been acted upon with much energy, and indeed generally has been almost disregarded in practice, from the idea, as I suppose, that the attempt is vain, and that the object will never be gained.

This I maintain is a mistaken idea; since, so far from this union being an impossibility, it is undeniable by any one who believes in revelation, that if

we agreed to desire the thing in earnest, it would be attained without farther delay ; since, long ago Almighty God has declared it to be his will that mankind should be united in the truth, and nothing can hinder the accomplishment of this His will in the whole world, or in any given portion of it, but the opposition of men.

On these grounds, I maintain that it is our common duty and our common interest to devote ourselves, at length, really in earnest to this all-important end. If these first few introductory sentences are considered to have some foundation in truth, I trust your readers will be pleased to regard with some interest what may further be brought forward on the subject in your subsequent numbers.—I am, dear Sir, your faithful servant in Jesus Christ,

*Presbytery of St. George's Catholic Church, IGNATIUS OF ST. PAUL,
London, Feb. 21, 1850. Passionist.*

To the Editor of the "Catholic Register and Magazine."

SIR.—Can I do better than give you the following extract from the "Moniteur Catholique" of this excellent Institution whence I am now writing? "Diocese of Quimper.—Nine brethren of the congregation of M. l'Abbé de Lamennais are about leaving this port (Brest) for the colonies. Seventeen left Havre last week for the Antillus, where they have in their schools about 8,000 children and adult pupils. M. de Lamennais' congregation in Bretagne number about 205 establishments ; but this, alas, is not sufficient for the wants of the province, and it is to be hoped that many more will yet join the novitiate at Ploërmel." I arrived here last night, and am delighted to inform you that our English brethren (now in number twelve) are going on well. They tell me they are all very happy, and indeed they seem perfectly satisfied with their present position. From my brief acquaintance with them, last March (for I suppose I must acknowledge myself the writer of the letter signed "Henricus"), they seem endued with every disposition for the religious life.

Your readers, doubtless, will be glad to hear of the abjuration of a Calvinist soldier at Frescati ; his abjuration was received by Mgr. Ludovico Bosi, Bishop of Canope and V. G. of Xontany, on whom he afterwards conferred the sacrament of confirmation. Sincerely wishing you every success in your new form, believe me,

Yours sincerely,

EDWARD G. KIRWAN BROWNE

Ploërmel, 7th day of Lent, 1850.

PARLIAMENTARY RECORD.

7TH FEBRUARY.—REPEAL OF PENAL ACTS AGAINST ROMAN CATHOLICS.

Mr. CHISHOLM ANSTEE moved for leave to bring in a bill for the repeal of penal acts against Roman Catholics. He said it was substantially the same as the bill brought in the year before last. The moment it had been seconded,

Sir ROBERT H. INGLIS and Mr. LAW both rose to oppose it. The latter gave way, and Sir Robert inquired of Sir George Grey what course government meant to take upon this bill ?

Mr. LAW also urged the question, in order that the time of the house might not be wasted.

Sir GEORGE GREY appealed to the former course he had taken. He did not attach much importance to the bill, nor did the Catholic members ; but he should support such portions of the measure as he had supported before

as the acts complained of were, perhaps, better out of the statute-book than in it.

The gallery was again cleared for a division, when the numbers were—for the motion, 72 ; against it, 77 ; majority against the bill, 5.

ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.

LENTEN INDULT FOR THE LONDON DISTRICT, 1850.—"Nicholas, by the Grace of God, and the favour of the Apostolic See, Bishop of Melipotamus, and Vicar Apostolic of the London District, to our dearly beloved Brethren and Children in Christ, the Clergy secular and regular, and the Faithful of the said district,

"Health and Benediction in our Lord.

"It is our yearly task, dearly beloved in Christ, to summon you to the painful duty of penance and expiation. Year after year, the Church of God must raise her voice in the midst of this great city, as did Jonas in Nineveh, or St. John in the wilderness, calling upon all to bring forth worthy fruits of penance. We may not, with the first, denounce a determined judgment of God, a total destruction and final desolation, if the forty days of fasting, which we proclaim in the coming Lent, be not turned to advantage (John iii. 4.): but with the latter we may safely assure you, that the winnowing fan is in our Master's hand, separating the wheat from the chaff, and ready to cast this into the unquenchable fire (Mat. iii. 12.) It is well then for us to arouse ourselves, and to redeem the time (Ephes. v. 16), turning these approaching days into a truly acceptable time, into days of salvation (2 Cor. v. 2). Since last Lent, we have had occasion to thank God for having removed a grievous scourge that afflicted us ; and it behoveth us to prevent the growing accumulation of sin, which may provoke a still heavier visitation. Then let us fast, and weep, and mourn, over sin and iniquity, our own and those of others, and so wipe away the amount of debt already contracted, and cancel the instalment of punishment already due. Arrest the Divine judgments on the very threshold of the opening year, and invoke plenty and peace, light and truth, mercy and grace, and blessing spiritual and temporal on its auspicious career.

"For, dearly beloved, the season of Lent is not merely of atonement, and of correction ; it is a time of powerful supplication no less ; of securest appeal to the Divine bounty as well as the Divine clemency, a time for unlocking the whole treasury of Heaven, and obtaining an outpouring of its saving, and healthful, and enriching stores. It is a period for all to join, in a great and mighty assault upon Heaven, and to carry its mercies by storm. It is now that the violent, that is, the fervent, the earnest, the energetic, the persevering, combining in one attack upon the kingdom of God (Mat. xi. 12), will bear it away triumphant, by the crowning of their efforts to snatch away its mercies.

"Now, it appeared to us, as though it were time for us to 'set our faces,' with Daniel, 'to the Lord our God, to pray and entreat, in fasting, sackcloth and ashes' (Dan. ix. 3), for the self same purpose, of hastening the end of our long captivity, saying to God : 'O Lord God great and terrible, we have sinned, we have committed iniquity, we have done wickedly and have revolted ; and we have gone aside from Thy commandments and Thy judgments. We have not hearkened to Thy servants the Prophets,' (that is the teachers of Thy Church), 'that have spoken in Thy name to our kings, to our princes, to our fathers, and to all the people of the land O Lord, to us belongeth confusion of face, to our princes, and to our fathers, that have sinned. But to Thee, the Lord our God, mercy and forgiveness, for we have departed from Thee Now, therefore, O our God, hear the

supplication of Thy servant, and his prayers; and show Thy face upon Thy sanctuary which is desolate, for Thy own sake O Lord hear! O Lord, be appeased! hearken and do! delay not for Thy own sake, O my God! (Dan. iv. 19). For although we never should cease from earnest prayer, that God would visit our country in His mercy, and restore it to the unity of His Church, or at least greatly multiply in it the number of true believers, yet are there several considerations, which point out the present Lent as a time for a more energetic appeal, and a more combined and concentrated effort.

"For this our joint entreaty upon earth will be supported by the powerful advocacy of the many saints of our country, whose feasts seem to have been, better than by chance, united in this holy season. For we shall have in the course of this Lent, a great saint and apostle of every part of our island to represent our holiest interests at the Throne of Grace; St. Cuthbert, for the North (March 20); St. David, for the West (March 1 and 5); St. Felix, for the East (March 8 and 13); St. Chad, for the Centre (March 2); and St. Gregory the Great, the Apostle of England (March 12), for this district more especially, to which he sent St. Augustine, and where he established the episcopacy to which, in our unworthiness, we succeed. Surely it is not by accident that all these great patrons of England have met in this narrow compass, and with them two others most meetly joined to them, the great Patriarch, St. Benedict (March 23); to whose sons we owe so many of the glories of our ancient Church, and the Apostles of Ireland, St. Patrick (March 24); whose disciples and devout children now form so large a portion of our flock. We shall then be joined in our prayers by those who cannot fail lovingly, and earnestly, and efficiently, to second them.

"But it pleases Almighty God at times to give us outward encouragements, and, as it were, gentle allurements to pray more confidently for a given purpose. For, if the Jews were reproached because they watched not, and knew not, the religious signs of their times, and shaped not their course by them (Mat. xvi. 3), shall we be blind to the symptoms of great religious changes, which should animate us to corresponding exertions? May we not clearly see the agitation and uneasiness of men's minds, in regard to that semblance of a Church in this country, which has deluded many, till now? in what manner it is slipping more and more from their hands, in proportion as they have clasped it the closer, and clung to it more desperately? Are there not multitudes to be seen upon it, like the crew of a shattered vessel, who have refused timely escape, that now feel all the insecurity of their position, feel how disjointed, and breaking piecemeal, is the framework which they had once thought so solid, and how, with helm abandoned, compass broken, and skill baffled, even it is reeling and drifting, the world's sport, towards a dreary reef and a waste shore? To how many are past convictions becoming as dreams, and future expectations darkening into hopelessness? Yes, dearly beloved in Jesus Christ, an establishment of earth's creation has ventured to wrestle with its maker, and is sinking beneath him. Only to the Church of God has power of victory over the world been granted. A house built on sand has defied the wind, and the floods, and the rains, and its foundations are crumbling. Only to the Church that is built on the rock is enduring strength given to cope with the raging storms of earth and hell.

"It is not to triumph over the anxieties and pain of others, that we thus speak; but rather to encourage you to bear them relief. Rush in to their rescue, snatch them from their perils, and bring them safe into the harbour of their rest. The grace of God can alone save them; but our earnest prayer will draw it down. Let us, then, redouble our supplications for these poor struggling souls, whom either the veil of error yet blinds, or the

infirmity of nature holds captive. God grant them light to see how unnatural is their present position of untruthful profession, or disguised belief! God grant them strength to break through the bonds of worldly attachments, and find true liberty in His holy Church!

"But not to any one class of men must our charity be confined: but loving the souls of all whom God has so tenderly loved, as to give his only begotten Son for their salvation, and loving that truth for its own sake, which is but Himself, let us pray devoutly and earnestly, that this may triumph over all errors, and save, without exception, the souls of all. No matter what form religious error may assume, no matter under what shape it may destroy souls, we must combat it, and seek its total destruction. But this is a warfare in which spiritual weapons must alone prevail. It is a battle in which the uplifted hands of Moses will sway the contest, and ensure the victory, better than the swords of the valiant (Exod. xvii. 11.) Let us in solemn procession go round the walls of Jericho, the rival of God's Jerusalem; not with the lance and spear, but with the trumpets of jubilee, and the songs of supplication; not bearing the ark of the law's covenant of fear, but the very Lawgiver of the Gospel's sweet dispensation of love; and those walls will fall before us (Jos. vi. 20), and we shall enter in, not to spoil and destroy, but to save and to embrace, and lead forth, not captives, but brethren.

"Yes, beloved in our Lord Jesus Christ, it is our wish and intention, and herein we are sure, that we only second your pious desires, that during this coming Lent, the same devotion, of perpetual adoration of our dear Lord in the Blessed Eucharist, should be practised, as was last year at this same season. Much indeed were we consoled and encouraged then, by the alacrity and piety with which that holy institution was followed; and much blessing, we doubt not, was called down by the fervour of the Faithful, and much spiritual profit and comfort was derived by them from this source of every good.

"Then welcome again the return of your Lord, to this lowly triumph of love which we prepare for Him. Bless His condescension in once more submitting to be led by us, as it were, from place to place, to satisfy the devotion, and receive the homage of His children. Strew His way with flowers, as He comes in meek royalty on His merciful progress; go with Hosannas before Him, who cometh in the name of the Lord. Prepare His altar, His chosen throne, His well-loved mercy-seat; array it with beauty, with splendour, with magnificence; place around it, as ye have so well learned to do, whatever is rich and fair; let men and angels see that you love the beauty of God's House, because it is God's. Never let His resting-place be without worshippers, follow Him to the lowly and distant chapel, as well as to the richer church, visit Him even with more devotion when He is in the midst of His poor, and feel it an honour to be admitted to help them to honour Him as He deserves.

"In those moments of still and deep fervour, in that humble and loving adoration, entreat your Lord and Saviour to look out from His temple upon the stagnant gloom and cold outside, upon the dismal heresy, error, unbelief, sin, and vice that surround it, and form that outward darkness in which thousands lie bound hand and foot; and mercifully to dart a ray of light from that splendour that is in him, to enlighten, to cheer, and quicken. Implore Him to look down from His throne in the sanctuary, upon the misery, temporal and spiritual, which crouches at His blessed feet, upon the unreclaimed sinner, the lukewarm Catholic, the uneducated children, the starving poor, the almost unknown masses of wretchedness, that form so great a bulk of our people; and to shed a kind glance of compassion upon them all, and upon His poor afflicted Church in this country.

"Thus will Lent prove to you, dearly beloved, a season of spiritual graces and of holy joy. Your spirit will feast, while your flesh will fast, your souls shall be enriched, while your bodies are deprived of what they covet, by your abundant alms; you shall enjoy pleasures pure, holy, and profitable, in the cheerful worship of your Church, in compensation of the earthly pastimes which you shall renounce.

"But while we thus earnestly and affectionately exhort you to enter upon the arduous duties of this holy time, with a resolution to act up, not only to the letter, but to the spirit of its appointment, we do not forget the exigencies of your weakness, and the demands of this climate and age, and, therefore, we grant the dispensations set down at the end of this our Pastoral.

"Wherefore, 'watch ye, stand fast in the Faith, do manfully, and be strengthened. Let all your things be done in charity. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you. Amen.' (2 Cor. xvi. 13-23.)

"Given at London, this second day of February, being the Purification of our Blessed Lady, in the year of our Lord, 1850.

"NICHOLAS, Bishop of Melipotamus."

PRIOR PARK.—(From the Pastoral of the Right Rev. Dr. Brown, O.S.B. Bishop of Apollonia, and V.A. of Wales.)—We take this opportunity of acknowledging, thankfully, your collections last year, in aid of the Seminary at Prior Park, in which good work, as on many similar occasions, the foremost of our Missions was Abergavenny. Those who have not already been informed, will hear with joy and gratitude, that a blessed instrument of Divine mercy to that important establishment, has been raised by Providence, in the person of Alexander Raphael, Esq., of Surbiton Park, M.P.—a gentleman who has shown, that he knows how to reconcile with the declaration of our Redeemer, that riches create an almost insuperable obstacle to salvation (Matt. xix. 23), those not less inspired words of the Spirit of God: "The ransom of man's life—the crown of the wise is their riches" (Prov. xiii. 14). For him let your grateful prayers ascend to Heaven, invoking upon him every blessing, who has thus rescued that splendid establishment from the destruction which threatened it, and the Catholic body in England from the shame and disgrace which, sooner or later, they would have to endure, for tolerating its ruin. But though the zeal of one individual has been thus nobly displayed, there is still greater occasion for farther cordial co-operation, in order to secure the benefits to religion, which Prior Park is capable of producing, and which Religion has a right to expect it will be enabled to accomplish.

THE IRISH COLLEGES.—His Grace of Dublin has addressed the following letter to the *Dublin Evening Post*.—To the Editor of the *Tablet*. Mountjoy-square, 11th Feb., 1850. Dear Sir.—I regret exceedingly to perceive that you seem, in one of your late articles, to attribute to me an opinion that no Catholic student could, under any circumstances, attend without sin the lectures to be given in the newly established Queen's Colleges. If this was really your meaning, I beg to assure you that I have never uttered a word to indicate that such is my opinion. The mistake into which you seem to have been unintentionally led, appears to have arisen from a supposition of mine, perhaps a very unfounded one, that the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda was impressed with a notion of that kind, when the first Rescript regarding the colleges was issued, and when it was not, of course, accurately acquainted with the various checks against the inroads of irreligion and immorality which were then in preparation. That such an idea should have been then entertained would, perhaps, under those circumstances, be hardly surprising; but the supposition that it really was so is at least premature. For, on reviewing the two Rescripts of which there is question, I cannot discover in either of them any declaration to that effect, and it is neither my

duty nor wish to make any addition to them. The Sacred Congregation—always prudent, always dignified—gives no countenance, in those documents, to the absurdity of applying the epithet “Godless” to institutions which comprise ministers of religion appointed for the express purpose of teaching the students to adore, and love, and serve God. It calmly expresses its doubts as to how far the proposed checks against irreligion would be sustained by the laws of these realms, which it professes not to understand; it indicates other grounds of fear, which lead it to apprehend that the new colleges would not be sufficiently safe for the general education of Catholic youth; and it therefore enjoins the Catholic bishops to take no part in the execution of the law in virtue of which they were to be established. I do not find any other distinct prohibitions in those Rescripts. With this injunction I at once pledged myself to the Holy See that I would strictly conform. But I stop there. Being thus wholly unconnected with those institutions, it is not for me to anticipate any future declarations regarding them which may emanate from the wisdom of the same supreme authority—nor to dictate, in the mean time, to others what conclusions, respecting individual cases, they ought to draw from the two important documents which are now before them. Having given this explanation, I must beg to decline entering again, through the newspapers, on this subject. I have the honour to remain, dear Sir, your obedient servant,

Frederick Lucas, Esq.

✠ D. MURRAY.

ROME.—Our readers will regret to learn that we cannot hold out to them any prospect of the immediate return of His Holiness to his capital—The disturbances during the Carnival show that a spirit is still rife there which would not allow him to return unprotected by foreign bayonets, to which the Holy Father's aversion is well known. The question with France, also, is still complicated.

PARIS.—On Friday the 8th the first of the general conferences recently instituted in the diocese of Paris, was held in the Church of the *Madeleine*. More than 500 priests assisted at this imposing meeting.

CONVERSIONS.

The Right Honourable the Countess of Arundel and Surrey was received into the Catholic Church, at the Oratory, King William-street, last week.

We have to record two conversions in Kilkenny to the Catholic Church—those of Mr. Robert Wilkinson, and Margaret, his wife, of Walkin-street. They had been under the spiritual instruction of Father Mulligan for the past fortnight, and, on the Feast of the Purification, were admitted by him into the Catholic Church, by the permission of the venerated Bishop of Ossory, Dr. Walsh. Wilkinson died on Monday morning—he had been ill for some weeks past. He was lineal heir to the title of the late Sir Robert Wilkinson.—*Kilkenny Journal*.

On Thursday, the 31st ult., Miss Williams, late mistress of the St. Saviour's National School, Leeds, and Miss Linsham, an inmate of “the Home” attached to that Church, were solemnly received into the Catholic Church at St. Ann's House, Clapham, by the Rev. R. G. Macmullen, formerly one of the curates of St. Saviour's parish.

A son of Chancellor Walworth, of Newhaven, has recently been admitted to Holy Orders at Rome, as a Catholic priest, and will be employed as a home missionary in London.

A correspondent from Tarragona, of the 22nd of January, thus writes:—“To-day, in the chapel of the palace, was performed one of the most august ceremonies of our Holy Religion—the baptism of a Protestant lady, married abroad to a merchant of this town. She has been baptised, has received

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communion, and has been married by his Lordship the Archbishop-elect of Cuba, Mosent Claret, in the presence of his Lordship the Archbishop of this see, who administered to her the sacrament of confirmation.—*El Heraldo*.

Mr. Robert Beverley Tillotson, lately a member of the Protestant Establishment in America, was received into the Church, by the Very Rev. Father Newman, at the Oratory, Birmingham, on Sunday the 13th January. Mr. Tillotson, who is the son of a gentleman residing at Barry Town, New York, had been (as we learn) some time dissatisfied with the pretensions and fruits of Protestantism, and was perplexed in what Communion to find deposited the "one Faith" of Christ. He consulted several authorities, but still his doubts remained. He had heard of Father Newman's name and reputation: he procured his works, and read them through and through, and then it was that he first began to catch the rays of truth and light. Nothing would now satisfy him, but to come over to see and consult that great writer himself. When he reached London, he was informed that Mr. N. was in Birmingham, to which place he next hastened. In the interview which then took place, he was led to consider the four essential notes of the Church, and by these to test the claims of the community to which he belonged. By God's grace, he soon became fully convinced, that the Protestants, like all other bodies contrasted with the Catholic Church, was fatally lacking in these respects, and he soon announced his wish of being received into our communion. It is a singular coincidence in this conversion, that Mr. Tillotson, after having journeyed from so distant a land, should have been led (by the star as it were of Faith) to see the Child of Bethlehem for the first time on the Feast of the *Epiphany*; and have offered the homage of his heart and body by being made a Catholic on the octave. Mr. T. has since been confirmed, and is intending (we believe) to spend a few weeks more in England, before he returns to his native land, where, as we doubt not, he will continue in faith as he has begun, and prove himself a faithful and devoted son of his newly found, his true and only Mother, the Church of Jesus and Mary.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE AGAPEMONE.—According to the following account, which we extract from the "Taunton Courier," it would seem that the conductors of this establishment are still reaping their harvest through the weakness of their deluded votaries:—"The sudden advance in this town, from the Rowbarton road on Thursday last, of an unusually dashing travelling equipage, attracted much attention. A handsome carriage and four, with postillions, preceded by a horseman and followed by two other servants on horseback in white linen riding coats, accompanied by a couple of bloodhounds, arrested the earnest attention of wayfarers. In the carriage were seated an elderly gentleman, and a middle-aged female, and in the seat behind were a male and female attendant. It soon transpired that this ostentatiously vulgar exhibition belonged to the meretricious *Agapemone* or Princite establishment at Charlinch; the principal of which (Prince) had come to Taunton, to claim possession of some papers belonging to a wealthy farmer at Othery, who, having deserted his wife and children, had lately become an inmate of the 'Abode of Love!' The papers were properly refused, by the silly dupe's professional adviser. Surely some protection ought to be extended by the law to families, to prevent their property from becoming the prey of heartless fellows of this description."

THE ASYLUM OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD, HAMMERSMITH.—"I observe that you do not allude to the admirable institution maintained by our Roman Catholic brethren at Hammersmith, under the title of the 'Asylum of the

Good Shepherd.' This establishment was founded originally by two French Nuns, members of an Order devoted to the reclamation of unfortunate females. When first they came to England they were poor, unaided, and almost destitute, but so greatly have they prospered, through the charity of English and Irish Catholics, that they have now a convent and church, and they maintain nearly one hundred penitent females, without distinction of creed. In fact, a large number are Protestants. The Nuns themselves are, of course, Catholics, and about thirty in number. I believe they are still anxious to extend their accommodation for penitents to any extent for which means may be afforded them. To use your own words, we have here, 'not the dry weekly committee, acting through the paid matron, but we find ladies by birth and education willing to devote, not money only, but their whole lives, and all the persuasion which love, piety, and sympathy can command, to save these outcasts of the world, these abject sisters of the good and fortunate. This institution is well worthy of a visit, and much may be learned from its admirable and affectionate arrangements.'—*Morning Chronicle Correspondent*.

GENERALS CORDOVA AND ZABALA have taken with them to Terracina the medals and decorations intended for the Spanish soldiers. They are of copper, about the size of a halfpenny, and bearing on one side the following inscription—"Pius IX. Pont. Max. Romæ restitut. Catholicis armis collatis ann. 1849." On the other side is the tiara, with the keys, and the inscription—"Sede Apostolica Romana." The medal is to be worn by a white and yellow ribbon.—*Milan Gazette*.

DEATH OF FRERE LEOTADE.—On the 26th ult. this unfortunate man died at the galleys, at Toulon, of an attack on his chest. Our readers will recollect the accusation laid against him of the crime of violating and murdering a poor girl. His judges found him guilty, and since that period he had been working with other convicts on the hulks. He set them a great example of resignation and holiness, constantly declaring his innocence, but never breathing a word against his accusers. He received devoutly the last sacraments, and before he expired he sent for the Commissionary of the Republic, before whom and his director he said, and reiterated, with extreme solemnity—"On the point of appearing before God, I wished to declare, for the last time before you, what I have already declared before my judges, that I am innocent, and that I am completely ignorant how and by whom was committed the dark crime for which I was condemned."—"I go before Him who recompenses trial and repairs injustice."

THE MAGNIFICENT GOTHIC CHURCH AT ERDINGTON was opened for divine worship on Tuesday the 29th ultimo, by the Right Rev. the Vicar Apostolic of the Central District. High Mass being sung by the Rev. Francis Amherst, of Oscott College, assisted by the Rev. James Bond, of St. Chad's Cathedral, and the Rev. — Grosvenor, of Oscott, as deacon and sub-deacon, his lordship the bishop delivered a suitable address, in his usual eloquent and forcible style. After benediction of the most adorable sacrament in the evening there was another admirable discourse, delivered by the Rev. Thomas Flanagan, of Oscott College. This beautiful temple, which is calculated to accommodate about 2,000 worshippers, will deservedly rank amongst the first in the country, and will be a lasting monument of the zeal, piety, and munificence of the Rev. Daniel Haigh, late an Anglican minister, at whose sole expense, we understand, it was erected, at a cost of some £25,000 or £30,000. It will be completely finished and ready for consecration in the month of May.

GORHAM v. THE BISHOP OF EXETER.—The *Guardian* states that the judgment of the Committee of Privy Council in this case will not be given this week, but, IF POSSIBLE, on or before the 2nd of March.

BIRTHS.

On the 4th of February, at Berlin, the lady of HENRY FRANCIS HOWARD, Esq., Secretary to Her Majesty's Legation, of a daughter.

On the 10th of February, at 26, Ladbroke-square, Notting-hill, the wife of G. H. ULLATHORNE, Esq., of a son.

On the 16th of February, at St. Augustine's, Rugeley, the lady of JOHN BUTLER BOWDON, Esq., of a son and heir.

On the 20th inst., at Danesfield, Bucks, the HON. MRS. SCOTT MURRAY, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

On the 23rd of January, at St. Aloysius's Chapel, Somers-town, by the Rev. Wm. Baines, Mr. BERNARD DUNN, of Southampton, to MATILDA, third daughter of the late SAMUEL MITAN, Esq., of the Polygon.

On the 28th of January, at the Bavarian Chapel, Warwick-street, by the Rev. E. Hearn, Mr. G. D'ANGELO, of Winchester, to MARY ANN, eldest daughter of the late Mr. CHARLES THORPE, of Buckland.

On the feast of the Espousals of our Blessed Lady, at St. George's Catholic Church, Southwark, by the Rev. R. North, STUART, only son of JOHN KNILL, Esq., of Fresh Wharf, London, and of Walworth House, Surrey, to MARY ANN ROSA, eldest daughter of the late CHARLES ROWLAND PARKER, Esq., of St. Germain's Place, Blackheath.

DEATHS.

Of your charity pray for the soul of MRS. ELIZABETH GILLIS, who died on Tuesday, the 29th January, 1850, aged 81 years.

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for their works follow them."
Apoc. xiv. 13.

May she rest in peace.

Bishop Gillis requests the prayers of the Faithful for the repose of his mother's soul.

At Rome, on the 11th of January, at the advanced age of 96, DON LIBORIO COLUZZI, for more than twenty years confessor at the English College. R.I.P.

On the 26th of January, at his residence, 37, Dorset-square, aged 56, EDWARD CLIFTON, Esq., fourth son of the late John Clifton, Esq., Lytham-hall, Lancashire.

At Brighton, on Monday the 28th of January, the REV. JOHN LARKAN, student of the English College at Rome, and M.A., formerly in the Mauritius. R.I.P.

On Sunday the 3rd February, in the 66th year of her age, MARY, the wife of FRANCIS STORY, Esq., of Barnard Castle.

On the 7th of February, in Duchess-street, Portland-place, HENRY WILLIAM, youngest son of Edward Slaughter, Esq., aged 15 months.

On the 12th of February, at the residence of her son-in-law, George Martin, Esq., Architect and Surveyor, 85, Baker-street, Mrs. MARY MOWER, aged 84 years.

On the 13th of February, at his residence, Midford Castle, CHARLES THOMAS CONOLLY, Esq., aged 59.

On the 21st of February, at St. Leonard's, Hastings, the REV. JOHN JONES, many years Chaplain at the Bavarian Chapel, Warwick-street, in his 73rd year.

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VOL. XI.

RECOLLECTIONS OF EMINENT MEN.

JAMES BROOKE, RAJAH OF SARAWAK.

It chanced, in the war which our Indian Empire waged with Birmah twenty-five years ago, that, by one of those accidents which happen in the best regulated families and armies, our troops were totally unsupported by cavalry. Harassed by the swarms of the enemy's cavalry, if I may so designate the rough ponies and their riders who hung upon us on all sides, we could no more pursue and protect ourselves against them than against mosquitoes and other diminutive torments of the region: we could but wait until they pitched; when, with considerable trouble and delay, we crushed them with the weight of our arms.

A young lad, who was attached to the commissariat department, thought that the evil might be remedied.

"If you will allow me to pick out a hundred men who can ride," he said to his superior officer, "I will mount them upon the ponies we have taken from these fellows, and will show that we can keep them at a distance, instead of waiting for their attacks. The ponies, with our men upon them, will, at all events, be a match for the same brutes mounted by natives."

Honour to the officer to whom he spoke! He was a man of talent; for he could discern genius, even in a boy. I know not what is become of him: but the little troop of little cavalry was organized and did good service to the army under the brave leadership of James Brooke.

In the spring of 1828—I cannot record the very day, but it was certainly in Lent: the height of the season in Bath is always in Lent: I remember that, during this particular fast, I

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was seated at five consecutive suppers before as many boiled tongues bedecked with spun pastry or flowers cut out of turnips or carrots which it fell to my lot to carve for the hungry dancers around me—and I trust that the penance my abstinence inflicted upon me, may atone for my attendance at scenes of gaiety during a season which should be otherwise spent—it was, then, in the spring of 1828, that the orchestra played cheerily the spirit and body-stirring waltz from Weber's *Freishutz* or the scarcely less pleasing bridal chorus transformed into a quadrille, neither of which are known to modern musicians, who can give us nothing but potage à la Jullien. Happy partners, hoping soon to be "happy couples," spun round the room with modulated and elegant movement—people danced modestly in those days, when galoppes, polkas and waltzes à deux temps were not—or walked through a quadrille with measured *glissades*: girls who had not been engaged, sat moodily on the benches around the room, and endeavoured, by forced smiles, to make people think how happy they were to be wall-flowers and *tapisserie*: lights burned brightly; and pleasant was the scene. I was talking with a fair girl—she was so fair that she could afford to sit out one dance in quiet converse with a man of my age. We spoke merrily of those about us—scientifically and critically; and had just passed in review a group of our more particular friends who were standing together on one side of the room, when the figure of the dance caused them to break ground, and enabled us to see beyond.

Upon a sofa—I remember the picture well—it was a blue satin sofa—a cluster of bright lights sprang from the wall above it—upon such a sofa, half reclined a young man of elegant and very distinguished appearance. Without foppery, he was dressed with scrupulous taste. His pale face was turned rather upwards, and wore an expression of pleased and benevolent thoughtfulness. On his mouth, which was rather large but handsome, this expression assumed a somewhat sarcastic tinge of contempt for the scene before him.

"Who is that good-looking man!" exclaimed my young friend: "reclining on that blue sofa, he looks like a moonbeam upon an azure sky. I never noticed his pale face before! Who is he?" she reiterated eagerly.

"He is an Indian officer just come home from the wars," I replied. "His name is James Brooke."

"What! son of the fine old lady and gentleman who drive about in the great green coach?" she asked.

"Exactly so," I answered: "and brother of her whom all the women in Bath are jealous of, the beautiful Mrs. Anthony Savage."

"Then he must be worth looking after," she said thoughtfully. "I wonder all the *chaperons* leave him so to himself—not only like a moonbeam, but like the very moon herself—

'————— that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way.'"

"Oh yes, he is a good catch," I replied; "and if you are inclined to look after him, you may calculate upon his inheriting a fine fortune from his father. But to tell you the truth, I do not think he is a marrying man. We were talking with him about marriage a few days ago—our great match-maker, Mrs. E——s, was of the party—when he declared that the only person he had ever felt inclined to fall in love with, was ugly old Madame Pesaroni, when he first heard her sing on the stage, so much was he moved by her beautiful voice. Mrs. E——s turned away in disgust, and does not, therefore, think him worth plugging since."

"But what makes him so pale?" asked my companion.

"He has been badly wounded in India," I replied. "He is said to have killed seven Birmese with his own hand at the head of his troop of cavalry."

"Dear creature!" she exclaimed: "the loss of blood makes him look so interesting—so pale! Does he write poetry?"

"Yes, he does: and that of the sterling sort—but he does not write for the public nor for ladies' albums."

"How sorry I am! I should have so liked to have some lines written in my album by a wounded warrior, and signed 'Moonbeam.' Nay, don't frown!" she said. "I shall give him that name. We give names to every one that is worth thinking of:—you know there is 'Look-and-Die,' and 'Him-of-the-Cloak,' and 'Romeo,' and you know your own name, I suppose."

And so this merry child rattled on: and, owing to her idle prattle, he who was to be the founder of civilization in mighty regions, came to be designated by the name of "Moonbeam" by young ladies piqued at the little notice he took of them.

My friend returned, for a while, to India. His father died. He succeeded to a handsome fortune; but the world knew nothing of his proceedings until a paragraph in the public papers casually mentioned that Mr. Brooke, in the Royalist yacht, was lying off the Cape of Good Hope, insisting upon the rights of the Royal Yacht Club with those who thought that a yacht had no right to be in blue water.

But, even then, he was bent upon an errand that few were acquainted with; and which those few deemed irrational. Early imbued with a romantic wish to investigate the islands in the

vast China seas, he was wending his way thither with all the hope, the energy and the enthusiasm of a Columbus. It is unnecessary to record his progress. It is known to the world. Kindly welcomed by a native prince in Borneo, he could not see his half-civilized benefactor unjustly attacked by a barbarous enemy. The crew of the Royalist took part with what mature and conscientious reflection assured their leader was the just cause; and enabled it to triumph. James Brooke was, in grateful acknowledgment, transformed into Rajah or supreme prince and governor of the immense district of Sarawak.

For some years, he expended his private fortune and all the energies of his mind and body in civilizing the natives subjected to his rule; in extirpating piracy, the curse of those seas; in promoting order, commerce and humanity. Two years ago, he paid a short visit to England and was received, by sovereign and people, with the respect due to a really great man. Honour and rank was bestowed upon him; and, as the Consul-General of England at Labuan, he returned to his own principality of Sarawak, the recognised representative of his sovereign in those hitherto-unknown regions.

Amongst other valued testimonials of a valued friendship, I received a letter from Sir James Brooke, written on his outward passage, which is so characteristic of the man that I shall venture to print it here. It has been said that public men are public property: the proverb does not apply in this instance: but when parties come forward and endeavour by misrepresentation to overwhelm one whom I believe to be doing incalculable good to mankind, the delicacy of private friendship must not withhold me from publishing what may tend to show the real character of him who is assailed. Thus runs the letter which, without a date but bearing the post-mark "Brazil," reached England in the middle of May, 1848:—

"H. M. S. Mæander, at Sea.

"My dear ———,

"I had neither heart nor health to answer your kind letter before I left England; and I believe, had I remained in the dear old foggy country for six months more, I should have died of turtle soup and City feasts. Your classing me with Abd-el-Kader made me smile; but I feel proud of the comparison; and am very proud of being a hero at all. I do not feel like a hero, though, whatever you may please to think; for I eat, drink and sleep, and go through the process of life just like the commonest chimney-sweep of them all. I do hope, however, to do good in my generation; and the rest I look upon as leather and prunello. This is my happiness—this gives the necessary excitement to the imagination without which life is

not worth having, and from the want of which I suffered so many dreary days in the olden times in Bath.

"I doubt very much, if our respective lots were fairly balanced, whether yours would not be freighted with more happiness. Domestic happiness would weigh down a score of petty empires amongst savage people; and very few there are fortunate enough to combine this blessing with an active and ambitious career. I shall be delighted to see and entertain you in Borneo; but then what will my Lady say? Whenever your sons come, they shall receive the best welcome I can give them; and of course all creeds shall work their own way, without giving me a thought or a trouble. It would be strange indeed if I, who live and have long lived, tolerating and tolerated by Mahomedans and Pagans, should suddenly take it into my head to exclude or thwart Christians in their vocation, merely because there is some shadow of a difference in our opinions. The longer I live, the more I regret the want of tolerance in this lower world. Folks do not, it is true, burn or hang; but there exists a *mental* intolerance, of which the other used to be but the outward and visible sign. I ought to be tolerant; because, having lived much in solitude and unfettered by the world's ways, I have arrived at conclusions which differ from the received opinions; and I doubt not if I entertained zeal enough to propose my own views, I should share the fate of poor Punchinello, and be told 'Va, in prigione.' I really think no more about another man's religious opinions than I do about the shape of his nose; and I find great encouragement in this comfortable indifference, because I meet with excellent men of all religions.

"Here is a screed of doctrine! the long and short of which is that, as far as I am concerned, all people may convert all other people, so long as they don't kick up a row.

"H. M. S. Mæander is now running down the S. E. trade; and we are not only completely thawed, but likely to melt. I do not know where we are; but this letter, God willing, will be sent from Rio Janeiro, where we stay for a day or two. Our voyage, thus far, has been prosperous and dull—as dull, indeed, as voyages usually are: but I enjoy the monotony; and have neither done anything or wished to do anything since I left England; and I have thought as little as I possibly could—an entire abandonment and repose. You may judge then how great has been the exertion of this letter, and excuse the nonsense it contains.

"Pray offer my best wishes to Mrs. —; and with every wish for your health and happiness, believe me, my dear —,

"Very sincerely yours,

J. BROOKE."

Oh, that all legislators understood the spirit that animates the Rajah of Sarawak! Oh that, on the statute book of every nation in the world, were inscribed his expressive words—so far as the state is concerned, “ALL PEOPLE MAY CONVERT ALL OTHER PEOPLE, SO LONG AS THEY DON’T KICK UP A ROW!”

“Laissez nous faire,” said the merchant to Colbert, when asked in what manner the Government could benefit commerce: “only leave us alone,” says the Catholic, perplexed by the terms on which the suspicious aid of Government is offered for our support and the education of our children.

The history of Sir James Brooke may be fairly left to be interwoven with that of his age and of the Indian and Southern Seas. So long as health will allow him—and I regret that the last accounts represent him as suffering severely—he will calmly pursue his great career of civilizing nations, and, as he expresses it, of “doing good in his generation.” Small men may rave against his cruelty in destroying the murderous pirates who infest his dominions; but those who take the trouble of reading the record of their proceedings and see them vote the same declaration, that no pirates ever existed in those seas, notwithstanding the unexpected contradiction of the merchant captain who had escaped from their hands, and who called himself “an ocular demonstration” of the fact, those who watch these proceedings, will give them credit for a vast deal of cant and for, perhaps, no small amount of envy. Well might they cry out that the “ocular demonstration” was ruining their meeting! When, in the novel of Peveril of the Peak, the judge was induced to require honest evidence, Titus Oates rushed out of the court, exclaiming, till he was hoarse, “Theay are stoiffing the Plaat!—theay are straangling the Plaat!”

THE DUCHESSE DE BERRI.

How well I remember my friend the pretty little Comtesse de Bouillé:—her little trim figure; her little round, brown face—always rather wrinkled from youth—her bright brown eyes; and her wiry black hair! Her appearance was very pleasing, if not very pretty: and her face was ever lighted up with such a quiet look of good temper, sense, and serenity, that it was delightful to look upon her—still more so to sit and chat with her. It was amusing too to see her husband kiss her in company. But he valued his wife; and as he put his great shaggy moustaches and military face against her sweet little countenance, he wished to show what a happy couple they were; and the little woman was so proud of having a good husband, that she submitted,

with good grace, to what she disliked, as being contrary to the usages of society. French women make the best wives in the world when—alas that I should be obliged to say *when*—their husbands are worthy of them.

M^{me} de Bouillé was the daughter of a leader of the royalist forces in the war of La Vendée; and she herself had encountered many of the dangers of those wonderful campaigns. When a very infant, she had been hid in a hollow tree, while her father and his *chouans* fled from the republican troops: and many hours had elapsed before they had been able to return and rescue the fainting child from her hiding-place.

On the 11th of April, 1831, being then in Bath, I received an invitation for that evening to wait on the Marquise de Rosni—the name under which the Duchesse de Berri was then travelling, and had lately arrived in the city. The name of the Duchesse de Berri had long represented in my mind all that remained of romantic and high spirited in the elder branch of the royal Bourbon family. For however much their misfortunes might be pitied, or their mistakes and good intentions deplored by those who know what place good intentions are said to pave, it was impossible to feel any chivalrous interest in any other one who had occupied or stood in near relation to the throne since the restoration. Upwards of thirty years ago, I had seen Louis the Eighteenth reclining in his open chariot—a bland smile of satisfaction at his unexpected restoration mantling his broad features, as he was whirled through the Rue de Rivoli, followed and preceded by his noble guards: I had seen the enthusiasm of one party for the Emperor battling for years with the disappointed hopes of the royalists and emigrés, until all were falling into the routine of the restoration: I had seen this incipient apathy startled into murderous triumph and noble indignation by the assassination of the Duc de Berri for no other reason, as stated by the murderer himself, than that the duke was the root of the family—the only one by whom it could hope to be perpetuated, he having already a daughter: I had heard the superstitious, mysterious whisperings that told how the peasant, Martin, had been wonderfully conducted by the archangel Raphael from the South of France to hold intercourse with the King and to assure him that a Bourbon should never be wanting to the throne: I had marked the anxious suspense with which all parties, after the death of the Duke de Berri, heard the pregnancy of his widow proclaimed, and waited the result with triumph or with affected contempt; while the heroic mother declared that it was “impossible” that she should give birth to a girl: I had listened to the cannon which, at last, proclaimed the event to France,

and had counted, with curious anxiety, the discharges up to one hundred that were to announce the birth of a girl; I had waited in breathless suspense during the lengthened pause that ensued ere one other thundering salute told that a male heir was born to the throne: I had marked how, year after year, my neighbour the Duke of Orleans collected the country around him, produced his children, like a Roman mother, and insidiously told how he was educating them for France: I had watched the growing unpopularity of the King's latter years; the joy with which men heard that his poor, unwieldy body was dropping to pieces; and the enthusiasm that greeted Charles the Tenth on his succession to the crown. Then had followed impolitic measures and a reactionary feeling; and then coercive laws were proposed against the press: so that when, on the 16th April, 1827, with Mrs. Gandolfy, and her beautiful daughter—(they have both long been professed nuns: before and when she took the veil, that daughter was one of the brightest, happiest, most light-hearted, and beautiful girls I ever saw.)—when, with these dear friends, I witnessed from the *école militaire*, the King reviewing ten thousand men in the Champ de Mars, ungreeted by cheer or welcome as he passed before the different regiments; and when, on the evening of that day, in answer to the request of the police that the town should be illuminated in honour of the restoration, I observed that the public and government buildings alone showed any lights; but that, two days afterwards, when, terrified by these significant hints, the obnoxious law against the press was withdrawn, every private house was spontaneously illuminated, bonfires and crackers disturbed every street, and the public and government buildings alone remained dark—when I noticed all this, it was easy to see that a change was impending.

It came, as all the world knows. The royal family were meek fugitives. The Duchess of Berri alone struggled to keep alive the spirit of the party; and, under various disguises and incredible difficulties, had remained long in France, labouring for the cause of her son. It had been to no avail: and as the Marquise de Rosni, she was now living quietly in Johnstone-street in Bath.

When I entered the passage of the house on the evening I have before recorded, I heard what seemed to me the voice of a man in loud talk in the drawing-room above. I marvelled that so little respect should be shown in such a presence; for the voice grew louder as I ascended the stairs. Fifteen or twenty people were in the room. My friend Madame de Bouillé came forward, and presented me to the person whose voice I had heard and who was still speaking:—it was the

Duchesse de Berri herself. On a sofa at the side of the fireplace, her feet resting upon a rather high stool, her Royal Highness sat. Tall, well shaped and with rather fine and marked Italian features, she looked older than her real age, which was only thirty-three. But if her voice had astonished me on entering the house, her attitude was still more surprising. Seated, as I have said, with her feet on a low stool, she grasped each shoulder with the hand of the opposite arm; and so rocked herself from side to side as she spoke. The posture was not elegant—courtier, as I became for the time, I was obliged to admit that the posture was not elegant. However, to make amends, her Royal Highness was very agreeable and chatted with us familiarly and cleverly. Two or three old friends of mine, besides the Count and Countess de Bouillé, hereditary royalists, were in her suite: the other persons in the room were of French families living in Bath, or English who had been introduced at the court of France and claimed the honour of the *entré* here. Thus the fine old dowager Marquise de Sommersy was there,—elegant, refined and quietly spirituelle as ever, a type of the old French school: and old Mrs. Lutwyche, who represented English loyalty to a fallen house. I will not particularise any others: and I know not in which class I was myself regarded. No refreshments of any sort were given; but an hour or two sped very pleasantly away. I was informed that the Duchesse would be “at home” in the same manner on the evening of every Monday and invited to attend: and then she rose from her seat and quietly and gracefully *bowed* us all out of the room at nine o’clock.

Her Royal Highness went to see Prior Park. The college was bedecked with flowers to greet her coming. On the floor of the great hall, a crown of blossoms was interwoven; and, underneath, the letters HENRI V. It was a natural compliment to pay to a mother and a fallen princess; but it gave offence to some, who complained that Catholics should seem to identify themselves with what was considered a retrogressive cause—the cause of despotism opposed to the spirit of the age. M. de Montalembert had not then arisen to proclaim the independence of religion from state policy; its acceptance of every form of government accepted by the country; its resolve to work out, by legitimate means, however varying, its own high mission, and upraise the banner of the cross far above the turmoils of faction and the revolutions of empires.

“La triomfante croce in ciel si spande.”

THE BLIND TRAVELLER.

At the Hotel des Baines at Boulogne, some three years ago, we heard that an extraordinary personage had dined that day at the table d'hôtes:—an Englishman, quite blind, and wearing a venerable white beard that reached down upon his breast. This could be no other than Mr. Holman, the celebrated blind traveller, who had wandered over Europe and the world, and had published—not descriptions of what he had seen, but descriptions of the places he had visited. A message was sent to him, requesting that he would do some English ladies the favour of taking tea with them; and, at the appointed hour, he entered the apartment. He was in truth a venerable looking man, and his appearance had been accurately described.

"Mr. Holman," said a lady of the party, "it is a long time since we met, and our last meeting was a great way off. Do you remember Bangalore?"

"Remember Bangalore in India, and the reception I met with from the Thirteenth Light Dragoons," exclaimed the old man, while his face lighted up with animation. "How can I ever forget it, and their kind-hearted gallant commander?"

And vivid and fresh every circumstance rose up in his memory, as if it had occurred but yesterday; and he chatted, delighted with all that he remembered. He told her he had wandered back to Europe safe and without accident, never taking a guide except in one instance, when crossing the desert from Alexandria to Jerusalem. Here, with a boy to guide him, he had refused to join a caravan, and had followed alone more slowly. His usual good luck had attended him. The caravan had been pillaged by some desert robbers; and the travellers, stripped of every thing, had wandered naked to the nearest caravansera. But no: they had not all wandered away; they had not all been stripped of every thing; for, when the blind traveller reached the spot where the encounter had taken place, one man still lay upon the burning sands in a pair of spectacles. It was literally true: the only article of apparel left upon him was a pair of steel spectacles. The poor fellow had been unwell at the time of the attack, had been knocked down in the scramble, and, forgotten by the other travellers, had lain there unable to move, and was now quite exhausted.

"Hallo, friend: we are come to help you!" the blind traveller had exclaimed when the situation of the other was explained to him by his guide.

"Ugh! Ugh!" grunted the man with the spectacles.

"Try and get up and come with us," persisted Mr. Holman.

"Ugh! Ugh!" repeated the man dressed in the spectacles.

"The poor devil must be mad!" exclaimed the blind traveller. "What country do you belong to?" he inquired.

"Ugh! Ugh!" groaned the man dressed in the spectacles.

"Must be a Frank by his dress!" insidiously observed the guide, grinning from ear to ear.

While this discussion was going on and the blind traveller was attempting to raise his foundling, another party of travellers came along the sandy track. Seeing the state of the case, which Mr. Holman had only gathered from the report of the guide, they perceived at once that the poor naked traveller was exhausted from want of food, and that, as spectacles were his only garment, "Ugh! Ugh!" were the only sounds he had strength to utter. They pitched their tent; carried him inside it; and had sufficient medical knowledge not to give food to his voracious appetite. They knew, as Byron says,

"That famished people must be slowly nurst,
And fed by spoonfuls, else they always burst,"

and they dosed him plentifully with water. At length, his consciousness returned; he sucked his parched lips; he opened his large eyes; he gazed wildly about him. Then he raised his two hands to his forehead, and, feeling what was there, he exclaimed,

"Thank God, they have left me my spectacles!"

"And now," said Mr. Holman to us, "I wish you would do me a great favour and write up my journal for me."

He took from his pockets various pieces of paper, each of which was folded in a peculiar manner, and laid them in order before him. Then taking up each one at a time, he told all that it referred to with clearness and precision: and I entered all that he recited in his journal book.

"But," he said when he had given his description of the town, "you must have the goodness to write down what has amused everybody so much to-day, in the two English travellers."

"What, did you hear of that, too?" we exclaimed in surprise.

"I hear of everything," he answered. "No one ever deceives me or imposes upon me; which proves how much goodness there is in the world. I make them take me to particular places and tell me all they can see; and then I describe it: and I find that they have never told me untruly. But now," he continued, "about Mr. and Mrs. Goldsmith: they are said to be very rich in London; but they travel without a servant lest he should league with the foreigners and cheat them. I suppose you saw the old gentleman this morning helping to carry out his boxes and strap them on his travelling chariot? the people

about the place were all offended and hissed him, as he and his wife drove off."

"I know: I heard it all," I interposed.

"Yes: and I heard of his return," continued the blind traveller; "I could not see it: but I was told that the postilions mistook his directions on purpose, and drove him to Calais instead of Amiens: so that when the mistake was discovered he had to return here again for the night, amid the jeers and laughter of the street rabble! I should like to have seen it!"

And the old man laughed heartily; and chatted till bed time: when he left us with the hope that we might soon meet again. He was then, I believe, a pensioner as one of the Naval Knights of Windsor; but I have not seen him since.

(To be continued.)

INSCRIPTIONS ON CHURCH BELLS.

A correspondent supplied to the "Register" of December last a short but interesting paper on Bells. Two other inscriptions than those which he recites have occurred to us. We believe that the following is borne by a bell in Richmond, Yorkshire:—

Funera plango, fulgora frango, sabbata pango,
Excito lentos, dissipo ventos, paco cruentos.
Deaths I weep, from lightning keep, the Sundays tell,
The tepid warm, disperse the storm, red wars dispel.

The following is more elegant in its original, and, also, in the translation:—

Me resonare jubent pietas, mors atque voluptas.

When mirth and joy are on the wing,
I ring.
To call the folks to church in time,
I chime.
When God requires of man his soul,
I toll.

ED. C. R. & M.

ISOLATION.

1

They tell me thou art dead. I know
 Myself I clos'd thine eyes :
 But yet it seems a dream e'en now
 I cannot realize.

2

'Tis true I kiss'd thy cold, cold cheek,
 And laid thee in thy tomb ;
 And every hour and every week
 Brings dark and darker gloom :

3

'Tis true that, faint and sick at heart,
 From place to place I rove,
 And ever feel thou nowhere art
 And I have none to love :

4

But still thine image hovers near ;
 Thought ever dwells on thee ;
 And everything I see and hear
 Unites thee still to me.

5

I gaze on landscapes lov'd of yore,
 On fairest scenery,
 And think "I've seen this place before,
 Have look'd on it with thee :"

6

I feel the wind sigh balmily
 This bright midsummer weather
 And think "I've felt it thus with thee :—
 Last year, we felt together."

7

I hear some tale of quiet bliss,
 Of hope or misery,
 And think "I'll run and tell her this,"....
 Tell *her*....Ah, woe is me !

8

My lips begin the wonted prayer
 We both so often said
 For health and....Dreamer! think—beware....
 Pray only for the dead.

9

But no, not so. *With thee*, I pray.
 At night, I would not miss
 To say the prayer we used to say.
 I even turn and kiss

10

The long accustom'd kiss of years,
 And bless thee ere I sleep.
 How sweet the fancy ! sweet the tears
 For thee, I love to weep !

11

I wake at night.—Thou art not there.
 I shudder :—hide my head ;
 And grasp the cross, and sigh a prayer,
 And wish I, too, were dead.

12

I grasp the cross about my neck—
 Sole comfort now and stay ;—
 Sole anchor without which the wreck
 Unsteer'd would drift away.

13

I grasp it,—nervously, I own :
 I lash me to the cross
 As to a spar some drowning one
 Whom surging billows toss.

14

Again I sleep. I wake again.
 Thou art not there :—but there
 My clenching fingers still retain
 Their hold : my lips the prayer

15

Are forming yet. The lamp burns low.
 I force myself once more
 To sleep—for 'tis an effort now :—
 I who ne'er wak'd before !

16

I force myself to sleep. I may
 Not trust myself awake.
 I scarcely dare to look if day
 At length begin to break.

17

For oh ! if thought should once begin,
'Twould wander on and on—
And feeling, too, would drag me in
Its gulf of depth unknown.

18

And yet, I may not dream of thee
Nor see thee, e'en in sleep.
I pray to dream :—it may not be :—
I can but think and weep.

19

Oh why is this ? Dear Lord, bestow
One glimpse of her to me
To tell me she is happy now ;
I'll give her then to Thee.

20

I will resign her then to Thee,
And go my way ; and strive
To do the work appointed me,
And live, if I must live.

21

For Mary ! it is sad, indeed
'Tis sad to be alone,
Without one heart our thoughts to heed,
Our feelings none to own !

22

Those feelings were so shar'd by thee,
Full half of them were thine :
And well I know my sympathy
Made all thy feelings mine.

23

Alack ! alack ! and woe is me !
I know not what I feel.
All feelings contradictory
Thought heart and reason reel.

24

Some tell me thou dost sympathise
With every pang I feel,—
Dost cling to me from heaven-bright skies,
While I can only kneel ;—

25

Can only kneel and pray for thee
And wish my time were come,
While thy fond spirit waits on me
From heaven's eternal home.

26

I do believe thou canst and dost :
Thou still art near to me :
It must be thou art near me : must
Be more than memory.

27

It must be thy bright essence fills
The space wherein I move ;
And, in mine every thought, instils
The sympathy of love.

28

Oh let me think so. Then no more
I'll deem myself alone.
We'll live together as of yore :
Our spirits shall be one.

29

I'll bring thy spirit from the sky
To dwell beside me here :
And thou—lift up my thoughts on high
With thee to banquet there.

30

To banquet there before my time—
Oh blessed thought ! to share
Thy heavenly home ; and, all sublime,
To live on high by prayer :—

31

To make this world a part of heaven :
To welcome toil and gloom :
While every thought and hope is given
To God and thee and home :—

32

Thy home and mine : in God to meet
E'en now, as face to face ;
Till life itself grow almost sweet.
Dear Lord ! give Thou the grace !

York, 21st June, 1849.

FUIMUS.

THE HOUR AND THE MOTIVE.

(Continued from page 38.)

CHAP. III.

We have said Miss Byron, or as she must henceforth be termed, Lady Granby, left town for Bath, accompanied by her future husband.

In addition to the company of Sir John, there was a *dame de compagnie* in the person of a Miss Randall, a particular friend and distant relative of Lady William Frippingham, whom that lady had prevailed upon to accompany the "happy pair."

Sir John's servant, Smithers, and a new maid, yclept Walters, (selected also by Lady William for the occasion), were the attendants upon the party.

Miss Randall had some strange notions concerning "Papists," but she had no hesitation, at the desire of her patroness, in accompanying the rich heiress, and in concealing her opinions, pouring them forth however in a long letter to her friend and ally, "the Reverend Jubez Muttleton, of the Swan Alley Independent Chapel, London."

A couple of days were passed at Bath, and the newly married pair left for Cheltenham, Lady Granby imagining herself the "happiest of the happy,"—Sir John playing the fond husband with all the tact that gentleman was capable of. A day at Cheltenham, and again they moved onward to a quieter place, there to remain a short time, and receive a few visits from persons whom Lady William had duly apprized of the route of the "loving pair," and of her desire that they should be noticed. The marriage, the gaiety of Bath, Sir John's love, and the beauty of Cheltenham, had entirely driven from Lady Granby's head all thought of London and of Derrington.

Lady Granby's greatest foible was her love of adulation. She was a creature of strong impulse: never having known a mother's care; brought up almost entirely among men; her every wish a law to a numerous retinue, she had yet to learn that what she wished might in itself be wrong. When she first resided in London, in addition to Lady Honora Ellerton, she had one to confide in, and to receive comfort from, in the person of the Reverend Herbert Clary; but when she had become more intimate with the Lady William Frippingham, more enamoured of Sir John, and more careless to Cyril Derrington, the Reverend Mr. Clary was seldom or never "troubled" by her, and she pursued her own course unadvised and unsupported.

H

Lady Granby's argument was always this: "I am not doing wrong—not committing sin, *I* know that, and am heedless as to opinions." This was a great error, and when she found she no longer cared for Cyril, her wayward spirit immediately panted for release herself; and her strong feelings urged her in the way set forth, to attempt it; and as she knew not what true love was, so did she flatter herself that Derrington would soon forget her. She knew him not!

When in a quiet abode, a pretty villa in the Roman style overhanging the river Severn, the generous feelings of a warm and liberal disposition burst forth; and in a day or two, it was widely known, that a Lady Bountiful had made her appearance amongst the poor, and was performing the work of charity with liberal hand and kind words.

The first three days Sir John Granby accompanied his lady in her charitable searches; the fourth day he pleaded fatigue; entreated her to go alone with Miss Randall; and on her departure took a smart gallop of a dozen miles.

After that, he always "liked best" to hear her detail her mornings' visits—"So, angelic Harriet, visit these good people you shall henceforth by yourself, and tell me all you meet with, at our happy dinner."

Lady Granby believed him, and complied with his request.

The London papers, although making allusions to the sensation their departure had occasioned, had never once hinted at the road they took, and by Lady William's letters, both to Sir John and his lady, it was almost certain that no one guessed their route. Sir John was rather glad of this than otherwise; it saved him from receiving letters from his numerous creditors, and prevented visits from folks in the neighbourhood whom he cared not to renew acquaintance with. Certain people, friends of Lady William, had, as desired by her ladyship, called; but neither Captain and Mrs. Popplewell, Dr. Glubb and the Misses Glubb, nor Hawksly Smith and Lady, were people for whom either Sir John or Lady Granby cared, for the gentlemen would be professional and the ladies patronizing. Mrs. Popplewell managed to scrape an intimacy with Lady Granby, her knowledge of every body's circumstances being of use to the newly married lady; but it was merely, on the part of Lady Granby, a useful acquaintance.

One morning, the third week of their marriage, after an immense quantity of hyperbole had fallen from the Baronet's lips, and while Lady Granby was engaged, and Sir John smoking a cigar in the Roman portico attached to the residence, a gentleman in faded although fashionably made garments, rode up to the house. The horse had been hired from a neighbouring

town and was like most country hired horses, and the rider, in his tight trowsers, blue frock coat, and *slightly* napless hat, by no means made up for the quadruped's requirements.

The new comer had perceived Sir John regaling himself, and quietly dismounting and fastening his beast to an iron railing, he walked up to the Baronet.

"Gad, what pleasure! Benedict at home. Ah! how are you? Gad, you're looking famously."

"Clift—the devil!" ejaculated Sir John.

"Gad, it's good, but wrong—but wrong. It's Clift the clever, not Clift the devil," responded Mr. Clift.

Sir John shook his proffered hand somewhat sulkily, and said, "How did you find me out?"

"How did I?" said Mr. Clift. "What a question, gad, what a question. How do *we* of the press find out things, eh, Sir John? Where *do* we get our *exclusive* information, eh? The showers of gooseberries, and toads with legs like kittens—who finds them out, eh?"

Mr. Clift's connection with the press was not of vast importance to the world at large, *his* business being the secret and confidential information department. In his paper was always to be seen startling official paragraphs, that "Lady Joanna Smith's eldest daughter had been seized with the hooping cough;" or, that "the cake supplied on the happy occasion was one of Gunter's best;" or, "the splendid repast was provided by Messrs. Fisher and Jones." These announcements were of Mr. Clift's providing. Sometimes they assumed a more important shape, and proclaimed the retreat of some fashionable star to a foreign watering place. But, such as they were, they afforded Mr. Clift the means of existence (or, at least, were a help to his other means) and enabled him to declare himself one of the fourth estate.

"What have you come for?" growled Sir John, without inviting the new arrival into his house, or even asking him to be seated on the stone seats in the portico.

"Come for, gad! To see you."

"Is that all?"

"To wish you joy, gad, yes, to wish you joy."

"For nothing else?" questioned Sir John uneasily.

"Smart clever man, gad, smart and clever. Well, yes, there is something else—a little overdue acceptance of yours, a small affair. Three hundred and fifty—gad, yes, small."

"This is pressing me, Clift," said the Baronet.

"It's what? you're not pressing me to—stop, gad, not to stop—"

"Why your arrival is so unexpected—and we shall be soon in London—and, and, you don't know Lady Granby."

"Not yet, but, gad, I shall by dinner-time—yes, gad, yes, I shall then."

There was no putting off Mr. Clift—that Sir John Granby saw: he was vexed, very vexed, for Clift was in too many of his secrets, knew something of his liabilities, and something also of his general character; but there was no help for it.

"Gad, I have a carpet bag with me, clean et cetera, and accompaniments. I'd have brought a trunk, had I thought you would have been so pressing—yes, gad, a trunk."

This cool speech overthrew Granby's gravity entirely, and he fairly laughed outright.

"Come, that's pleasant," said Clift.

"Well, Clift, I can't say I am glad to see you, just now at least; but as you're here, come in—and welcome."

"Sir John, what compound of stupidity and infidelity has got in your composition? Gad, yes, composition. Do you think I came all this way to worry you about your bill? or to know your wife? yah, gad—yes, wife—wife, Sir John; but I am the bearer of letters from your sister, wonderful woman, Lady William, and which I would have told you before had you not been so confoundedly cross—gad, cross."

As they entered the house, Clift whispered Sir John not to be too loving, for he hardly thought he could stand much love, at which remark Sir John laughed, and then ordered a room to be prepared for his friend, and desired the horse, which had been left outside, to be stabled and attended to.

In the parlour they found Lady Granby.

Introduced as an ambassador from Lady William, Mr. Clift met with a polite reception, and delivered his credentials in an official manner.

"I may mention," said that gentleman, handing a letter to Lady Granby and another to Sir John, "that I am commissioned by Lady William Frippingham to exert my humble talent in the support of her letter which contains, I believe, a pressing invitation for you both to return to town."

"So early," said Sir John in a tone of regret, and his lady thought it was love that made him speak so.

"Lady Frippingham gives a grand party on the 16th, at which she wishes our appearance," said Lady Granby, running her eye over the note.

"It is a party," remarked Clift.

"Large?" said Sir John.

"In number—yes; high in rank—yes; deep in diplomacy—yes, again. Whatever particular art or science you may require, will be found at Carlton Terrace on the 16th. The arrangements are under my charge, and the affair will be, the affair of the season, quite *the* affair."

"Under your charge," said Sir John, musingly

"Gad, yes! My charge."

Mr. Clift then launched forth into the small talk of the day; amusing Lady Granby by his critical remarks, and acquainting Sir John with a good deal that gentleman was anxious to know.

"By the way:—Does Lady William speak of your house? It will be finished by the 12th."

"Our house!"

"Sir John, yours. Your sister commissioned me to procure you one, which I have done; had it furnished—neat, unique; hired domestics; and, in short, have got the place perfected. Gad! yes, the place is *perfection*."

"And where?" asked Sir John.

"Wilton Crescent—house superb—furniture *the* thing."

"How very kind of Lady William to undertake all this trouble; and we are much obliged to you, Sir, for arranging matters."

"Lady Granby, the trouble I had was—gad! yes—pleasure," remarked Clift. "What is man fit for, but to work for his friends? So will I, always—gad! yes, always."

Mr. Clift having ingratiated himself with the lady, retired to his bed-room, and endeavoured to make himself look as decent as circumstances would permit. There, Sir John waited on him; and the two confederates had a long and earnest conversation respecting the past, present, and future position of the Baronet.

Sir John had hunted his game successfully. He had before tried his hand at "fortune-hunting;" but not having his sister's valuable aid, had been unsuccessful in his pursuit. Now, having attained his object, he had a little more to do before he could consider himself free from his embarrassments; for although the legal adviser of his sister had arranged matters very much in his favour, there were a few clauses in the will of Lady Granby's father and grandfather, which that gentleman, great as were his powers, could not get over, and which left the major part of the property entirely at the lady's disposal. So that Sir John was not yet in that position which he had informed his creditors immediately on his marriage he should be, a situation in which he could settle their accounts.

When they met at dinner, Lady Granby looked so lovely and seemed so happy with her husband, and Sir John appeared so amiable and so good, that Clift, entirely astonished, forgot the tales of scandal he had on hand for the gratification of his friends, and came forth in quite a moral light upon sanitary measures and suffering seamstresses. He charmed the lady with his knowledge, and surprised the gentleman with his impudence.

Arrangements were now made for immediately returning to London; a return however rather dreaded by both parties. And yet Sir John knew he dare not disobey his sister; and Lady Granby did not wish to disoblige her dear friend. In these arrangements, Mr. Clift was a valuable auxiliary. He was great at packing, expert in cording, threw aside superfluous baggage with a clever knowledge of his business, and superintended the cartage with great energy and untiring devotion.

A dinner had to be given, before they could well quit the country. It could not be a grand affair, as there were so few people to partake of it; still it must be, and accordingly it was.

Mr. Clift had some difficulty in looking decent for the occasion, but one of Sir John's waistcoats (slightly extended in the back) and a little "patent reviver," at last got him into a passable appearance, and he entered the drawing-room decidedly the cleverest man present.

Country people are always ready for their dinners. At table, Lady Granby had on one side Mr. Clift; on the other, Doctor Glubb, Miss Martha Glubb sat next her papa. Then came Captain Popplewell, Miss Randall, Mr. Hawksly Smith, Mrs. Popplewell and Sir John. Next to Mr. Clift was Mrs. Hawksly Smith: next to her, Sir James Arlington, Miss Glubb, the Rev. Mr. Latimer, the rector, and Lady Arlington.

Fourteen persons completed the party. The conversation was for a long time purely local; every one thought it a favourable opportunity to talk to his neighbours of personal matters, so that excepting at grace said by the reverend gentleman, Sir John, his lady, and Mr. Clift might be said to be shut out of the party.

"He rides heavily," cried Mr. Smith at last, bawling at Sir James Arlington.

"That's a clever chesnut of his to carry him," replied Sir James.

"Not it; my 'Brown Sal' would do it, aye and half a stone more, too!"

"You forget his weight, surely," said Sir James.

"Pooh, what is it?" cried Mr. Hawksly Smith, indignantly.

As Sir James's mouth was full of fowl, he couldn't reply. Mr. Clift—ever anxious for a word—broke in.

"The heaviest rider I know is the Earl of Saddleback. His Lordship rides seventeen and a half stone."

"A good weight, that," said Hawksly Smith.

"He rides a bay horse, very broad at the shoulders," continued Clift. "Bred by Colonel Gossett, at Melton. I offered the Earl two hundred and fifty for him, for I wanted just such a beast for M. de Zellever, the Austrian Nimrod."

Mr. Clift jumped up directly in every body's estimation. Mr. Hawksly Smith took wine with him, and Sir James Arlington smiled, and nodded approvingly.

"How different London is from the country," cried Miss Martha Glubb, speaking as country young ladies do, when they *will* force a conversation without having any thing to say.

"You have been in London?" said Mr. Clift.

"Oh yes, twice. We know almost every one in London."

Clift exchanged a laugh with Lady Granby at the largeness of the young lady's acquaintance, and merely said, "Indeed!"

"Do you know the Twits, or the Barretts?" pursued Miss Martha, heedless of the frowns of her sister or of the pinch which her father bestowed upon her.

"The Twits? gad, no. The Barretts? no. Gad, Twits? no."

"The Barretts live at Savage Gardens."

"Savage where?" said Mr. Clift.

"Savage Gardens," replied the lady.

"Will any person in company tell me where, gad, where Savage Gardens are? In what place are they situated?"

"In the city," cried Miss Martha indignantly.

"The city! A glass of wine with you, Sir James. I don't know such a place, but by name."

The wine was drunk. Mr. Clift's hauteur posed Miss Martha. Mrs. Hawksly Smith looked smilingly at Mr. Clift, the female Glubbs and Smith being enemies.

"I have lately been in London," said the rector to Miss Randall, whom he knew. "What an excellent meeting we had at Exeter Hall."

"For what?" inquired Lady Arlington.

Miss Randall made all manner of signals with her lips to the clergyman, but they were not understood.

"To send Missionaries to Ireland. It's a holy work!"

"What is?" asked Sir John Granby, who, taking wine with Mrs. Popplewell, had not heard of what they had been speaking.

"To rescue from the idolatrous worship of the Papist Church eight millions of fellow creatures," replied the rector.

"Oh!" murmured Sir John.

"Have you made any collection lately? You used greatly to assist us," continued Mr. Latimer to Miss Randall. "Lady Arlington, you would perhaps subscribe; and our hostess, whose character for benevolence is so established here—"

"What is it, Mr. Latimer?" asked Lady Granby.

Before Sir John, Clift, or Miss Randall could stop him, the rector burst out with—

"The mission of the Irish Church, for the express purpose

of converting from the absurdities of the Popish faith our fellow creatures. A holy work!"

Lady Granby was shocked. During her marriage trip she had unfortunately surrendered herself so entirely to Sir John, that she had paid no attention to her religious duties. Although she had regularly, night and morning, recited her prayers, yet she had not been once to Mass nor given heed to the particular days that had elapsed since her marriage. Now this negligence rose up against her and brought reflection to bear upon the past. She burst into tears.

There was great commotion, much sympathy, and plenty of discourse, for none of the country party knew the cause. Lady Granby retired to her room, and Miss Randall did the duties assigned to the lady of the house, but the circumstance threw a dulness over the proceedings. When the ladies retired, Mr. Clift tried to be facetious, and succeeded for a short time, but Sir John was gloomy and discontented. The party soon broke up, and every one looked relieved.

The next day the Granby party left for London—Lady Granby in tears. Sir John vainly tried to sooth her. But no; there was that on her mind which even he could not remove—the sense of guilt.

(To be continued.)

THE INFLUENCES OF NATIONAL FAITH.

BY THE EDITOR.

"WHAT will you take for luncheon?" asked our courteous hostess as we sat at her plentifully-served table: "some cold chicken? or will you help yourself from that stewed venison?"

"Nothing, thank you, more than a potato and a bit of bread," we replied casting hungry eyes on all the nice things before us.

"Only a potato! You will be starved! Why will you not take some meat?" she kindly inquired.

"Because this is Lent and fasting is enjoined—in the Book of Common Prayer."

"Is it?" she said:—"I believe it is: but, you know, we never attend to it."

"No: you keep the fast in your book—the pleasantest way of keeping it—and leave us to keep it in reality."

The luncheon went merrily forwards: while like a mummy at an Egyptian feast decked in bravery on the outside but all hollow within, we ourselves made our collation on potatoes and glorious beer, and sat the only memorial of the holy season that, professedly, was of equal obligation to us all.

And yet although not one person in a thousand of the mass of the population of Protestant England either knows that this is Lent or in what Lent differs from any other season—there be units who try to act up to the spirit of their prayer-book and fondly fancy that they are reuniting themselves with the Church when they practise a part of its discipline. With a few, such illusions obtain: but an idea, a conceit of which all but themselves see the futility, only causes the many to object more strenuously to what they ignorantly suppose to be the doctrine of modern Puseyism. Thus while the inhabitants of Belgravia are distracted by the preachers of their four churches—by the doctrines of the high church and of the low church, of the dry church and of the slow church, we believe that, out of pure spite to the high church, the followers of all the other three join in eating a greater quantity of meat on Fridays and fasting days than they would consume if no opposition called upon them to abstain!

An Anglican spirit is, necessarily, a spirit of opposition. Engendered in opposition to the Catholic Church, then subdivided into sects opposed to each other, the Establishment and Dissent, in their corporate characters, are for ever on the qui vive, as if to note the varying movements of an adversary. "The

more massa call, the more me won't come," is the feeling that actuates many; they think "The more Mr. Bennett fasts, the more I'll eat." So that, on the whole, the butchers do not lose by this attempt to restore the observance of Lent.

But beyond such a worthless attempt and such a contest, beyond the circle of the gentry who have taste and leisure to notice such matters, how, we inquire, is the season of Lent attended to, how is it even known by the great bulk of our population? We have seen that they do not fast. Some of the churches are opened on week-days; do they enter them? They have never been trained to do so: they have never been taught that religion was other than a Sunday service: and more are now interested in withholding from them, than in imparting to them any other feeling. The clergyman of our own parish has made the attempt. He has read service on week-days: two or three have attended; and their employer gave them notice to quit his service if they thought of other matters than of his work.

But they have not felt the want of other thoughts. As not one in a thousand knows aught of the season that is passing, so have they not that yearning devotion, that pious longing which ever calls upon the Catholic to lift up his heart on high, while his religion supplies the wings on which it may soar aloft. And this is felt by every worldly-minded Protestant—or rather by every calm and dispassionate looker-on: all, except the mere creatures of habit, feel and lament the difference between the formalism of Protestant and the devotion of Catholic countries:—

"For churches there (with reverence be it said)
Are not too holy held for week-day tread.
But each, at will and unrebuked for wrong,
May come and muse their column'd aisles along:
And some high influence win or grave delight
From picture, incense or the chanted rite;
Or find fit hour, as every passing day
Its joy or sorrow brings—to praise or pray."*

Oh, how different, oh how sublimely different is the manner in which Lent is being kept by the highest and the lowest, by the richest and the poorest Catholic in London! Thronged every day in the week are the churches and chapels by willing worshippers, glad to join in each succeeding service. From every pulpit, resound the appeals of the most eloquent preachers in England, whom the zeal of the parochial clergy has invited

* From "A Day at Tivoli." By John Kenyon.

to assist their own exertions. The confessionals are besieged by sinners anxious to perfect the work of their conversion and to make their peace with God. The communion rails are crowded by humble-minded but happy adorers, receiving, with heartfelt love, gratitude and faith, Him whom henceforth they are resolved to make their way, their truth and their life. And there—there at one richly adorned altar, amid a blaze of tapers supported by costly candelabras and intertwined with evergreens and hothouse plants—the offerings of the most wealthy and of the poorest of the congregation—there, on such a throne as poor mortality can raise for Him, reposes the Infinite, the Holy, the True: beholding the tears and listening to the sighs that, from noon to night and from night to morning, His loving followers pour out before Him. In every church in turn, He calls His grateful subjects around Him: and while an appointed number of the congregation voluntarily divide the hours of the day and the watches of the night in well-considered adoration, hundreds and thousands come in as their opportunity and devotion prompt them, and kneel, in silent adoration, while their hearts overflow with love and with hope. Oh blissful are those silent watches of the night to the well-regulated souls who have accustomed themselves to meditation, and to seek and to enjoy solace there where alone it can be found! And sweet they become even to the more lukewarm who offer themselves to the pious service. The first half hour may, indeed, be one of difficulty—may be one of religious meditation contending with worldly thoughts and involuntary distractions: but soon the spirit feels itself gently drawn within the holy influence: soon the God of love speaks to the heart in sweetest inspirations. Then does the heart responsive abandon itself to the call; “Speak Lord for thy servant heareth,” it softly sighs. And when told that the hour of prayer has slid away and that another is come to take the watcher’s place, the Lord does seem to speak and reproachfully yet lovingly to recall the departing suppliant: “Can you not watch one hour longer,” again the Saviour seems to say. “Oh, you know not yet the fulness of love that I am prepared to pour out upon you.” “Come to me you that labour and are heavy burdened and I will refresh you.” Again and again the entranced soul abandons itself to the almighty spell: and before that blazing altar, while mighty London sleeps around or riots in its unknown iniquity, while not a sound is heard but the sigh of some kindred but broken-hearted worshipper in a darkened aisle of the church, it enjoys a happiness the remembrance of which will purify and sanctify and exalt it in this world and, God so grant, in heaven.

Who will not acknowledge that such a faith, that such a system of worship necessarily influences the character of the nation that practises it?

We are aware that no mode of keeping Lent known to Protestants could produce such feelings. The sacramental grace being wanting, its fruits cannot appear. Oh little, indeed, do the honest conscientious followers of a world-constructed system, apprehend the spiritual blessings from which they debar themselves by their unintentional severance from the appointed channels of God's communion with man! Little do they apprehend how dry and sapless is the branch of the church, as they love to call it, to which they cling with such unreasoning confidence! They are poor and know it not: they know not that they are devoid of the life, the soul, the grace that radiate through the Church, the very Spouse of Christ, and which produces, every day and every hour, effects which they either attribute to other causes or totally misapprehend. Every day and every hour do we see the working of the Holy Spirit in every Catholic family in the world: every day and every hour do we note the absence of the same Spirit from Protestant communities and their recurrence to human expedients to supply that which the grace of God would have alone effected. To the Catholic, Lent is the season of prayer and mortification preparatory to the holy triumph of Easter, perpetuated, on every Sunday, throughout the year. To the Protestant, Lent is a season unknown or contradicted: and the blessed Sunday is a day, not of triumph but of sadness. The modern feeling of the nation has decreed that fasts ought not to be kept at all; but that Sundays ought to be kept like fasts. Hence, the gloom with which Protestantism surrounds religion: hence the puritanical bitterness with which every approach to light-heartedness and joy is banished from the popular observance of Protestant Christianity.

"Rejoice in the Lord always: again I say unto you rejoice," exclaims the apostle. Think of the "wicked man" and of your sins, says the Anglican Establishment and its police; solemnly attend your poverty-stricken service, and spend the day which records the greatest mysteries of God's covenant of mercy with man, in a manner suited only to record a doom of wrath. If you belong to a "respectable" station in society, walk demurely to church in your best-brushed coat, with wife and children trimly dressed, as if you were going to perform a public penance rather than to praise and magnify the Giver of all good; stalk solemnly home in the same order; eat a double allowance of your Sabbath joint; again join in solemn procession to church; take a decorous walk in the parks, public

gardens, or country, where you will check every attempted gambol of your children as an act of rebellion against a rigid task-master; return to your rueful home; read the newspaper; smoke and doze away the evening; and at last go to bed with the thought of how much less irksome will be the Monday's business than has been the Sunday's rest.

If your situation in life be other than "respectable," less formal, indeed, but not more glad will be your Sunday. It is a day of rest, in truth; why, therefore, should you rise from bed to go to morning service? That service is but a repetition of some prayers, is but the reading of some chapters from the holy Scriptures, which, we will do you the credit of supposing you intend to read by yourself, rightly thinking that they can acquire no additional virtue from being read by the parson. You will not, therefore, rise till dinner time; then shave, wash yourself, and go to church like your betters: the parson and the squire's lady have seen you, and all is well. But how to pass the dreary afternoon? Games exists only in the "Book of Sports;" music has been disused; the very taste for it has been forgotten, since it has been prohibited on the only day on which you had leisure to learn it; so you turn into the public house or beer shop, and spend the rest of the Lord's day—in the only manner which Protestantism leaves available to you.

Shall we be told that the weekly recurrence of such a day of gloom or debauchery does not act upon the national character? Shall we be told that it does not necessarily drive those who are subject to it to attach feelings of preponderating sadness and mortification to all religion? Whence should come that expansion of the heart, that Christian good will, that consideration for the feelings of others, that wish to oblige, to please and to be pleased, which, in the natives of foreign countries, we call politeness? Who will believe that the spirit of Catholicism does not promote this, as the spirit of Protestantism promotes the reverse—surliness, self-sufficiency, or pride, which we all admit to be now characteristic of the nation? If all that we hear of the "merry England" of former days be true, such were not then our characteristic marks? But we were Catholics then.

And in very deed, while we boast that we are now the most grave and thoughtful people in the world, do we not feel that there is a fund of humour at the bottom of the national heart which tells us that our gravity is superadded to our natural character? If so (and we think that the gravity of our manners in public, and our quiet relish of the wit of *Punch* in private, will go far to prove to each one the truth of our supposition) we

unhesitatingly assert that religion is the superincumbent nightmare that saddens all our days. Observed with sober sadness, it must throw its gloom over all. With Catholics, it is a source of joy; with Protestants, when is it ever so? We have shown with what gloom the Sunday is observed: how otherwise is observed a day of general fasting and humiliation? We have recently seen the whole nation endeavour to deprecate the anger of the Almighty by a solemn fast, that He would avert the cholera: we have since seen the whole nation celebrate a day of thanksgiving in gratitude that the pestilence had been removed from us. What difference was there in the public observance of these days? In the former instance, people closed their shops and abstained from business—(forgetting that toil and labour was the appointed punishment for sin, and therefore most appropriate for penitential times)—people closed their shops, and, in some few instances, perhaps, they may have fasted in private: on the latter occasion, did they rejoice in public? No: the day had been set apart for religious rejoicing, and, as a matter of course, it was usurped by religious gloom.

How different are the practices, because how different are the feelings, of Catholic countries! We may be thought to pass our Sundays and festivals with too little sanctification when, after our church services, we join in the relaxation of society and its amusements: but that we may not moot a question of controversy, we will remark only upon the different spirit that animates our religious ceremonial. It is a day of rejoicing—a festival day: it is the fête of All Saints, of Corpus Christi, of the Assumption, or of the patron saint of the town: it is a day of spiritual rejoicing, and shall we not show it forth in our churches? See the gay banners that stream from their portals: see the hangings of silk tapestry and gold that conceal their mosaic walls and marble pillars: see the rich vestments of the officiating clergy: see the countless lights that blaze upon the altars: hear the glad allelujahs that echo among the groined arches: how triumphant is all the service! And now, not even the sanctuary suffices for the expression of our joy. Banners, statues, lights, bearers, form themselves in procession: the clergy place themselves at their head: they perambulate the aisles of the church; they go forth into the quiet lanes of the hamlet, or into the noblest streets of the city: every window hangs forth its tapestry: flowers and evergreens wave in triumphal arches from house to house, and are strewn on the pavement as the procession moves along: bands of music play tunes of joy or of defiance, and blend their notes with the hymns sung by the devotees: the population rejoices before and behind: together, they return to the church; and the ceremony probably concludes with a

solemn benediction given by Him whom they have adored beneath humble veils, the Lord of Life and of Light. "Hosannah to the Son of David! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!"

"The Hebrew crowd with palm boughs came to meet thee:
With prayer and vows and hymns we come adoring.
They pleased thee: so be pleased with our devotion,
King good and kind to whom all good things are pleasing."

Must not, we ask, the frequent recurrence of such ceremonies influence the habits of thought and feeling of those who take part in them? They do influence them to gladness; as the recurrence of a Judaic-Protestant sabbath must influence them to gloom.

But in thus noting only the outward exhibitions of religion, we would not have those mysterious inward workings in which it enlivens the individual spirit overlooked, albeit they cannot be so brought in personal evidence before us. The channels are ever open in the Catholic Church through which the grace of God silently flows in a continuous stream into the soul of her followers. How soothing and cheering, from very infancy, are the feelings with which a Catholic child becomes familiarized with his religion! He ever signs himself with the sign of the cross; or seeing the revered image, he cannot at such times but think of a God whose boundless love condescended to childhood and to human suffering; he sprinkles himself with holy water and believes that he is imprecating, by the very act, a blessing; he whispers his first faults in a confessional, and comes away with feelings of light-hearted content and of cheerfulness, leading to improved conduct, which those only who have lived with Catholic families can apprehend; with more solemn, but also with more loving devotion, he prepares himself to receive the great sacrament of love—filled, indeed, with a sense of his own unworthiness, but filled also with a still stronger sense of the mercy and the goodness and the condescension of his God: it is no mere commemoration in which he is called to enact a part; but he is about to be visited by the very Author and Source of divine charity Himself, by "the God who rejoiceth his youth." And as, one by one, he attains to and enjoys these different blessings of religion, how is he cheered and enlivened by the sweet doctrine of the communion of saints, which Protestantism has so completely ignored! There they cluster above him, the blessed ones of God, to encourage and to guide him on his way. They have heard him sigh forth the little sorrows with which he would almost have feared to appeal to the Almighty: she, the mother of Him who sat a suffering child on

her knee, she too smiles upon him and will surely win from that God-Child the grace he needs. Thus is his hope and confidence exercised and sustained: he has friends who are the friends of God: how can such a faith make him otherwise than happy and cheerful?

But if communion with the saints in heaven exalts him, how does that with the dear ones who are dead sooth and sanctify him!—how does it inspire pity, and tenderness, and humanity, and mutual dependence! The feeling of the communion of saints still unites him in charity with all. Those whom, perhaps, even he has lived long enough to love and to lose—she whom he remembers to have nursed, to have fondled, and to have caressed him, to have taught him his first little practices of religion, she may, perhaps, have left him, he knows not how nor wherefore; but he kisses the feet of the crucifix, and gravely whispering “O God, be good to dear mama,” looks round with a glance of blended solace and tenderness and inquiry, which the knowledge of after years will methodise but will scarcely change.

Protestants cannot apprehend the readiness with which Catholic children fall into and adopt all the practices based upon articles of belief, which to them appear so hard to be received. We will not now attempt to account for this beautiful dispensation of the Almighty. Certain it is that no doctrine of the Catholic Church presents the slightest difficulty to the mind of one educated within its saving influence. The “tremendous mystery” of transubstantiation offers not the slightest obstacle to the mind of the most inquiring Catholic child. It asks for instruction, but it receives the explanation fully, frankly, undoubtingly and lovingly. The grace of God operates. It is only needful to “suffer little children to come unto” Him. If not kept back, they will do so; they will do so of their own accord, or by the grace working through baptism.

This paper has extended itself to a greater length than we had anticipated when we noted down our first observations. We do not profess to deduce from them any positive or universally-applicable conclusions. But as our remarks are general and intended to apply to the masses of Protestantism and of Catholicism, so would we not that they should be met by individual examples deduced from either creed. Exceptional cases will ever occur; but if it be true that religious belief influences the conduct and the character through the mind and the affections, then we ask our readers to inquire whether the inhabitants of Catholic and of Protestant countries exhibit such characteristics as we have imputed to them; and, if so, whether the religion of the majority may not have produced them.

Temporal prosperity, we may admit, has often followed in the wake of Protestantism; but even were it the consequence of that religious system, which we do not allow, for more material causes will account for it, still every Christian will acknowledge that temporal prosperity is no index of spiritual well-being. "God chastiseth whom He loveth." What we ask is, that the two systems, that the manner in which each appeals to the affections, to the sympathies, to the mind of man, should be placed in juxtaposition. Dispute our doctrines if you will; call our practices superstitious if you think them so; imagine our system to be a mere human invention; but false, superstitious, mistaken as you may think those practices, consider whether they are not likely to win, to sooth, to refine, to exalt the affections; to add grace and happiness and peace on earth to men of good will.

VERSES FOR THE MONTH.

EASTER SUNDAY.

Allelujah! Allelujah! Christ is risen from the dead!
 Allelujah! Allelujah! see fulfill'd whate'er He said!
 All the Lord declar'd of old,
 All the prophecies foretold,
 All Christ plainly spoke and all
 He said in sign and parable—
 He hath all fulfill'd and given
 Proof His mission was from heaven:
 Proof that He did not deceive—
 Allelujah! and believe!

This the day the Lord hath made—
 Greatest day of all the year!
 Where's the body that was laid
 In the sepulchre:—oh where?
 See the anxious women come,
 Bearing spices sweet and balm:
 Trembling, they approach the tomb—
 Gentlest words their terrors calm:
 "You seek Jesus: do not fear:
 "He is risen: He's not here."

Then John and Peter swiftly went,
 Ran to search the monument.
 How they look'd it round with care !
 Allelujah ! He's not there !
 He is risen, as He said ;
 He's no longer 'mong the dead.
 Think of all He said before :
 How the temple He'd restore,
 How....But no : go forth and be
 Taught by Him in Galilee :
 Go to meet Him ; go receive
 Power to know and Him believe.
 Ignorance yet clouds your mind ;
 To His mission ye are blind :
 Haste to meet Him : haste to know
 Wherefore He came down below ;
 Wherefore He would die in pain ;
 Wherefore He arose again.
 All this will ye understand ;
 Cheer ye, then, ye chosen band !
 Cheer ye. Cast away your gloom.
 Christ is risen from the tomb.

Let us allelujah cry.
 Allelujah let us sing.
 Grave, where is thy victory ?
 Death, where is thy sting ?*

JOYS OF LIFE.

Shall we look on the Past or the Future, my soul ?
 Where are we come from ? What is our goal ?
 Years and months glide away. Is this life ? Is this all
 That the future will give us ? Oh, brave Carnival !
 What a blessing is life ! What content doth it bring !
 Oh who would not prize it and love it and cling
 To existence so varied, so full of delight—
 One long summer's day, shining on without night !
 Is this all the young spirit once fancied of bliss ?
 This is life—Be content—Who would have more than this ?
24th March, 1850. UNKNOWN.

* From " Church Hymns in English that may be sung to the old Church Music, with approbation, and other poems.. By R. Beste, Esq. Published by Burns and Lambert."

THE GORHAM CASE OR CHASE AFTER TRUTH.

ALAS for the poor Established Church! Its difficulties must, indeed, move the hardest heart to pity! Its members are told to search the Scriptures: they do so: they chase the truth from gospel to epistle: from simple "priest" to Bishop; from Bishop to Archbishop: from Archbishop to Arches Court: from Court of Arches to Privy Council. Led on by the Jack o' Lantern, Protestant truth, the whole country joins, full-mouthed, in the pursuit. While truth

"Still doubles to mislead the hounds,
And measures back her mazy rounds:"

Prelatic authority and ecclesiastical tribunal, instead of affording shelter to the persecuted one, lead her astray by turns; till at length fairly perplexed and exhausted she takes refuge in the Court of the Privy Council; while millions stand a'gape outside to see to whom shall be decreed the honour of having run her down and secured her.

Once upon a time, a neighbour of John Gilpin

— "a citizen
Of famous London town,"

elated by the feats of his cousin, resolved that he also would go out of town one bright September morning and, as the Court Circulars say of Prince Albert, "enjoy a day's sporting." He was determined that he would do the thing as it ought to be done; and, he equipped himself in a suit of the very newest fashion that Moses and Son had imported. Bright and tight-laced were his boots: his leggings were of the brightest leather and contrasted beautifully with his well-fitted white corduroys: his waistcoat was of the brightest blue kerseymere: his coat was of spotless Lincoln green: the buttons were of enamelled steel and glowed, like opals, with the mimic picture of pheasants, partridges and black-game upon the wing and flying, as he believed, from his own pursuit; a wide-awake hat, bound with green ribbon, topped the whole man and overshadowed his portly countenance. An unsoiled belt that slung from his shoulders across his

"Fair round belly with fat capon lined,"

bore up the powder flask the shot and the game bag which were severally to bring down the game and to convey it to his neat larder suspended in the shade of a north wall in his

back area. Bright looked the sportsman, bright looked the morning, and bright looked the fowling-piece which he proudly handled:—it was well Sir Charles Napier was not there to see in what manner! He had borrowed a noted pointer from a friend: and securing it and himself in a hired dog cart, how merrily he rattled through the streets and passed three suburban toll-gates ere the country appeared to be sufficiently rural to grow partridges! At length, he pulled up at a quiet road-side inn: and afraid of showing his ignorance by giving any directions about the 'tendance of his horse, he abruptly left it with the ostler; whistled his dog; and climbing over a gate into the nearest field, away they went together.

Away, indeed, they went. The dog, delighted to be set free, bounded from his side and scouring up and down and across the stubble field, hunted it with the system of a well broke but wild pointer.

"Confound the brute!" exclaimed our citizen with the feeling that stimulated Philip's mighty son; "he'll catch all the game himself and I shall have nothing to do!"

So saying, away again he started in pursuit of the dog. Whistling, swearing, sweating, he strode and ran after it across and up and down the field. The pointer leapt a stile into another, and again went through the same manœuvre: his master followed, and double-hunted after him the crackling stubble. The dog heeded not his calls: but with nose low laid, scudded away before him, and so through another and another field; until, in a beautiful turnip fallow, he somewhat slackened his pace: at length, he paused: almost stood: then creeping slowly forwards for a few yards, stood like a dog carved in wood—one foot beautifully upraised; his neck elongated; his eyes starting from his head;—his tail stretched out like that of the lion at the top of Northumberland House. Our sportsman felt that the opportunity was not to be lost. He also slackened his pace; and creeping up behind the pointer, at length made a sudden dash and clutching the outstanding tail, exclaimed "By Jove I have caught thee at last!"

Away flew a covey of birds, to the right and left, before the eyes of the eager sportsman.

Such, or very similar, has been the chase after the doctrine of Baptismal regeneration. Keen-nosed divines followed it through Gospel, prayer book, and rubric; but Mr. Gorham and his brother sportsmen of the low Church and the laity felt cut out and distanced in the chase; they pursued it through every court in the kingdom, till at last they overtook it and seized upon it in the Privy Council; while truth, like the covey of partridges, disappeared unheeded by the eager disputants.

For it must be remembered that, in its judgment, the Privy Council distinctly refuses to enter into the question as to which doctrine is true. It decides as a court of law upon the statute. The facts being that, whereas the crown had presented Mr. Gorham to the vicarage of Brampford Speke, the Bishop of Exeter, in whose diocese it is, refused to institute him, on the ground that he did not hold orthodox Anglican doctrine on the subject of Baptismal regeneration; the decision of the Bishop had been approved by the ecclesiastical Court of Arches, which entered into the doctrinal question, but is now overruled by the Privy Council, which decides that, although Mr. Gorham's views may be heterodox, they are not so flagrantly opposed to the statutes as to authorize his deprivation of the living. Thus when an action was brought against a gamekeeper for shooting a strange dog pursuing a hare, the learned judge before whom the case was tried, decided that, although in running down the hare the dog might have been committing a grave offence, yet the offence was not one deserving death.

We should be sorry to pain the really conscientious, although unthinking, adherent of the Established Church, by treating this matter with levity; but the case presents itself in an aspect so ridiculous to the Catholic theologian, that we really cannot seriously argue upon it. Popular Protestantism, we believe, considers the decision a masterpiece of diplomacy, since it avoids giving offence to either the high or the low Church party, by pronouncing an opinion opposed to the views of either; but can Catholics, who believe religious truths to have a higher sanction than the statutes of any realm, can they look with respect upon such a decision? After it, can Anglicans themselves respect their own ecclesiastical system? Let any one say what it is; let any one say that it is other than the coarse phrase attributed to Queen Elizabeth, namely, that she "had a pope in her belly." Every Anglican is, by this judgment, declared to have a pope in his belly, and to be justified in putting whatever interpretation he pleases upon article, or prayer book, or rubric. "One of the points left open by the articles," says the judgment, "is determined by the rubric:— 'It is certain, by God's word, that children which are baptised, dying before they commit actual sin, are undoubtedly saved.' But this rubric does not, like the article of 1536, say that such children are saved by baptism; and nothing is declared as to the case of infants dying without having been baptised."

We have heard the rector of our parish assert that the Book of Common Prayer was the code he was sworn to administer; that he repudiated the Holy Scripture, whose texts each one might explain according to his own pleasure, while the doctrine

of the Prayer Book was definite and positive; and, at his suggestion, every little grave stone in the shady and beloved churchyard bears that rubric inscribed upon it. We pity now the rector, we pity now the parents of the little ones; but in real truth, the judgment of the Privy Council ought to be added to the inscription. In the same manner as, to satisfy the anti-Catholic scruples of the Irish parson, offended by the scroll on a grave stone that called on the faithful to "Pray for the soul" of a deceased Catholic, Rory O'More engraved the words "Do not" at the head of the inscription, so ought the doubt stated by the Privy Council to be added to the assertion on the graves of our Protestant little innocents.

"There are other points of doctrine respecting the sacrament of baptism," continues the sentence, "which, we are of opinion, are, by the rubrics and formularies (as well as the articles) capable of being honestly understood in different senses—and consequently we think that all ministers of the Church, having duly made the subscriptions required by law (and taking holy Scripture for their guide), are at liberty honestly to exercise their private judgment without offence or censure. Upright and conscientious men cannot, in all respects, agree upon subjects so difficult."

Now it seems to us that, after such a statement has been promulgated by the highest authority, we may "honestly" ask wherefore there should be any dissent in England? How can people manage to dissent from that in which so much latitude is allowed? "Upright and conscientious men cannot," it seems, "agree upon subjects so difficult." Wherefore, then, should upright and honest men depart from a communion so accommodating as this latitudinarian establishment? Frown who will, latitudinarian it is now declared to be by the highest authority. We have heretofore heard Catholic divines rejoice when any disputed question of Anglican theology was brought before the legal tribunals; their arguments had been so often met by assertions that the faith was different from what they imagined, that they rejoiced in the anticipation of legal definitions and orthodoxy decided by statute. That hope can be cherished no longer. It is now decided "That, if any article is really a subject of dubious interpretation, it would be highly improper that this Court should fix on one meaning, and prosecute all those who hold a contrary opinion regarding its interpretation."

What then, we again ask, is the test of truth in this Church by law established? What can require, what can justify, dissent from its communion? We know but of one motive of dissatisfaction which any reasonable Protestant can now enter-

tain; it is the grievance of the farmer, when visited by the rich non-resident rector of his parish:—

“Well, Mr. Jones,” said the latter; “how do you like the new curate I have sent you?”

“Woant do for uz, zur.”

“Won’t do for you! Why not? Do you object to his doctrine?”

“Noah; a preaches the word; but woant do for uz?”

“Nonsense!” exclaimed the rector. “What fault can you find with him?”

“A doant give enough o Latin and Greak in a zarmons.”

“Well! I should have thought that an advantage,” said the rector, laughing. “You would not understand him if he did, would you?”

“Noah; but ye zee, zur, we pays for the best harticle, and we has a right to have un.”

What better reason can now be given for dissenting from a Church that admits all doctrines? We think, like the farmer, that the labourer ought to be worthy of his hire, and would leave the Established Church if it could not define its “harticles.”

But although this judgment renders the position of the Anglican Church, as a Church, ridiculous in the eyes of every one whose ecclesiastical knowledge extends beyond the control of the preacher under whom he sits and the dimensions of the “Schism shop” in which he worships—it awakens deeply painful feelings in reference to the thousands who will be disgusted with it, as we are, and who will yet endeavour to salve it over to their own consciences. It will prove to them the monstrosity of the pretensions of the Anglican to be a CHURCH in any other sense than as established by a law which the state tribunal is afraid of enforcing; their every feeling will revolt from the latitudinarian principles proclaimed for safety sake: but a proposal to appeal to convocation (which they know will not be convoked) or some other device of which they will feel all the futility when first advanced, will win them to live on in passive resistance; giving the countenance of their unwilling adherence to a system that will be recommended to others by the very decision which they themselves repudiate. To millions of the low Church party, this judgment will give comfortable encouragement and assurance: and the more tamely the learned of the high Church submit to it, the more will be extended that pantheistic latitudinarianism which they deplore.

In apparently-serious sadness, an inquirer once asked “What is the truth.” The same question will be now more strongly than ever urged, in all the pride of varying, upstart self-sufficiency.

What is the difference between the boasted “right of private judgment” and the judgment of *Privy Counsel*?

REGISTER

OF

NEW PUBLICATIONS, CORRESPONDENCE, AND EVENTS.

The Editor of the CATHOLIC MAGAZINE AND REGISTER desires that his Correspondents and Contributors may alone be held responsible for the opinions and sentiments that each may express. But he invites our Venerable Clergy and all Catholics to send him information on all matters of religious interest in their several neighbourhoods.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A Day at Tivoli and other verses. By John Kenyon, Author of a "Rhymed Plea for Tolerance," &c. 1 Vol. 8vo. Longman.

The compositions which this Author calls "verses" and "rhymes," but which we call right sterling poetry, ought to be cherished by all lovers of the beautiful; and, especially, by all English Catholics. We dislike toleration: our spirit rebels at the idea of being tolerated—that one man should assume a right to tolerate another; but Mr. Kenyon evidently uses the expression in no offensive sense: for the "Plea" that he alludes to on his title page advocates an enlarged liberality in an enlarged and beautiful spirit.

The volume before us contains several poems replete with poetic beauties and with the musings of a thoughtful, a kindly, and a refined "mind at ease." The first, the "Day at Tivoli," evinces such deep and "soul-felt delight" in the climate, the scenery, and the associations of Italy, that we marvel how one who so enjoys that favoured land, can resign himself to dwell in England, instead of

"Where all around is one Ausonian blue.
Not the fresh dawn, not evening's tenderest hour,
Speak to the spirit with a deeper power.
As eye and heart strain up that azure air,
What light—what love—what fixedness is there!
Transient—we *know*!—Eternal—let it *seem*!
With such blue sky we only ask to dream."

The following lines curiously corroborate the opinions expressed in the opening Article of the "Catholic Magazine" for last month; and prove that Protestants like our Author, are sensible of the different effect produced by Protestant and by Catholic alms: he writes

"But where wealth's stringent or out-doling hand
From point to point wide stretches o'er a land;
In power or bounty ever seen or felt,
Like victor's fasces or an almsman's belt,
Though order hence, with all its blessings flow—
As fertilizes waters guided go—
Yet as henceforth we lose the stream that play'd
Through its own runnels free and not afraid;
So there by wealth—or purchas'd or controll'd—
Word, gesture, look, in native frankness bold,
Are quell'd, like Sprite, beneath the wand of Gold."

It is not often that Protestant tourists express such sentiments as those with which our Author assumes (though we differ from him in the estimate

which he would seem to form of the religious intelligence of the people)
that—

———"Silvered Saints and Virgins fancy-drest
For peasant-worshippers may be the best:"

Or who draw so fair a contrast between the power of the Cæsars and that
of religion over—

"The far off realms they away'd but with the sword
Crouch'd at a swordless pontiff's slightest word."

The volume contains a translation of a very curious Gypsy carol written in the Provençal dialect, and describing the supposed meeting of three Gypsies with our Saviour on his flight into Egypt, and the fortune they tell Him. Perhaps we may recur to this hereafter: meanwhile, our Catholic readers will welcome, from the epilogue of that carol, the following tribute to the creed of—

———"Our elder race. Their faith, they knew,
Was strong for daily wear; a staff to trust!
No flimsy robe hung up the whole week through,
And but for Sunday-service cleans'd from dust.
But a stout faith that, free from formalism,
(On which Devotion's name too oft we dub,)
In week-day life, nor found nor sought a schism,
But mingled with it and could bear the rub."

We much regret that our limits oblige us to leave a volume on which we would have willingly lingered long—a volume full of poetry, heart-felt and intelligible: a rare qualification in these days. We would, however, draw attention to the piece entitled, "Raising the Dead," as being, beyond all description, strange, and yet beautiful in its strangeness. The author asserts that the power was, for a time, given to him to call up the spirits of the dead whom he wished to see. The assertion is most positive: the description of what he saw is most minute. It is a strange poem; and although the versification is totally different, it reminds us of Coleridge's *Christabel*, or the *Dream of Kubla Khan*.

The Sister of Charity. 2 Vols. 18mo. By Mrs. A. H. Dorsey. Dolman.

This is the most interesting of the publications of Mrs. Dorsey that we have yet seen. There is more of human affection in it than in the others; and although the story is delayed by many controversial and religious discussions, they are interwoven with it more or less throughout.

We believe it is dangerous to hint to Americans that their pronunciation of the English language is not always perfect: but we hope our fair Authoress will take in good part the expression of our wish that she would not at times adopt a phraseology and a style of description above the subject, or the image of which she treats. Very fine writing is very fatiguing to read, and is almost always very incomprehensible. We are glad to be able to add that she does not often give way to the temptation against which we would warn her.

Ince's Outlines of English History. *Ince's Outlines of General Knowledge,*
For the Use of Schools. 2 Vols. 18mo. Gilbert.

Oh that our head could retain all the knowledge these little books impart! but no: one-hundredth part of so much "useful knowledge" would break even the Board that used to decide what volumes they would "diffuse" through the world. And yet the title pages tell us that twelve thousand copies of the "General Outlines" have been circulated, and forty-nine thousand

of the "Outlines of English History." As when George the Third heard that two hundred surgeons had taken out diplomas to practise, he exclaimed, "Oh my poor subjects!"—so we are tempted to exclaim "What disagreeable animals our children will be if they remember all that is attempted to be crammed into them now-a-days!"

A Catechism of Classical Mythology. By I. O. 1 Vol. 18mo. Dolman.

We scarcely understand the use of this little volume. It cannot replace Lemprière's Dictionary, as it contains comparatively so few notices. Were the "Morning Post" to omit the names of one quarter as many of those who attend Prince Albert's levées as I. O. omits of the gods and goddesses who swell the court of Olympus, we tremble to think of the commotion that would be created in the fashionable world. Happily the

"ichor,
Or some such other spiritual liquor,"

that flows in the veins of pagan divinities, is now less rebellious to it, than it was when Homer sang. However, the book may be of service to those who wish to impart a selection of ancient mythological knowledge free from all objectionable matter. If it goes to another edition, we recommend that the names should be arranged alphabetically.

Father Felix, a Tale. By the Author of "Mora Carmody," &c. 1 Vol. 18mo. Dolman.

This pretty story, interwoven with religious controversy, is suggestive of much good feeling and of the Truth. It wins the reader on: chapter after chapter, he is beguiled by the quiet story; and at last is surprised to find within himself a fund of awakened and pious sympathies that he knew not could be so easily aroused. The character of the Blind Boy is remarkably pleasing: and throughout the volume are interwoven little episodes which have an interest in themselves. That of the Guardian Angel is a pleasing allegory, prettily told: though we should have liked it better, had the subject of it resisted the Enchantress; instead of falling, to rise by Repentance.

Christianity and the Church. By Rev. C. C. Pise, D.D. 1 Vol. 12mo. Baltimore: Murphy. London: Dolman.

Dr. Pise is becoming widely known in England. His writings are of admitted merit: and the work before us proves him to be quite as much, if not more at home when inditing a grave treatise as when composing a work of light fiction. A judicious collection from more lengthy works, principally from that of Labure, this volume is in some sort a history of "the ways of God to man," of man himself, and of the workings of his wayward and imperfect intelligence until brought under the saving influence of the truth. It is a work that *donne à penser*: and leading people to think, will convey much information even to the well informed.

The Counting House Companion. Tables of prime cost, profit and rebate; showing by one summation the clear gain on any specified outlay from one penny to five thousand pounds, allowing to the purchaser a discount ranging from two and a half per cent. to fifty per cent. Indispensable to all engaged in manufacturing, buying, selling, importing or exporting whether as principal or agents. 1 Vol. 12mo. London: Piper.

We have given the title of this volume at full length, being convinced that nothing we could say would so fully show the usefulness of the tables that compose it. It is calculated to save many an aching head.

Plus d'Enseignement Mixte ! Lettre à M. de Parieu, Ministre d'Instruction et des Cultes. Par Jules Goudon, l'Un des Redacteurs de "l'Univers."
1 Vol. 12mo.

We believe that the time is rapidly approaching when all people will compel all governments to admit that they have mistaken their vocation in attempting to supply the place of parent and pastor and to superintend the education of their subjects. The work of M. Goudon conveys much information on the relation of parties in France on this important matter: and adduces examples from England which we should have perused with more pleasure had governors and governed been always consistent to their principles.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the "Catholic Magazine and Register."

JESU CHRISTI PASSIO.

DEAR SIR.—I proceed, with your permission, to enlarge a little on some sentences of the letter which you kindly inserted in the "Register" of last month. I would in the first place call attention to what I said; that the conversion of England to Catholicity I looked on as an object of absorbing interest. This I maintain it ought to be, not only to English Catholics, but to Catholics throughout the world. Let it be considered what the Church would gain by this acquisition. In the first place, there would be the accession to her ranks of the millions of the English nation, now separated from her, and of their children for generations to come. Thus far, however, England stands on a level with any other nation of equal population. But if we consider her influence on the rest of the world, how rapidly does the undertaking of her conversion rise in importance! Consider, first, the weight of her influence on the Christian world. How would the Catholic religion gain credit in Catholic countries, where it is generally so disregarded and despised by the majority, even of its nominal professors, if England threw her weight into the right scale. I have often asserted that no Catholic will be found in any part of the world, who, if he cares for the welfare of the Catholic Church in his own particular locality, will not look on this event as the most important of all which could be contemplated. This is not merely an idea of my own. I have learnt to think thus, from the way in which I have been received by zealous Catholics of all places and ranks with whom I have conversed on the subject. Secondly, what would be the effect of this change on countries professing Christianity but separate from the Church? I believe that the conversion of England to Catholicity would be a death-blow to Protestantism in all the rest of the world. I conceive, it may almost be asserted, that Protestantism has no support left, except what it derives from the example and countenance of England. If Protestantism was brought to an end in England, surely it would not long stand in Ireland. I have been often told also that America, though extremely jealous of the power of England, and our political rival, admires and follows all that is admired and fashionable in England, and why should not America be drawn likewise to Catholicity, if England embraced it? Not to mention other countries, I will advert only to one more, which I should say is, of all countries, perhaps the least under the moral influence of England: that is Russia. And what can I say of that? I will not give my thoughts, but those of one better able to judge. When I was at Paris in 1838, beginning my work of begging prayers for England, I visited a convent of the Sacré Cœur, and was making my appeal to a company of the Religious. One sat by, who received what I said with a

degree of sadness, or at least not with the warmth shown by the rest. She was a Russian lady, of noble family, who had been converted, and had become a nun of that order. I turned myself particularly to her, and asked if she would not join. She answered, I am thinking of my country, of Russia, which is dear to me as England is to you. I replied; that praying for England would not hurt the same cause in Russia; promise me to pray for England, and we will remember also Russia. Four years later, I saw this same Religious, returning through England from America, whither she had been sent on some affairs of her order. I asked her, whether she remembered sometimes to pray for England. Her answer now was, "Oh! I never pray for Russia: it is only England I pray for: because I see plainly, that if England were gained, we should soon see progress made in Russia." This zealous lady soon afterwards died, and I trust she does not now forget either Russia or England. And will not England, once returned to the faith, do something to bring back Germany? It was by missionaries from England that Germany was converted from heathenism: why not hope that England, if she is the first to retrace her steps, may be again the helper of Germany? And now, in the third place, what shall we say of the heathen world? Wherefore has God given to England the empire she has gained over so many tribes; the power she possesses over so many more; by her commerce, her wealth, and her wisdom. All this power, I know, may yet continue to be abused, as it has been hitherto to other purposes than God's glory: but he surely intended it, for the spread of his saving truth, and if England herself were but once made obedient to the truth before she follows in the track of the great empires of other days, and her greatness passes from her, what might she not do—what will she not do? Look at India, where England rules over nearly a hundred millions; look at the vast regions of Australia, and all the islands of the west: look at the deserts of Africa, with their untold hordes, a door to which is open to England in her southern settlements; above all, look at the vast empire of China, with its three hundred millions, of which England, the first of any Christian or foreign power, now holds a key. If these circumstances be but dwelt upon and presented before the eyes of the Catholic world, will they not move in the cause of England's conversion, every heart animated with Catholic charity and zeal? We hear it said by some that the Hindoos cannot be converted: nothing will persuade them to renounce their castes, and all the venerable associations, wound up in their ancient superstition; that the Caffres and other tribes of Africa are too deeply sunk in brutish ignorance of all which is beyond the reach of sense, to be capable of any impressions of religion; similar objections are made to any hopes for China and the rest. True it may be, that great conquests may not be probable, as long as it is but a single missionary, here and there, who makes his way alone through these regions; still less, so long as the efforts of England great as they are for the propagation of religion, are necessarily made of no avail, for the two reasons, that they are not in the cause of God's true Church, but of heretical systems, on which no blessing can descend; and that they are and must be neutralized by division, so long as England is not Catholic. But what may be looked for if England is converted to the unity of truth? Even now, England, Protestant England, though possessing no certainty of the truth of what she teaches, having, in fact, only a number of contradictory and confused shadows of truth to propagate, spends in the cause, through the medium of her various societies, more than eight times what the entire Catholic Church can command for the same purpose. I know not of any efficient resources for this end in the Catholic Church, besides what are furnished by the Association for the Propagation of the Faith, founded at Lyons, which collects the subscriptions of the entire Catholic world. Its

annual income amounts to about three millions of franks. Some years back, I saw a statement of the incomes of Protestant societies for the spreading of religion at home and abroad, raised by voluntary contributions, and they amounted to nearly one million sterling, that is about 25 millions of francs. And these exertions England perseveres in making year after year for half a century together, though the success gained is avowedly next to nothing. What could she not do, if she exchanged her shadows for the certainty of faith; and if she was encouraged by witnessing the success, which would then attend her missions, as it has always attended the missions of the true Church? Consider withal, that for the same cost she would send about ten times as many labourers into the field as she does now. For how stands the case? The Government of England now pays salaries to Protestant Bishops and to Catholic Bishops at the same time, for the mixed population of some of her colonies: I believe the regular salary of the former is £5,000; of the latter £500; and the Catholic Bishop is richer on his £500, than the other is on ten times as much. Let England then become Catholic. Let her spirit of enterprise, her indomitable perseverance, those qualities which have hitherto been directed with such marvellous success to the advancement of her commerce, and the extension of her empire, be at length devoted to the cause of God, and what should we not see? The deserts of Africa may be barren, but will not blood make them fertile at last? I speak not of the blood of the poor natives, with which our past policy and projects have made it necessary too often to steep them; but of the blood of Englishmen, who would then go forth by thousands with the spirit of Boniface, Wilfred, and Willibrord, to conquer for Christ, by patient suffering, those regions which they have heretofore been subduing for themselves by violence and rapine; and would India or China, which have not given way before individual exertions, resist the armies of Apostles and Martyrs from Ireland and France, and other nations united with her own, which the ships of England would then bear to those coasts to labour and to die. St. Francis Xavier died in view of the coast of China, longing to enter it. Were he living now, England, Protestant England, would give him the entrance, which was refused him then; and will not St. Francis pray for England now? Has he forgotten China? Surely he will pray for England if we will do so ourselves. If we care not to pray for our own cause, I know not how far the saints in heaven may be hindered: as Jesus Christ himself could work no miracles in certain places because men would not believe; but if we please we may command help enough. I must now conclude—and I ask each English Catholic, will you enlist your name in the great cause of England's conversion? Am I to be chilled with the cold answer, which I have received so often, it is of no use: the thing cannot be? Oh! if you will not say yes to my request, I beseech you at least to pause before you say no, on such a ground: wait to hear what I can say to prove that this reason is not good. And, observe, I do not ask for much: one Hail Mary each day from every one, will this be too much? Can you not grant me this, even if I cannot assure you of any immediate sensible return? But I can offer you some recompense already, and I hope in time I may be able to offer more. In the London District, at least, the Right Rev. Dr. Wiseman, who is not, glory be to God, one of those, who will not hope, has granted an indulgence of forty days for every day that you say this Hail Mary, and forty days more for every day that you do anything to lead others to join. Will not this be enough to recompense the trouble and time of saying the Hail Mary yourself, and leading your children and your servants to join? If not, I say again, only pause: at least do not set yourself against it, till I plead the cause a little more at large, as with God's permission, I promise to do. Meanwhile remember that you will be prayed for yourself, by the good Irish

and French and others who pray for England ; and their prayer will prevail, I trust, at length, no less to gain hope and charity for the Catholics of England than faith for English Protestants.

I am, dear Sir,
Your humble Servant in Jesus Christ,
IGNATIUS OF ST. PAUL, *Passionist*.

Benedictine Convent, Winchester.

Fest of St. Gregory, Apostle of England, May 11th, 1850.

DRESSED-UP FIGURES OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

To the Editor of the "Catholic Magazine and Register."

SIR.—Now that the month of Mary is so near, will you, Mr. Editor, kindly afford me a corner in the "Magazine," which I rejoice to see alive again and in strong health, to say a timely word against a practice which, though it has shown itself in a very few places, I am sorry has appeared at all amongst us.

May is the fairest of all months ; every mead is enamelled with the sweetest flowers ; every bush is musical with the warbling of birds ; the heavens put on their brightest blue. The thought then was a happy one of making this blithe soft season the time for more than ordinary devotion towards that flower of all created beings, the fair, the spotless, the sweet St. Mary, Mother of God. While loving the Son, all true Catholics will revere her of whom He vouchsafed to take flesh ; in worshipping Christ as their one, their only Saviour, they will never fail to beg St. Mary to pray to Him for them and along with them ; and many a warm heart will be more than usually busy in doing so all through the forthcoming month of May. To encourage, instead of hindering, such a devotion must be the object of all well-wishers to our holy religion. Now, unfortunately, there are some who, while they have the very best meaning, take the worst way possible to express it, and such I deem to be the case with those—always young inexperienced men—among our clergy, who, in bringing forward the devotion of the Month of Mary amid their people, must fain set up in their church a large figure of our Lady, arrayed in all the frippery of a modern milliner's shop ; in other words, a large, staring, gaudily dressed doll. This doll is usually habited in faded cast-off silks and muslins ; but though it were robed in satins and velvets of the newest and the richest, it would not awaken devotion in any, and actually does hinder it in some, and pains the feelings of not a few good Catholics : as for Protestants, it disgusts them. The late Dr. Dibdin, while describing Bayeux cathedral and the ceremony of ordination which he witnessed there, says :—"When he (the bishop) descended with his full robes, crosier, and mitre, from the high altar, methought I saw one of the venerable forms of our WYKEHAMS and WAYNFLETES of old, commanding the respect and receiving the homage of a grateful congregation ! At the very moment my mind was deeply occupied by the effects produced from this magnificent spectacle I strolled into *Our Lady's Chapel*, behind the choir, and beheld a sight which converted seriousness into surprise, bordering upon mirth. Above the altar of this remotely situated chapel stands the **IMAGE OF THE VIRGIN**, with the infant Jesus in her arms. This is the usual chief ornament of our Lady's chapel. But what drapery for the Mother of the sacred Child ! stiff, starch, rectangularly-folded, white muslin, stuck about with diverse artificial flowers, like unto a show figure in Brook Green Fair. This ridiculous and most disgusting costume began more particularly at Caudebec. Why is it persevered in ? Why is it endured ? The French have a quick sensibility and lively apprehension of

what is beautiful and brilliant in the arts of sculpture and painting..... but the terms 'joli,' 'gentil,' and 'propre' are made use of, like charity, to 'cover a multitude of sins'.....or, aberrations from true taste. I scarcely stopped a minute in this chapel," &c.—*Dibdin's Tour in France and Germany*, i. 227.

Our youthful clerics, in defence of such figures and their muslin finery, argue that they have seen them in the churches of Rome itself. True; but in what churches there? In St. John Lateran's, in St. Peter's, in St. Mary Major's, in the Pope's Chapels at the Vatican and Quirinal? Never. Though not always, yet in most instances, these dressed-up figures of the Madonna are to be found in those churches belonging either to nuns, or to friars, and frequented by the lower classes. In ecclesiastical ornament, as in other things, there are two styles—the vulgar, and the refined; the first childish, the latter elevated and dignified. In Italy—in Rome, if you ask any well-educated pious clergyman about these tawdry images, ten to one but he will say to you that they are "roba di frate—roba di monaca,"—friars' stuff, nuns' stuff.

There is nothing in the rubrics to warrant the use of such doll-like figures. Let us hope that for the future our devotion may be no more disturbed, Protestants' feelings no more be pained, and good taste no more shocked by the presence in any of our churches or chapels of such extraordinary figures.

DUNSTAN.

CATHOLIC EDUCATION.

To the Editor of the "Catholic Magazine and Register."

SIR.—That Catholic Poor Schools are not so generally supported as they should be is a fact—an unhappy, but a certain fact. Why this supineness to bestow knowledge upon the poor exists, it is difficult to say. That the Catholic Faith is against this ignorance, we know; but that many of the London Catholics are neglectful of their poorer brethren, we while regretting, must admit.

In a report of a School now before us, "The Islington Catholic Poor Schools,"—schools situated in a locality crowded with poor Catholics, and a locality abounding with rich sectarians of all denominations, who proselyte largely by means of children, we find, with regret, that the annual subscriptions to these schools are but £59. 15s. 4d., and this of a congregation of upwards of two thousand Catholics. And how is this £59. 15s. 4d. raised? Not by a two shilling subscription from the entire body, but by two subscribers of £2. 2s. per annum, forty-one subscribers of £1., twenty of 10s., and five subscribers under that amount. Yes; of two thousand people to whom the schools naturally look for support, sixty-eight respond to the appeal.

Let us, in the first place, take a glance at the expenses of that school, and we will not take into consideration a sum of £47. 11s. expended for desks and other charges, but confine ourselves to what must be paid. A master and a mistress £60. per annum; coals, candles, and sundries, £14. 3s. 6d.; books and printing to £8. 18s. Total annual expenditure, £83. 1s. 6d.. for necessities, absolute necessities alone.

This is the annual expense, with no provision for wear and tear of building, stoves, &c. What are the receipts? Just £59. 15s. 4d.

How then is the deficiency obtained? By lotteries and tea meetings—things good enough in themselves, but not such as schools should rely upon for support.

It may be said, why the children pay! Yes, they do pay. In the report before us, we find that with an average of weekly attendance of 75 boys and 60 girls, the receipts for school-fees (one penny per head) have been £17. 8s. in one year.

If the children's parents can't pay, Great Heaven! is it Catholicism to refuse admission to their children? to cast them in the street to become the prey of thieves and sharpers? to surrender them to the cares of Wesleyan ministers, or Church of England teachers? Are we to destroy souls in this manner? Is a child not worth one penny per week to be damned by the fault of its poverty, or the neglect of its parents? Are we only to preach and not to practise charity? Is the exhortation of St. Paul to be thrown away upon us?

Connected with schools there is another matter calling for the Catholic's strict attention. It is the establishment of a Clothing Fund with the schools, from which fund clothes shall be given to the deserving and the diligent poor. Now how stands the matter? The child is without boots, without coat or frock. The parents are too poor to provide these garments. The school has no funds. Dissenting men, blessed with wealth, step in—"Send your child to our school, we will teach it; send it to us, we will clothe it; send it to us, we will not interfere with its faith." The parent yields. It wishes its child to be taken from the darkness that now surrounds it. Parental solicitude longs for it to be clothed. The child goes amongst those who are taught to laugh at the holiness of its creed, and the sanctity of our Faith. It listens—It imbibes—It is but a child—It scoffs!

And all this, because a few shillings yearly are not spared by every family, by every one of a family in the congregation.

The Catholic poor are, especially in London, the poorest of the poor; their positions in life are such that, unless helped forward, they must ever be dragged down. Why are they to be debarred from the same aspiring hopes as protesting bodies? Why is a poor Catholic to be denied advantages other poor people possess? There is nothing physically wrong in his construction; his tastes are the same. It is because exertion is not sufficiently made, the blessings of education not bestowed upon him; because he, not nourished and supported, but left to grow or die, to bloom or not, without a helping hand being extended to aid him.

Ignorant educated people say, "Oh, the poor man is well grounded in his faith; there is so much devotion amongst the poor; they will never swerve from the faith of their fathers; they are so pious, so firm in their belief."

And because they are so, the educated savage, for he is nothing better, leaves them Catholics and leaves them to starvation. A vast number of our poor can neither read nor write: who will now employ an errand boy or a labourer who cannot do both? If labour is denied them and they thieve, the laws of their country and of their Church justly punish them: but who is first to blame? Those who neglect to educate. This is no *state* question, but purely a Catholic one. Knowledge is offered them from other sources; they must either reject it and starve, or accept it and renounce the faith of Christ.

The report of this Islington School is, we have but little doubt, but the statement of many. How they raise money is, we fear, how all obtain it. Those who can give will not; those who have it not cannot. And yet where is the man or woman who cannot spare one shilling in three months? and eight thousand shillings would be an enormous income for a Catholic Poor School. Earnestly, therefore, Sir, would we press upon the attention of every Catholic the necessity of supporting their Poor Schools. It is a duty they owe to their Saviour, who "suffered little

children to come unto him." It is a duty they owe to society, for to educate is, in reality, to prevent crime. It is a duty due to the faith they profess, for by education is the strong arm of heresy beaten to the dust. A duty due at once to their God, their Church, their neighbour. Who will be backward in the work?

The children must be taught, must be clothed; the work of education must be undertaken; for, in the words of the amiable and talented priest, the Rev. F. Oakeley, whose address is prefixed to the Report before us:—"A work truly it is, than which I know none so worthy of a devoted and enterprising zeal. A great work again and glorious, to stem the tide of heresy and infidelity which is inundating our country, even though our conversions to the faith be few and far between, instead of being, as in primitive times, by thousands in a day. And yet let us not pursue even this object, except secondary to the preservation of our Catholic children, whose loss is not compensated in importance, or even in amount, by any accessions which Almighty God has hitherto granted us from the ranks of Protestantism."

With these words of the Rev. Mr. Oakeley before us, we say to the Catholics of London—educate, educate, educate.

T. W. R.

ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.

GORHAM v. THE BISHOP OF EXETER.—The judgment in this important appeal, which has been looked forward to with so much interest by the public, was pronounced at two o'clock on Friday by the Judicial Committee of Privy Council. The members of the committee present were the Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord Campbell, Lord Brougham, Lord Langdale, Dr. Lushington, Mr. Pemberton Leigh, and Sir Edward Ryan. The Earl of Carlisle, Lord Monteagle, Sir David Dundas, Mr. Labouchere, the Chevalier Bunsen, Dr. Wiseman, and many other persons of distinction were seated within the bar. There was also a considerable number of ladies present, and the court room of the Privy Council never, perhaps, on any former occasion presented a more crowded and animated appearance. None of the Protestant Bishops were present, but a great number of their Clergy, such as Messrs. Dodsworth, Wilberforce, Maspell, Denison, &c., &c.

Lord Langdale delivered the judgment. He began by stating that the two Archbishops concurred in the judgment, but that the Bishop of London did not concur. He then stated the history of the case, and the mode of proceeding, which was objectionable, as it ought to have been by plea and proof, so as to have brought out the doctrines of the parties. Mr. Gorham had undergone a protracted examination from the Bishop of Exeter, in the course of which, to a long series of questions, very cautious and guarded answers had been given. However, the doctrine held by Mr. Gorham appeared to be this—that Baptism is a Sacrament generally necessary to salvation, but that the grace of regeneration does not so necessarily accompany the act of Baptism that regeneration invariably takes place in Baptism; that, without reference to the qualification of the recipient, Baptism is not itself an effectual sign of grace. That infants baptised, and dying before actual sin, are certainly saved, but that in no case is regeneration in Baptism unconditional. The question which we have to decide is not whether these opinions are theologically sound or unsound; but whether they are contrary or repugnant to the doctrines which the Church of England, by its Articles, Formularies, and Rubrics, requires to be held by its Ministers, so that upon the ground of those opinions the appellant can lawfully be excluded from

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the benefice to which he has been presented. This opinion must be decided by the Articles and Liturgy; and we must apply to the construction of those books the same rules which have long been established, and are by law applicable to the construction of all written instruments. It appears, that from the first dawn of the Reformation until the final settlement of the Articles and Formularies, the Church was harassed by a great variety of opinions respecting Baptism and many other matters. The Church, having resolved to frame Articles of Faith, as a means of establishing consent touching true religion, must be presumed to have desired to accomplish that object as far as it could, and to have decided such of the questions then under discussion as it was thought proper, prudent, and practicable to decide; but it could not have intended to attempt the determination of all the questions which had arisen or might arise: and in making the necessary selection from those points which it was intended to decide, regard was had to the points deemed most important to be made known to the members of the Church, and to those questions upon which the members of the Church could agree; and that other points were left for future decision by competent authority, and, in the meantime, to the private judgment of pious and conscientious persons. Under such circumstances, it would perhaps have been impossible to employ language which would not admit of some latitude of interpretation: the possible or probable difference of interpretation may have been designedly intended, even by the framers of the Articles themselves; and in all cases in which Articles, considered as a test, admit of different interpretations, it must be held, that *any sense of which the words fairly admit may be allowed, if that sense be not contradictory to something which the Church has elsewhere allowed or required*; and in such a case it seems perfectly right to conclude, that those who impose the test, command no more than the form of the words, employed in their literal and grammatical sense, conveys or implies; and that those who agree to them are entitled to such latitude or diversity of interpretation as the form admits. *If there be any doctrine on which the Articles are silent, or ambiguously expressed, so as to be capable of two meanings, we must suppose that it was intended to leave that doctrine to private judgment, unless the Rubrics and Formularies clearly and distinctly decide it.* If they do, we must conclude that the doctrine so decided is the doctrine of the Church. But, on the other hand, *if the expressions used in the Rubrics and Formularies are ambiguous, it is not to be concluded that the Church meant to establish indirectly as a doctrine, that which it did not establish directly as such by the Articles of Faith*—the code avowedly made for the avoiding of diversities of opinions, and for the establishing of consent touching true religion. He proceeded, therefore, to examine the Articles and Prayer-book, “for the purpose of discovering what it is, if anything, which, by the law of England, or the doctrine of the Church of England as by law established, is declared as to the matter now in question; and to ascertain whether the doctrine held by Mr. Gorham, as we understand it to be disclosed in his examination, is directly contrary or repugnant to the doctrine of the Church.” Considering, first, the effect of the Articles alone, it is material to observe, that very different opinions as to the Sacrament of Baptism were held by different promoters of the Reformation; and that great alterations were made in the Articles themselves upon that subject. The Articles about religion, drawn up in 1536, state that infants ought, and must needs be baptised; and, that by the Sacrament of Baptism, they do also obtain remission of their sin, and the grace and favour of God. Inasmuch as infants and children dying in their infancy shall undoubtedly be saved thereby, and else not. The Articles of 1552 and 1562, adopt very different language from the Articles of 1536, and have special regard to the qualification of worthy reception. The Twenty-fifth Article of 1562 distinctly states, that in such only as wor-

thly receive the same, the sacraments have a wholesome effect or operation. The Article on Baptism speaks only of those who received it rightly; and, with respect to infants, instead of saying, like the Articles of 1536, that "they obtain remission of their sins by Baptism, and that, dying in their infancy, they shall be undoubtedly saved thereby, and else not;" it declares only, "that the Baptism of young children is in anywise to be retained in the Church, as most agreeable with the institution of Christ;" stating nothing distinctly as to the state of such infants, whether baptised or not. The Articles of 1536 had expressly determined two points. 1. That baptised infants dying before the commission of actual sin were undoubtedly saved thereby. 2. That unbaptised infants were not saved. The Articles of 1562 say nothing expressly upon either point, but state in general terms that those who receive Baptism rightly have the benefits there mentioned conferred. What is signified by right reception is not determined by the Articles. Mr. Gorham says that the expression always means a fit state to receive—viz., in the case of adults, "with faith and repentance," and in the case of infants, "with God's grace and favour." On a consideration of the Articles, it appears that, besides this point, there are others which are left undecided. It is not particularly declared what is the distinct meaning of the grace of regeneration—whether it is a change of nature, a change of condition, or a change of the relation subsisting between sinful man and his Creator. Upon the points left open, differences of opinion could not be avoided; and that such differences among such persons were thought consistent with subscription to the Articles, and were not contemplated with disapprobation, appears from the Royal declaration, now prefixed to the Articles, and which was first added in the reign of King Charles I., long after the Articles were finally settled.

He then proceeded to consider the case as affected by the formularies, first observing that there were parts of the Prayer-book which were strictly dogmatical, parts which were instructional, and parts which consisted of devotional exercises and services. On the latter, he laid down this rule:—"It seems to be properly said that the received formularies cannot be held to be evidence of doctrine without reference to the distinct declarations of doctrine in the Articles, and to the faith, hope, and charity by which they profess to be inspired; and there are portions of the Liturgy which it is plain cannot be construed truly without regard to these considerations." He instanced particularly the Burial Service, which expressed "sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life," though it was read over all who were not excommunicated. Some of them, clearly, might have died impenitent. The assertion, therefore, in that formulary, could not be unconditional; and the other formularies, such as that of baptism, must be construed on the same principle. In the office for the administration of the public baptism of infants, first comes a prayer for the infant, that he (being delivered from wrath) may be received into the ark of Christ's Church; another prayer, that the infant coming to God's holy baptism may receive remission of his sins by spiritual regeneration. Before the ceremony is performed, the sponsors are questioned, and make their answers; and then comes the prayer, in which it is said, "Regard, we beseech Thee, the supplications of this congregation; sanctify this water to the mystical washing away of sin; and grant that this child now to be baptised therein may receive the fulness of Thy grace." Thus studiously in the introductory part of the service, is prayer made for the grace of God. After the baptism has been administered, the Priest is directed to say, "Seeing now that the child is regenerate, and grafted into the Church, let us give thanks unto Almighty God for these benefits:" and after repeating the Lord's Prayer, thanks are thus given—"We yield Thee hearty thanks, that it hath pleased Thee to regenerate

this infant with Thy Holy Spirit, to receive him for Thine own child by adoption, and to incorporate him into Thy Holy Church."

In the case of private baptism; the Minister of the Parish is to inquire by whom, with what matter, and with what words the child was baptised; and, if satisfied, he is to certify that all is well done; and that the child, being born in sin, is now, by the laver of regeneration in baptism, received into the number of the children of God. The baptism just referred to is a baptism which may have taken place without any prayer for grace, or any sponsors; but it seems plainly to have been intended only for cases of emergency, in which death might probably prevent the ceremony, if not immediately performed; for such occasions, and the child dying, the Church holds the baptism sufficient, and not to be repeated. One baptism for the remission of sins is acknowledged by the Church; nevertheless, if the child, which is after this sort baptised, do afterwards live, the Rubric declares the expediency of bringing it into the Church, and appoints a further ceremony, with sponsors. The private baptism of infants is an exceptional case provided for an emergency, and for which, if the emergency pass away, although there is to be no repetition of the baptism, a full service is provided. The adult person is not pronounced regenerate until he has first declared his faith and repentance; and before the act of infant baptism, the child is pledged by its sureties to the same conditions of faith and repentance. This view of the baptismal service is, in our opinion, confirmed by the Catechism, in which, although the respondent is made to state, that in his baptism he "was made a member of Christ, the child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of Heaven," it is still declared that repentance and faith are required of persons to be baptised; and when the question is asked, "Why, then, are infants baptised, when, by reason of their tender age, they cannot perform them?" the answer is—not that infants are baptised because, by their innocence, they cannot be unworthy recipients, or cannot present an obex or hindrance to the grace of regeneration, and are therefore fit subjects for Divine grace—but "because they promise them both by their sureties, which promise, when they come to age, themselves are bound to perform."

The answer has direct reference to the condition on which the benefit is to depend. And the whole Catechism requires a charitable construction, such as must be given to the expression—"God the Holy Ghost, who sanctifieth me and all the Elect people of God." The other formularies in the Prayer-book abound with expressions which must be construed in a charitable and qualified sense, and cannot, with any appearance of reason, be taken as proofs of doctrine. Our principal attention has been given to the baptismal services; and those who are strongly impressed with the earnest prayers which are offered for the Divine blessing, may not unreasonably suppose that the grace is not necessarily tied to the rite; but that it ought to be earnestly prayed for, in order that it may then, or when God pleases, be present to make the rite beneficial. There are other points of doctrine respecting the sacrament of baptism which we are of opinion are, by the Rubrics and formularies, as well as the Articles, capable of being honestly understood in different senses; and, consequently, we think that, as to them, the points which were left undetermined by the Articles are not decided by the Rubrics and formularies; and that upon these points *all Ministers of the Church, having duly made the subscriptions required by law, and taking the Holy Scriptures for their guide, are at liberty honestly to exercise their private judgment without offence or censure. Upright and conscientious men cannot agree upon subjects so difficult; and it must be carefully borne in mind that the only question for us to decide, is whether Mr. Gorham's doctrine is contrary or repugnant to the doctrine of the Church of England as by law established?* Mr. Gorham's doctrine may be contrary to the opinion

entertained by many learned and pious persons—contrary to the opinion which such persons have, by their own particular studies, deduced from the Holy Scriptures, or from the usages and doctrines of the primitive Church—or contrary to the opinion which they have deduced from certain expressions in the formularies; still, if the doctrine of Mr. Gorham is not contrary or repugnant to the doctrine of the Church of England as *by law established*, it cannot afford a legal ground for refusing him institution to the living to which he has been lawfully presented. This Court has no authority to settle matters of Faith, or to determine what *ought* in any particular to be the doctrine of the Church of England. Its duty extends only to the consideration of that which is *by law established* to be the doctrine of the Church of England, upon the true and legal construction of her Articles and formularies; and we consider that it is not the duty of any Court to be minute and rigid in cases of this sort. We agree with Sir Wm. Scott in the opinion which he expressed in Stone's case, in the Consistory Court of London:—"That if any article is really a subject of dubious interpretation, it would be highly improper that this Court should fix on one meaning, and prosecute all those who hold a contrary opinion regarding its interpretation." It appears that opinions, which we cannot in any important particular distinguish from those entertained by Mr. Gorham, have been maintained by many eminent divines who have adorned the Church from the time when the Articles were first, without censure or reproach, established. We do not affirm that the doctrines and opinions of Jewell, Hooker, Usher, Jeremy Taylor, Whitgift, Pearson, Carlton, Prideaux, and many others, can be received as evidence of the doctrine of the Church of England; but their conduct, unquestioned as it was, proved at least the liberty which has been allowed of maintaining such doctrine. Bishop Jewell writes—"This marvellous conjunction, and incorporation with God, is first begun and wrought by faith; afterwards the same incorporation is assured to us, *and increased by baptism*." Archbishop Usher, in reply to the question: "What say you of infants baptised that are born in the Church! Doth the inward grace in their baptism always attend the outward sign? Answer: Surely, no; the Sacrament of Baptism is effectual only to those, and to all those who belong to the election of grace." There was even a time when doctrine to this effect was required to be studied in our Church; and Whitgift, by a circular issued in the year 1588, enforced an order whereby every minister, under the degree of Master of Arts, was required to study and take for his model the Decades of Bullinger, in which it is declared, amongst numerous passages of a like tendency, "The first beginning of our uniting in fellowship with Christ is not wrought by the sacraments"—in baptism that is sealed and confirmed to infants, which they had before. Hooker says, "The Church speaks of infants, as the rule of charity alloweth both to speak and to think." Bishop Pearson says, "When the means are used, without something appearing to the contrary, we ought to presume of the good effect." And Bishop Prideaux says, "Baptism only pledges an external and sacramental regeneration, while the Church in charity pronounces that the Holy Spirit renders an inward regeneration." We express no opinion upon the theological accuracy of these opinions, or any of them. The writers whom we have cited are not always consistent with themselves, and other writers worthy of great respect have published very different opinions. But the mere fact that such opinions have been propounded by persons so eminent, as well as by very many others, appears to us sufficiently to prove that the liberty which was left by the Articles and formularies has been actually exercised by the members and ministers of the Church of England. The case not requiring it, we have abstained from expressing any opinion of our own upon the theological correctness or error of the doctrine of Mr. Gorham, which was discussed before us at such great length, and with

so much learning. His Honour the Vice-Chancellor Knight Bruce dissents from the opinion we have formed; but all the other members of the judicial committee who were present are unanimously agreed in opinion that the doctrine held by Mr. Gorham is *not contrary or repugnant to the declared doctrine of the Church of England as by law established*, and that Mr. Gorham ought not, by reason of the doctrine held by him, to have been refused admission to the vicarage of Brampford Speke. And we shall, therefore, humbly report to her Majesty that the sentence pronounced by the learned judge in the Arches Court of Canterbury ought to be reversed, and that it ought to be declared that the Lord Bishop of Exeter has not shown sufficient cause why he did not institute Mr. Gorham in the said vicarage. We shall, therefore, humbly advise her Majesty to remit the cause with that declaration to the Arches Court of Canterbury, to the end that right and justice may there be done in this matter, pursuant to the said declaration.

THE GORHAM CASE.—The following protests were read in the vestry of the parish church of East Brent, in the presence of the churchwardens and other witnesses, and copies delivered to the churchwardens, and transmitted to the bishop on Sunday last. Mr. Denison is brother to the Bishop of Salisbury.

"In the name of the most Holy Trinity.—Amen.

"Whereas the Universal Church alone possesses, by the commission and command of its Divine Founder, the power of defining in matter of doctrine; and subject to the same, the Church of England alone possesses, within its sphere, the power of interpreting and declaring the intention of such definitions as the Universal Church has framed;—

"And whereas a power to interpret formularies of the Church by a final judicial sentence, the synods of the Church not being, in practice, admitted to declare the doctrine of the Church, becomes in effect a power to declare and make such interpretations binding upon the Church:—

"And whereas by the suit of 'Gorham v. the Bishop of Exeter,' as well as by the case of 'Escott v. Mastin,' in the year 1842, it appears that the Crown, through a Court constituted by Act of Parliament alone, claims and exercises a power to confirm, reverse, or vary, by a final judicial sentence the decisions and interpretations of the Courts of the Church in matters of doctrine;—

"And whereas in the present state of the law nothing hinders but that an interpretation which shall have been judged to be unsound by the Courts of the Church may be finally declared to be sound by the said Judicial Committee; or that a person who shall have been judged to be unfit for cure of souls by the spiritual tribunal may be declared to be fit for cure of souls by the civil power;—

"And whereas the existence of such state of the law cannot be reconciled with the Divine constitution and office of the Church, and is contrary to the law of Christ;—

"And whereas the exercise of power in such matters, under such state of the law, endangers the public maintenance of the faith of Christ;—

"And whereas the existence of such a state of things is a grievance of conscience;—

"And whereas no judgment pronounced by the Judicial Committee of Privy Council, in respect of matters of doctrine, can be accepted by the Church;—

"I, George Anthony Denison, clerk, M.A., vicar of East Brent, in the county of Somerset, and diocese of Bath and Wells, do hereby enter my solemn protest against the state of the law which empowers the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council to take cognizance of matters of doctrine, and against the exercise of that power by the said Judicial Committee in

each particular case; and I do hereby pledge myself to use all lawful means within my reach to prevent the continuance of such state of the law, and of the power claimed and exercised under the same,

(Signed)

“GEORGE ANTHONY DENISON.

“East Brent, 4th Sunday in Lent, March 10, 1850.”

“In the name of the most Holy Trinity.—Amen.

“1. Whereas the Church of England is a branch of the One Catholic and Apostolic Church, and, in virtue thereof, holds, absolutely and exclusively, all the doctrines of the Catholic faith;—

“2. And whereas George Cornelius Gorham, clerk, B.D., priest of the Church of England, has formally denied the Catholic faith in respect of the holy sacrament of Baptism;—

“And whereas the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council has in the case of ‘Gorham v. the Bishop of Exeter’ reversed the judgment of the Church Court, and has pronounced by final sentence the said George Cornelius Gorham to be fit to be instituted by the Bishop to a benefice with cure of souls:—

“And whereas such sentence is necessarily false;—

“And whereas such sentence gives public legal sanction to the teaching of false doctrine, and therein and thereby has a great and manifest tendency to lead into error of doctrine, or to encourage to persevere in error of doctrine, or to plunge finally into heresy all such as are tempted, in one degree or another, to deny the faith of Christ in respect of the holy sacrament of Baptism.

“And whereas such sentence does injury and dishonour to Christ and to his holy Church;—

“And whereas all who, with a full knowledge of the intent, meaning, and purpose of such sentence, are or shall be concerned in promulgating or executing it, and all who, with a like knowledge, shall approve of or acquiesce in it, are or will be involved in heresy;—

“And whereas it has become necessary, in consequence of such sentence, that the Church of England should free herself from any participation in the guilt thereof by proceeding, without delay, to make some further formal declaration in respect of the holy sacrament of Baptism;—

“I, George Anthony Denison, clerk, M.A., vicar of East Brent, in the county of Somerset, in the diocese of Bath and Wells, do hereby enter my solemn protest against the said sentence of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, and do warn all the Christian people of this parish to beware of allowing themselves to be moved or influenced thereby in the least degree; and I do also hereby pledge myself to use all lawful means within my reach to assist in obtaining, without delay, some further formal declaration, by a lawful synod of the Church of England, as to what is, and what is not, the doctrine of the Church of England in respect of the holy sacrament of Baptism.

(Signed)

“GEORGE ANTHONY DENISON.

“East Brent, 4th Sunday in Lent, March 10, 1850.”

We copy from the “Times,” of the 20th March, the following

RESOLUTIONS.

1. That whatever at the present time be the force of the sentence delivered on appeal in the case of “Gorham v. the Bishop of Exeter,” the Church of England will eventually be bound by the said sentence, unless it shall openly and expressly reject the erroneous doctrine sanctioned thereby.

2. That the remission of original sin to all infants in, and by the grace of, baptism is an essential part of the article, "One baptism for the remission of sins."

3. That—to omit other questions raised by the said sentence—such sentence, while it does not deny the liberty of holding that article in the sense heretofore received, does equally sanction the assertion that original sin is a bar to the right reception of baptism, and is not remitted except when God bestows regeneration beforehand by an act of prevenient grace (whereof Holy Scripture and the Church are wholly silent), thereby rendering the benefits of holy baptism altogether uncertain and precarious.

4. That to admit the lawfulness of holding an exposition of an article of the creed contradictory of the essential meaning of that article is, in truth and in fact, to abandon that article.

5. That, inasmuch as the faith is one, and rests upon one principle of authority, the conscious, deliberate, and wilful abandonment of the essential meaning of an article of the creed destroys the divine foundation upon which alone the entire faith is propounded by the Church.

6. That any portion of the Church which does so abandon the essential meaning of an article of the creed forfeits not only the Catholic doctrine in that article, but also the office and authority to witness and teach as a member of the universal Church.

7. That by such conscious, wilful, and deliberate act such portion of the Church becomes formally separated from the Catholic body, and can no longer assure to its members the grace of the sacraments and the remission of sins.

8. That all measures consistent with the present legal position of the Church ought to be taken without delay to obtain an authoritative declaration by the Church of the doctrine of holy baptism impugned by the recent sentence; as, for instance, by praying license for the Church in Convocation to declare that doctrine, or by obtaining an act of Parliament to give legal effect to the decisions of the collective Episcopate on this and all other matters purely spiritual.

9. That, failing such measures, all efforts must be made to obtain from the said Episcopate, acting only in its spiritual character, a re-affirmation of the doctrine of holy baptism impugned by the said sentence.

H. E. MANNING, M.A., Archdeacon of Chichester.

ROBERT J. WILBERFORCE, M.A., Archdeacon of the East Riding.

THOMAS THORP, B.D., Archdeacon of Bristol.

W. H. MILL, D.D., Regius Professor of Hebrew, Cambridge.

E. B. PUSEY, D.D., Regius Professor of Hebrew, Oxford.

JOHN KEBLE, M.A., Vicar of Hursley.

W. DODSWORTH, M.A., Perpetual Curate of Christ Church, St. Pancras.

WILLIAM J. E. BENNETT, M.A., Perpetual Curate of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge.

HENRY WILLIAM WILBERFORCE, M.A., Vicar of East Farleigh.

RICHARD CAVENDISH, M.A.

EDWARD BADELEY, M.A., Barrister-at-Law.

JAMES R. HOPE, D.C.L., Barrister-at-Law.

The Archdeacon of Barnstaple has published a circular to his clergy from which we extract the following passage:—"The Judicial Committee of Privy Council, in their recent judgment, affirmed the principle with which we are all familiar, that they 'had no jurisdiction or authority to settle matters of faith, or to determine what ought, in any particular, to be the doctrine of the Church of England.' But, professing to be guided by this principle, they, nevertheless, judged it to be within their province to ascertain the true meaning and effect of the Articles, Formularies, and Rubrics of the Church of England, and thereby to determine and define what is, or is not, the doc-

trine she holds; or rather to assert that, in their opinion, the Church of England has in Baptism no certain doctrine at all. In coming to this conclusion the Judicial Committee have virtually exercised that authority in controversies of faith, which the Church of England in her Articles declares to be vested in the Church alone."

The following reply has been returned by the Lord Bishop of Exeter, to the address presented from the London Church Union, as published in the *Guardian* :—

27, Conduit-street, March, 14, 1850

"My Dear Dr. Spry.—The address which you and other eminent Clergymen and laymen of the Church have had the goodness to present to me, fills me with feelings of a very mixed character. I cannot but be supported and strengthened by the sympathy of such men; but I am far more humbled by the terms of eulogy in which that sympathy is expressed. May He, who is sight to the blind, and strength to the weakest, grant to me, and to all, that we may, in this our day of trial, act with faithfulness, with firmness, with singleness of heart, seeking only to serve Him, and to guard the sacred deposit of truth which He has entrusted to us.

"It seems but too likely that we are as yet only in the commencement of the fight of faith appointed to us. Let us strive by prayer, and in humble reliance on the grace of God, to attain to a right judgment in all things connected with our several duties in all that may befall us. Let us be sober—be vigilant, and, more especially, let us use our utmost endeavours to stay the impetuous spirit of those who may be tempted, in this her need, to desert the Church in which they were in baptism made members of Christ, and in which that Holy Spirit of whom we were then born still dwells, and, we cannot doubt, will continue to dwell, so long as that Church shall not, by some act of her own—which, thanks be to God, hath not yet happened—or by a torpid indifference, more fatal and more hopeless than any act, accept the unhallowed judgment of men, be they who they may, in contradiction to God's truth—and so cut herself off from that Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church of which she is still a pure and sound, however wounded, member.

"In conclusion, accept my hearty congratulation on the Christian firmness of your own bishop.

"I am, my dear Dr. Spry, with the warmest thankfulness to yourself, and to the Churchmen who have acted with you on this occasion, your and their faithful and affectionate brother in Christ,

H. EXETER.

"The Rev. Dr. Spry."

It is stated that in the event of the Bishop of Exeter declining to institute Mr. Gorham, the Archbishop will perform the duty by holding a special visitation in the diocese, in his capacity as metropolitan.

CONVERSIONS.

On the 11th March, Miss Gabrielle Jervis, the daughter of Swynfen Jervis, Esq., of Darlaston Hall, near Stone, Staffordshire, publicly abjured the Protestant religion, and made a profession of her faith in the doctrines of the Catholic Church, at the chapel attached to Swynnerton Hall, the seat of Thomas FitzHerbert, Esq.

We have to record the conversion of Nathaniel Goldsmid, Esq., who was received into the Catholic Church at Paris, a few days ago.

On Sunday, the 10th instant, Mrs. Wootton, widow of the late John Wootton, M.D., of Oxford, made a public profession of Catholic faith, in the church there. She had been for some years a penitent of Dr. Pusey.

PERVERSIONS FROM THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.—The Rev. Francis Balston, M.A., student of Christ Church, Oxford, and perpetual curate of Bensington, Oxford; together with his curate, the Rev. William Scratton, M.A., also student of Christ Church College, have seceded from the ministry of the Anglican Church and retired from Bensington.—*Church and State Gazette.*

FOREIGN.

THE PAPAL STATES.—The “Univers” has the following:—“Some journals mention disastrous news which is said to have arrived from Portici, and letters in which an indisposition or even a malady is spoken of, which may place the life of the Sovereign Pontiff in danger. We have received letters from Portici of the 9th inst., and we do not think that any one can have any account of a more recent date, or from a surer source. There is no mention in these letters of any indisposition or disease of the Sovereign Pontiff; they, on the contrary, lead us to suppose that the health of the Pope continues to be very good, since they speak of the departure of Pius IX. as being irrevocably decided on. We read in them the following:—‘Cardinal Antonelli has made known to M. de Rayneval that the Holy Father had resolved to leave for Rome in the beginning of April, and that that resolution was about to be communicated officially to the diplomatic corps. France has, therefore, satisfaction on this point. France, besides, requested that the Holy Father should go to Rome by sea, in order to be escorted thither by the French fleet, but different reasons cause a preference for the land route. A middle course will perhaps be adopted, by his going in the first place to Terracina under the escort of the French ships. Up to the present time the Holy Father has come to no decision on the subject, and it is the only point which remains to be settled.’”

Our correspondent at Rome, in his letter of the 14th, seems to consider the Pope's return as at last decided on, and he gives several reasons which induce him to place credit in the report.

The Supreme Pontiff proposed leaving Portici on the 7th or 10th of April.

FRANCE: THE IRISH COLLEGE IN PARIS.—The following is from the “Union Quotidienne:”—“There exists in Paris an admirable, but hardly-noticed institution, whose venerable existence we may reveal to those who fancy that the ancient past has left no trace amongst us. We allude to the *Irish College*, an establishment analogous to the colleges formerly founded and endowed by the Church, or by rich benefactors in her name. In '89, there were still remaining splendid relics of these educational foundations; the Collège Mazarin, the Collège de Lisieux, d'Harcourt—in fact, twenty-six houses in full work, rivalling the ten great colleges of the State. The Revolution destroyed all at one blow, in the name of liberty and illumination. The Irish College escaped this Vandalism with some difficulty and peril; it was a foreign foundation, and the spoilers contented themselves with acts of persecution. This institution has not ceased to fulfil the object of its founders; it educates 200 Irish ecclesiastics, and it is there, in great part, that that admirable soldiery is recruited, which, for two centuries past, has maintained the faith and patience of that Catholic people a singular model of heroism in the history of the Church. Since 1814, the house has had several highly-distinguished Superiors; the Abbé Walsh, Mr. Ferris, the Abbé Long, Dean Ryan, the Abbé Carney, and the Abbé M'Sweeney (just retired, and succeeded by the Very Rev. Dr. Miley), the last-mentioned ecclesiastic having discharged the functions of Superior for twenty-two years, to the great satisfaction of the Bishops of Ireland, and also of the French Government, which exercises over the house a certain right of patronage,

regulated in 1801 by a Consular decree. He is regarded as one of the ornaments of the Irish Church. In honouring the services rendered by the Irish College, we have naturally occasion to remind France what would education be, if it were brought back to the ancient condition of the universities and the colleges, which quietly brought up youth, and formed them to science and virtue. The Irish College is an example we joyfully quote to those persons who pursue the liberty of education, not as a theory, but as a reality. Good is done in retired places, yet gratitude is never wanting to masters like these; for them, it is all their glory."

PARLIAMENTARY RECORD.

THE FLORINS.

Mr. SHIEL was understood to state that the issue of the florins had not been countermanded at all. The reason why no issue of any further portion of the coinage took place was, that a complaint had been made of the omission of certain words on the coin, which he at once frankly declared ought to have been put on. He had been directed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer to inscribe on the reverse of the new coin the words—"One florin—1-10th of a pound." As these words, in addition to the usual inscription, would make the coin greatly crowded, it occurred to him that it would be enough to stamp the border with merely the words "Victoria Regina," as in the copper coinage of India. He had, therefore, taken upon him to disencumber the face of the coin, and to direct that omission of the words "*Fidei Defensor—Dei gratia*" which had been detected by the microscopic glance of the honourable member opposite. As a proof that he was not influenced by those fanatical feelings which had been ascribed to him by those who did not know him—(hear, hear)—he might make mention of the fact, that when he first came into office he caused to be issued a coinage of 5s.-pieces, on which the words "*Fidei Defensor*" were engraved, however incongruous he might have thought it that Queen Victoria should retain a title conferred on Henry VIII. by a Bull of the Pope. (Cheers and laughter.) He might as well frankly state what were his sentiments with respect to the words "*Fidei Defensor*," "*Dei gratia*." With respect to the first, he could only say he regarded our Sovereign as the head of the Protestant religion, and he hoped the title to the appellation would never be destroyed. (Cheers.) As to the words "*Dei Gratia*," he thought the Sovereign who reigned over them was adorned with so many virtues as to be indeed the gift of God, and he trusted she might long be spared to them by His favour. (Loud cheers.)

11TH MARCH.—OATH OF SUPREMACY.

LORD BROUGHAM then presented a petition from two noble members of their Lordships' house, the Earl of Clancarty and the Earl of Bradford. They stated that they were entitled to, and had long enjoyed and exercised, the right of sitting and voting in their Lordships' house; but that they were excluded from taking their seats in the present Parliament by conscientious scruples, which prevented them from taking the oath of supremacy required to be taken by all parties who were not Roman Catholics previously to their taking their seats. They said that the language of the oath was inconsistent with the fact, and that they could not swear "that no foreign prince, person, prelate, state, or potentate, hath, or ought to have, any jurisdiction, power, superiority, pre-eminence, or authority, ecclesiastical or spiritual, within this realm." They did not object to the words "ought to have," but they did to the word "hath;" for they stated that by an act

passed in a late session of Parliament, and generally entitled the Charitable Trusts (Ireland) Act, the existence and constitution of the Church of Rome was legally recognised within these islands. They therefore called upon their Lordships for relief.

The EARL OF MOUNTCASHEL was convinced that if the terms of this oath were not altered in the present session many other peers would feel themselves excluded from their seats by the impossibility of subscribing to them. He therefore hoped that Her Majesty's Ministers would give their Lordships a pledge that the terms of this oath should be altered before the close of the present session.

The petition was laid on the table.

18TH MARCH.—PROTEST OF THE REV. MR. DENISON.

MR. HUME asked what notice Her Majesty's Government intended to take of the protest of Mr. Denison, published in all the papers, impugning the judgment of Her Majesty's Council in the case of "*Gorham v. the Bishop of Exeter*," and denying the supremacy of the Crown as the head of the Established Church? The hon. member then read the protest of the Rev. Mr. Denison, which appeared in the *Times* of the 15th inst.

LORD J. RUSSELL.—I think it is just to Mr. Denison that I should read to the house a statement which he has sent to me this morning, and which professes to be a statement of his opinion as regards the supremacy of the Crown in connexion with this case. The statement is as follows:—

"I have not denied, and do not deny, that the Queen's Majesty is supreme governor of this church and realm, and is, in virtue thereof, supreme over all causes ecclesiastical and civil, judging in causes spiritual by the judges of the spirituality, and in causes temporal by temporal judges, as enacted by the statute 24th of Henry VIII., c. 12; and I have not impeached, and do not impeach, any part of the regal supremacy as set forth in the second canon and in the 37th article of our Church; but I humbly conceive that the constitution does not attribute to the Crown, without a synod lawfully assembled, the right of deciding a question of doctrine; and this, although disclaimed by the Lords of the Judicial Committee of Her Majesty's Privy Council, is what, as appears to me, has been done, indirectly indeed, but unequivocally, in the late case of '*Gorham v. the Bishop of Exeter*.'

"GEORGE ANTHONY DENISON.

"March 18, 1850."

Now, I entertain no fear in saying that I think Mr. Denison is entirely mistaken in his opinion on this subject, and that the judgment given by the Lords of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council is entirely within their jurisdiction, and was such as they were fully authorized by law to give. I believe, likewise, that that decision has given very general satisfaction. (Hear, Hear.) But, as the hon. gentleman has asked me further, what notice the Government intend to take of the protest of Mr. Denison, I answer that, although it may appear hereafter necessary, from measures that may be taken by others against Mr. Denison, that steps should also be taken by the Government,—guarding myself to this extent,—yet I at present say that I should be most reluctant to take any steps against a man who conceived that he was only giving a conscientious expression of what he considered to be a true view with regard to the powers of the church. I think any steps taken on the part of the Government under such circumstances would tend still further to disturb the harmony of the church. It may be said that in this instance the authority of the Privy Council was denied, and that it was asserted the Council had no power to alter the law as laid down by the ecclesiastical judge; but, however that may be, as at present advised, the Government do not intend to take any steps with regard to the protest of Mr. Denison. (Hear, hear.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

MICHAEL ANGELO'S "LAST JUDGMENT."—Messrs. Pownall and Protheroe, of Austinfriars, have received from Leghorn a work of art which is likely to create much sensation. This work is a drawing in oil (*chiaro oscuro*) of the world-famous "Last Judgment," painted in fresco by Michael Angelo, in the Sistine Chapel, at Rome. The painting in the chapel is 55 feet by 43, the drawing is 5½ by 4½, that is to say, a tenth part of the size. Through the medium of engravings this most terrible and elaborate composition, which embraces every variety of form and attitude, every manifestation of feeling, from the most joyous rapture to the most intense agony, moral and physical, is perfectly familiar to all who take any interest in art. But the drawing now in London has peculiarities which claim a degree of attention beyond that which could be accorded to a mere ordinary copy. It is, in fact, not a copy, for although the general character of the grouping and the greater number of the figures are to be found both in the drawing and the fresco, there are certain important differences of detail, which show that the former could not have been taken from the latter. In the first place, the figures in the drawing are nude, whereas those in the chapel are covered with drapery. They were not originally so painted, but the drapery was added by order of Pope Paul IV. A sun and moon are to be found in the drawing which are not in the print in Duppa's "Life of Michael Angelo," nor in that by Martin Rota. The diabolical figure to the right of the foreground, which is generally known by the name of "Minos," but is by some called "Midas," has a full face in the drawing, but a side face in the prints which follow the fresco in the chapel. The figure of St. Bartholomew in the prints holds out the skin both of his arms and legs, but in the drawing only that of the former is seen. Another important difference is the insertion of a falling Pope in the fresco, which does not appear in the drawing. Of all these differences, that between the nude and draped condition of the figures is probably of the least consequence, inasmuch as Rota's print represents the condition of the work in the chapel before the draperies were added. This might have furnished a subject for a copyist, but the introduction and omission of figures and essential variations of attitude show that the origin of the drawing must be sought elsewhere. In a word the question is, whether the drawing now in the possession of Messrs. Pownall and Protheroe is the original design made by Michael Angelo himself for his fresco, and whether the variations in the larger work are to be looked upon as after-thoughts. The decision of this all-important point we leave to the judgment of *Connoisseurs*.—*Times*.

EXHIBITION OF WORKS OF ANCIENT AND MEDIÆVAL ART.—The Royal Society of Arts have formed in their rooms in the Adelphi a collection of works of ancient and mediæval art, which must attract for some time to come a very large share of public curiosity and interest. Of the metal works ornamented in niello, we may direct the notice of the visitor to a portable altar, formed of a slab of jasper on a basis of wood, and mounted in silver. This is an Italian production of the 13th century, and belongs to the Rev. Dr. Rock.

The Most Rev. Dr. McGettigan, Bishop of Raphoe, has given up his dwelling, which cost him £2,000, to the Sisters of the Lady of Mercy.—*Freeman*.

CONFIRMATION OF TWO THOUSAND CHILDREN AND ADULTS IN THE CHURCH OF ST. NICHOLAS, FRANCIS-STREET, DUBLIN.—This noble church was, on Tuesday last, the scene of a deeply interesting spectacle—the administration of the Sacrament of Confirmation to 2,000 persons, by his Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Murray, assisted by several priests. The ceremonies opened with a solemn high mass, at 11 o'clock, at which the candidates for confirmation assisted.—*Freeman's Journal*.

The handsome new Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, at Newcastle, will be occupied by the Sisterhood the week after Easter.—*Limerick Chronicle*.

KILRUSH.—THREE HUNDRED CASES OF STARVATION.—A correspondent of the *Limerick Examiner* gives a fearful account of the misery prevailing among the poor of this district since the abrupt cessation of out-door relief. He describes also the state of the workhouse paupers, subsisting on half rations, and suffering incredible privations. He adds—"I have treated thus far of the ordinary paupers, who, you have already heard, were for weeks without milk or fire, but I have now to refer to the most heartrending part of my subject. I had heard that a number of people were dying of inanition in the infirmary, or to speak more plainly, of starvation. I at once visited the building, and found there amongst the sufferers the Rev. Mr. Moran, preparing the dying poor for, I trust, a happier and a better world. The number of patients amounted to 300 young, old, and middle aged; you will ask what was their ailment; I will tell you, simply starvation. Never, while I live, will the impression of that day leave my mind. 'Merciful God!' said I to the Rev. Mr. Moran, 'is it possible a human body can exist when thus skeletonised?' He replied, that he, too, at one time thought it impossible, but that the sights he had lately witnessed since the relief was cut off changed his opinion. To describe minutely these 300 starvings is a task I am unable to undertake. One characteristic, however, seemed to attach to them all—idiotcy. It was depicted in their fleshless features. They all lay motionless; some bread was placed near them, but few could partake of it, so enfeebled and exhausted were they. As the priest approached, they seemed to feel that his divine ministry was the last plank left them. I have seen death in every shape—I have witnessed several executions from time to time—but I protest most solemnly I would rather witness a thousand such executions than again pass through the infirmary of the Kilrush workhouse. The skin of some was livid, that of others seemed as if they had been struck with lightning. The clergyman and doctor agreed in stating, that of the 300 starved creatures 150 should necessarily die; that no human skill could restore them; and that the sooner their agony was over the better for them. The best illustration I can give is the fact that I actually fancied a parcel of women over twenty years of age to be little girls. 'How long,' said I, 'are those children here?' 'Children, Sir,' said the Rev. Mr. Moran, 'they are women, or at least they have been so; what they are now I cannot tell you.' It is indeed painful to draw such a picture, yet it would be cruel to conceal so terrible an illustration as those people presented of the ruin that has been caused by heartless indifference to the wants of the suffering poor. In one of the wards I noticed a large number of young children sitting on forms, and what particularly attracted my notice was the number that fitted on each form. No wonder—they had no flesh on their bones. Children, even in poverty, are generally, when together, prone to conversation; but I was informed that they would sit as they then sat for hours, without exchanging a word. I should have told you that these people had been refused outdoor relief, and had, from day to day, been put off on the most frivolous pretences, until all physical power was exhausted. One old man, who had subsisted for four days on a halfpenny worth of bread, was actually brought to the workhouse in a state of nudity, covered up in hay. I shall never, never forget the peculiar expression of his countenance—I never before witnessed such a sight. As for the little children, they seemed to me to be all idiotic, stunted in their growth, and bearing as close a resemblance as possible to unfledged birds. There they sat, listless and insensible, and seemed to be quite indifferent to every thing passing around them; the faces of some quite yellow, those of others dark, as if even before death decomposition were set in."

ARCHES COURT, SATURDAY, MARCH 23.—(Before Sir H. J. Fust.)—*Connelly v. Connelly*.—Sir H. J. Fust delivered judgment. This was a suit, said the learned Judge, for the restitution of conjugal rights. It was promoted by the Rev. Pierce Connelly, of Albury, in the county of Surrey, against his wife, Mrs. Cornelia Augusta Connelly, of Hastings. It pleaded, in substance, that the parties were married on the 1st of December, 1831, in the city of Philadelphia, Mr. Connelly being at that time a clergyman of the Episcopal Church of America. Five children were born, three of whom are now living, and the parties continued to cohabit together until October, 1847, when Mrs. Connelly left her husband, and had ever since lived separate and apart from him. It was alleged that, in 1836, Mr. and Mrs. Connelly visited Rome, and, abjuring the Protestant faith, were received into the Roman Catholic Church. Mr. Connelly subsequently took holy orders in that Church, and Mrs. Connelly became the superioress of a community of religious women founded by her at Derby, and afterwards removed to Hastings, both parties having previously taken a solemn vow of perpetual chastity. In December, 1847, Mrs. Connelly took the vows of poverty and obedience, her husband having given his assent, but afterwards protested against it, on the ground that he was responsible for any debts she might contract. In January, 1848, Mr. Connelly went to Hastings, where he demanded an interview with his wife, who declined to see him, whereupon the present proceedings were instituted. The law as applicable to the circumstances was pleaded by Mrs. Connelly, in the following terms:—"The following are rules of the Roman Catholic Church applicable to the question at issue between the parties in this cause, derived from and regulated by its written laws and canons in that behalf, and of which the principal are to be found in the *Decretals*, liber 3, title 32, *De conversione Conjugatorum*, to wit, first that a husband and wife, *post matrimonium consummatum* may lawfully separate by mutual consent, in order that they may enter into religion severally, to wit, by the husband taking holy orders and the wife making a vow of perpetual chastity and entering a religious house, or there being professed and taking the veil. Secondly, that a separation founded on such mutual consent and for such purpose, though not annulling such *matrimonium consummatum*, debars the parties *in perpetuum ab omni usu ejusdem*, and from that time forth *alter alterum repetere non potest*. Thirdly, that a separation of husband and wife by mutual consent for such views and objects as aforesaid must be approved and allowed by the Pope, and his rescript of such approval and allowance, upon the ordination of the husband and the vow or religious profession of the wife has all the force of a judicial sentence." Admitting such to be the law by which the Roman Catholic subjects of Rome were governed, what was the effect of it as applicable to American subjects being Protestants at the time of marriage, and afterwards abjuring that faith, and being admitted members of the Roman Catholic Church, the husband taking orders in that Church? In order to make that law binding in this country it must be shown that it had been received here. In questions of marriage contract the *lex loci contractus* was that which was to determine the *status* of the parties, but it was not known, that those laws which were applicable to a particular state, and were not part of the *jus gentium*, were necessarily taken notice of by other countries. It was not sufficient, therefore, to say that the law of Rome had decided so and so; it must be shown that the law of Rome for that purpose was the law of this country. The court must not look to the law of Rome, nor to the law of the United States of America, but to the law of England for the rights, obligations, and duties which proceeded from the relation of husband and wife. Even when the Roman Catholic religion prevailed in England it was quite clear that foreign professions were not regarded in this country. What was the law of this country with respect to the rights, duties, and obligations arising from the contraction of marriage? One obligation undoubtedly was the

cohabitation of the parties. The law would not permit them voluntarily to separate themselves from each other. Separation could only be effected by a judicial sentence. What was the distinction attempted to be made in the present case? It was said the parties were bound by a vow of perpetual chastity; but they were not on that account entitled to separate themselves from each other. Indeed, it appeared that they had resided together in the same house for a considerable period after that vow had been taken. He (the learned judge) was not at liberty to attend to those municipal and peculiar regulations, which were only binding upon the subjects of Rome resident in the territories of that country, or in those countries where its laws were respected and treated as part of the laws of the state. That which was pleaded to be tantamount to a sentence in this case did not entitle the parties to live separate and apart from each other in the way in which sentences of separation were considered in that court. He was therefore of opinion, that no sentence of separation had been pronounced by a competent tribunal. Here was a person admitted to holy orders in the church of Rome who was at Rome for a temporary purpose, having no fixed domicile there, and who could not carry the laws of Rome with him when he left it. Would it be an answer to a person suing Mr. Connelly for debts contracted by his wife for necessities supplied to her to plead that she was professed in religion—that she was the head of a religious community in this country, and was therefore empowered by the law of Rome to live separate from her husband? From the peculiar circumstances of this case it was not likely to occur, but in a suit for divorce by reason of adultery would the husband be bound by this foreign separation? Much had been said in the argument as to the motive by which Mr. Connelly was actuated, but the court could not attend to it. Mr. Connelly might have been induced to institute these proceedings for the purpose of protecting himself against any demands made upon him on account of his wife. It had been said that, although the court might not consider the facts pleaded in the allegation a bar to the suit, yet, considering the situation in which the lady was placed, and the vows which she had taken, the court might hold its hand, and not compel her to break them, by enforcing the sentence prayed. That circumstance might influence the feelings of the court, but could not affect its judicial sentence. The allegation was not entitled to be admitted, and therefore it must be rejected.

The proctor for Mrs. Connelly gave notice of appeal.

BIRTHS.

On the 5th of March, at Mount Grove, Hampstead, the wife of T. JACKSON, Esq., of a son.

On the 20th of March, at 11, Coates-crescent, Edinburgh, Mrs. MONTEITH, of Carstairs, of a daughter.

DEATHS.

Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of FRANCIS HILL, who died at Jamaica the 31st of January last, aged 76 years.

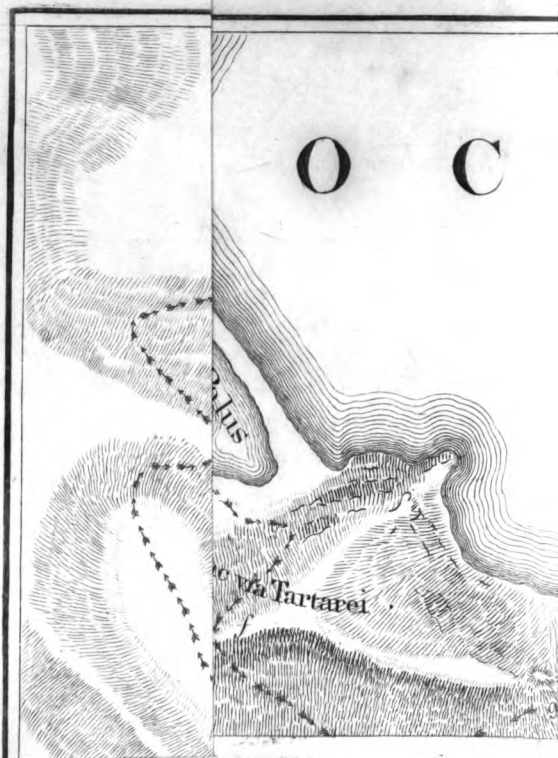
On the 23rd of February, at Southport, LOUIS ALMOND BEAUVOISIN, aged 65 years.

The Abbé Pons Gregoire, Senior Canon of the Cathedral of Valence, in the department of the Drôme, died there, on the 13th inst., in the 102nd year of his age.

On the 5th of March, at the Catholic chapel, Brighton, the REV. EDWARD CULLIN, aged 73, much respected and lamented.

On the 6th of March, at his residence, 29, Camden-road Villas, ARTHUR SHORT, Esq., aged 92 years.

On the 21st of March, at 7, Warren-street, Liverpool, Mrs. ANN NOONAN, aged 42 years.



NOONAN, aged 42 years.

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VIRGIL'S INFERNAL REGIONS.*

many years had I ardently wished to ascertain whether, in describing the Tartarean Regions in the neighbourhood of CUMA, he had faithfully availed himself of the peculiar localities of the country, or like Homer—and situating them in the same—but regardless of geographical accuracy,—had merely imagined the existence of hills, valleys, plains, rivers, lakes, caverns, and flames, wherever best suited the plan of the poem.

At I reflected with Heyne that, if, in pretending to describe the country in which the Romans most delighted, Virgil had regarded topographical exactness, he would have exposed himself to the censure and derision of all who were acquainted with the ground.

In length, recollecting the lines of Dante's *Inferno*—

O de gli alti Poeti honore e lume,
Vagliami 'l lungo studio e'l grand' amore
Che m'ha fatto cercar lo tuo volume;
Tu se' lo mio maestro e'l mio autore!—

rageously recurred to Virgil himself; and as the Cumæan Sibyl conducted the Trojan hero to Orcus, and then safely brought him back to the port, so did he securely direct my entrance and my exit from his Tartarean Regions; and by faithfully adhering to his most minute descriptions, I have been able to find his every station, and have found them, at the present day, exactly the same as they appear in his poem.

* Compiled from the Italian of Dr. de Jorio.

But, had I not cast aside all his learned commentators, I should most certainly have remained lost, like one of his wandering shades—vainly beseeching rugged Charon to convey me to the opposite shore!

My object being, then, merely geographical, it is immediately apparent that this is a question on a matter of fact—whether Virgil's poetical descriptions apply to the actual appearances of the country of which he treats.

My first and last request to prove that they do is contained in two words—GO AND SEE. Do you wish to enjoy the poet? go and read him, step by step, along those roads which he will point out to you by poetic names, and which I will trace by their modern designations; and then tell me how very, very different is Virgil read upon the spot which he describes, to Virgil read in your solitary study!

The following are the modern names of the places to which the figures on the map refer.

- (^a) Shore of Cuma.
- (^b) Rock of Cuma.
- (^c) Averno, or Caneto—AVERNUS.
- (^d) Bath or Grotto of the Sibyl.
- (^e) Lucrino, or S. Filippo.—STYGIA PALUS.
- (^f) Scalatrone.
- (^g) Fusaro—ACHERUSIA PALUS.
- (^h) Acqua Morta—COYTUS.
- (ⁱ) Foce del Fusaro.
- (^k) Pertuso della Gaveta.
- (^l) Crocevia di Capella.
- (^m) Mercato di Sabato.
- (ⁿ) Mare Morto—LETHE.
- (^o) Puzzillo.
- (^p) St. Anna.
- (^q) Bacoli.
- (^r) Mount Procida
- (^s) Bay of Pozzuoli.

FIRST PART.

In the beginning of the Sixth Book of Virgil, Æneas with his followers, the remains of the Trojans, reaches the Eubœan shore of Cuma. *(^a) The ardent troops leap, rejoicing on the coast of Italy: some strike sparks from flints; some bring wood

* V. 2. Et tandem Euboicis Cumarum adlabitur oris.

(^a) See the Topographical Map.

from the forests, and tell of the newly-discovered streams.* But pious Æneas seeks the temple over which presides mighty Apollo, and still further, the immense cavern, the abode of the dreaded Sibyl.†(a) They enter the wood(b) and the golden temple of Diana.‡

Here the poet tarries to describe this temple, and detains Æneas to admire the sculptures on its gates. These arrest the attention of the Trojan hero until he is interrupted by Deiphobe, the priestess of Apollo and Diana, who bids him offer sacrifice to the divinity.

On one side of the Eubœan rock is a cavern to which lead a hundred vast passages and a hundred gates; and, from these, rush as many voices—the responses of the Sibyl.§ Arrived on the threshold, the virgin exclaims, This the time to interrogate the fates! the god, behold the god!||

Devoutly the Trojan king offers up his prayers. The spirit of prophecy descends upon the Sibyl; suddenly the hundred wide gates of the cavern fly open,¶ and the responses of the prophetess are heard foretelling the dangers of the Latian war.

Æneas, clinging to the altars, replies—No misfortunes can be new to me or unexpected! I only pray that I may be permitted to descend among the eternal shades and see once more my dear father. Do thou show me the road, and open the sacred gates.**

Aye, replies the holy prophetess; the descent to hell is easy, but hard and difficult is it to return from thence. Every

- * V. 5. ————— *Juvenum manus emicat ardens
Littus in Hesperium: quærit pars semina flammæ
Abstrusa in venis silicis; pars densa ferarum
Tecta, rapit silvas, inventaque flumina monstrat.*
- † V. 9. *At pius Æneas arces quibus altus Apollo
Præsidet, horrendæque procul secreta Sibyllæ
Antrum immane, petit—*

(a) See the Map.

(b) Even now, one cannot go from the shore to the Rock of Cuma, without passing through a little wood.

‡ V. 13. *Jam subeunt Triviæ lucos, atque aurea tecta.*

§ V. 42. *Excisum Euboicæ latus ingens rapis in antrum,
Quo lati ducunt aditus centum, ostia centum,
Unde ruunt totidem voces, responsa Sibyllæ.*

|| V. 45. *Ventum erat ad limen, cum virgo: poscere fata,
Tempus, ait: Deus, ecce, Deus.*

¶ V. 81. *Ostia jamque domûs patuere ingentia centum.*

** V. 106. *Unum oro: quando hic inferni janua regis
Dicitur, et tenebrosa palus Acheronte refuso;
Ire ad conspectum cari genitoris, et ora
Cœtingat: doceas iter et sacra ostia pandas.*

approach to it is encumbered by forests, and Cocytus^(a) rolling its black waters, surrounds it.*^(b) But if thy mad desire to pass twice the Stygian lake, and twice to behold black Tartarus is so great,† thou must carry in thy hand the golden branch sacred to infernal Juno, and buried in a thick bush. All the wood conceals it, and the shadows of the dark valley cover it.‡ But while thou art inquiring into the future, a friend of thine lies dead, and sorrow overshadows all thy fleet.

Æneas returns to the beach; hears of the death of his trumpeter Misenus; and, while his followers are engaged in felling wood for the funeral pyre, the two doves, sent by his mother, guide him to the mouth of Avernus, and, at length, stay their flight upon the tree that bears the wished-for golden branch.§^(c) Æneas plucks it, and hastens with it to the abode of the Sibyl.||

The funeral obsequies of Misenus being then completed, and his arms and accoutrements buried under the mountain that still bears his name,¶ Æneas returns to execute the

(a) Cocytus is here used as the general appellation of the waters of Tartarus.

* V. 151. ——— Tenent media omnia sylvæ,
Cocytusque sinu labens circumfluit atro.

(b) Refer to the map if you are unacquainted with the country. Five lakes of water and the sixth, supposed to be of fire, surround the poet's well-imagined hell. Trace these lakes—*Fusaro*, *Aquamorta*, *Maremorto*, *Lucrino*, *Averno*, and—between the second and the third, amid these still-unextinguished volcanoes—*Phlegethon*, and you will own that, not only a poet, but a geographer might say, Cocytus, rolling its black waters, surrounds it.

† V. 133. Quod si tantus amor menti, si tanta cupido est
Bis Stygios innare lacus, bis nigra videre
Tartara—

‡ V. 138. ——— hunc tegit omnis
Lucus, et obscuris claudunt convallibus umbræ.

§ V. 201. Inde ubi venere ad fauces graveolentis Averni,
Sedibus optatis gemina super arbore sidunt.

(c) See the Map No. 201. Let not the reader suppose that I have traced the windings from 2 to 201 without a definite object. Those words, *ad fauces*, prove the poet's intimate acquaintance with this country. On every side was the lake of Avernus inaccessible except from that one point. Even now—excepting where the sudden irruption of Monte Nuovo interferes with them—the hills that surround it are perpendicular; and although poetic license would have permitted Virgil to transport his hero over inaccessible crags, yet he preferred making him walk like any other mortal, and conducting him by the only practicable path—this rent in the rocky boundary of the lake.

|| V. 210. Corripit extemplo Æneas avidusque refringit
Cunctantem, et vatis portat sub tecta Sibyllæ.

¶ V. 234. Monte sub ærio, qui nunc Misenus ab illo
Dicitur, seternumque tenet per secula nomen.

command of the prophetess ; and, after verifying the exactness of the preceding local descriptions, here we shall again find him and his Sibylline guide.

Now in tracing the locality of these scenes, we are fortunately assisted by two indisputable facts, by two positive landmarks—the shore of Cuma, where Æneas lands, and the Elysian fields, where his wanderings in hell terminate. It is interesting to observe how, even in the present times, these localities maintain their ancient mythological names. Ask any peasant in the village of Bacoli, called S. Anna, the name of the place, and it is a toss up whether he will answer S. Anna or the Elysian Fields !

There is, moreover, the lake of Avernus, in the centre ; and on its identity not the slightest doubt exists. These three well-ascertained points and Virgil I took for my guides, and by their help I have been able to ascertain what was doubtful, and to discover what was unknown.

SHORE OF CUMA.—All the learned agree that this is the shore to which the poet brings his hero. If some say that he landed on the coast of Baja, the two opinions are not incompatible ; for, according to Dion Cassius, the gulph of Baja was once called the Cumæan gulf. The discovery, made this year, of a Grecian sepulchre in Baja, confirms the assertion of Strabo. Such sepulchres prove that the Cumæan Greeks once inhabited it, and that the dependencies of Cuma extended as far as Baja.

TEMPLE OF APOLLO.—It were useless to say much on this subject. Local ignorance alone can mislead the antiquarian. Go and see if, on the coast of Cuma, there is any other rock than that which I and so many others have pointed out, and which, even to the present day, preserves the name of the Rock of Cuma ! On this rock, still exist the remains of the foundation of the temple ; and beneath it, is the cavern of the Sibyl !

GROTTO OF THE SIBYL.—Of this famous cavern of the Cumæan prophetess, Virgil gives the following three characteristics :—that it was excavated in one side of the Eubœan rock ; that it had a hundred wide approaches and a hundred gates ; that these led to an internal cell from which, in her holy transports, the prophetess delivered her oracles through a hundred passages.

Here also it would be sufficient to say *go, and see* ; but much having been written on this cavern, and as, owing to its partially-ruined state, some might find a difficulty in recognising it—I will speak on it at some length.

In order to understand the great exactness with which the poet describes this cavern, we must consider it in reference to its ancient use and to its present state.

In three ways did the ancients employ this subterranean cave. As a quarry for blocks of stone : as an additional defence to the rock : for religious purposes.

Its Ancient Use.—It is natural that, when, in times unknown to us, a Greek colony had landed on this shore and selected the most beautiful spot on the coast and the only one capable of being defended from possible-aggressions—it should have built houses, temples, and fortifications. It is also natural that, when stone was wanted, it should have preferred that which was close at hand to that which could only be had from a distance. It is folly to assert that all the grottos about Cuma existed before the country was inhabited. Go and see if you can find one that is not evidently the work of human hands. Here, then, is the first cause of the many excavations existing in the rock.

The vicinity of the quarry was also advantageous, inasmuch as that, if the colony was attacked before their works were completed, its inhabitants found materials on the very spot, and were enabled to continue them without danger from external enemies.

During sieges—and to provide against such their attention must have been first directed—facility of procuring water must have been a principal object of consideration.

By continuing their excavations beneath the mountain, they would reach the level of the sea and obtain it in plenty. But as the ancients endeavoured to extract the greatest possible advantages from their undertakings, they were not contented with drawing both water and stone from the mountain on which they had settled ; by its means, also, they gave additional strength to the fortress on the rock.

Nature having formed this rock perpendicular on three sides, it presented to the enemy a rampart from which the Greeks could easily defend themselves. But by means of these internal excavations, they rendered its defence much more easy ; and by cutting away the stone on the fourth side, they have made, as it were, another rampart.

These internal excavations required occasional apertures through which they might receive day-light from above, and through which the stone might be drawn out.

These apertures were made sometimes horizontal and sometimes perpendicular, according to the plan which is followed even at this time, in the quarries round Naples. By making a great number of them horizontal, the Greeks were enabled to draw great advantages from them in war. From the mouth of each, not only could the enemy's movements be observed, but missiles could be showered down upon them : and as nature and art had rendered the fortress inaccessible from every side but

one, so, from the grotto and from these more horizontal apertures, the besieged might make sallies on the foe; while through the perpendicular apertures they drew up stone, water, and all that was requisite. Even at the present time many of these mouths remain open. On the right and left of the modern entrance to this grotto some are to be seen. This modern entrance and the openings in front of it were formerly like them. A great many others may be found concealed under the earth and the rubbish of buildings fallen from above, and the briars and creeping plants which overshadow them.

Then, following their laudable system of turning every thing to account, the Greeks built, in the centre of this complicated subterranean, a sort of temple where they pretended that the priestess of Apollo delivered her Sibylline responses. We shall presently see how and where this temple existed.

Its Present State.—Although the present entrance be the same as that which existed in Virgil's time, yet let it be remembered that the whole exterior of the rock has been purposely changed, and has been so worn by time that it has lost its ancient form. The portion along which visitors now walk, was, formerly, part of the third range, or story, of excavations; for another aperture is visible immediately beneath it, and, from this—the entrance alluded to by the poet—it is possible to descend into another story beneath and far within the rock.

As to the communications with the interior of the fortress, one is still seen on the left of the present entrance. But how many have been blocked up in digging and planting trees on this cultivated ground where once stood a city! Thirty years since, many were pointed out to me by the peasants of the neighbourhood; here, said they, we have found a *trabucco*—so they denominate regular, deep alleys.

And such, certainly existed in great numbers; for besides the perpendicular apertures which gave light to those who worked below, and afforded passage to the stone they extracted, there must have been other internal roads through which the garrison might descend to make sallies and pass, as we said before, from one quarry to another. These communications have been blocked up by time, and I believe also by the Neapolitans at the period when they entirely destroyed Cuma, because it had become the asylum of banditti.

Even the descent, which is, as I have said, visible from the present entrance, must have been one of the shortest of these subterranean communications, because it is not passable a little below the surface of the rock.

Among all these communications, there certainly was one that led from the internal Temple to the Grotto. The temple thus

forming part of the subterranean, the opinions of those who assert that the Sibyl conducted Æneas from the temple itself to the grotto, and of those who admit only one external entrance in the front of the rock of Cuma—are easily reconciled.

Similar changes have occurred to the internal passages. By penetrating far within the grotto through the ancient entrance, which is far beneath that one through which visitors now generally pass—some may be seen built up with regular walls.

As to the external horizontal apertures, I judge, from those which are still visible, that they must formerly have been very numerous. Before passing through the present entrance, you may see some to the right and the left; and others may be discovered from the first interior ramification to the right, or amongst the brushwood and shrubs that, hanging down from above, completely overshadow them on the outside.

Excepting these four alterations which time and the order of events have occasioned, the grotto is now as it was known to the ancients. But the most interesting question is that which involves the discovery of the exact point to which the hundred passages led, and from which the hundred voices of the Pythonissa proceeded.

If I only brought forward the description I have just given of the many external apertures existing on the eastern and western sides of this cavern, and from which the voice of one crying on the inside would naturally issue—I should have done enough to prove that Virgil's expression is historical as well as poetical: but if this does not suffice to some, let them know that, by penetrating into the bowels of the grotto, a central point, as it were, is found in which the different internal ramifications meet, and from which the voice of any one calling aloud produces the effect described.

This point is still visible to whoever has the courage to penetrate to it; and whoever should do so would also find there the remains of the secret receptacle of the Pythonissa.

From Virgil, we have the first account of this cave. S. Justin and Agathias have since described it more minutely.

In 1787, Carletti, also, speaks of it;—but in his usual style, so that I cannot say whether the cavern or his account of it be the most labyrinthine; he does, however, say that he reached a point where he found the remains of the temple and of the mosaics that had once adorned it, and that a hundred passages led to this place.

For my part, in 1811, I proceeded so far on the inside that I discovered not only the different passages, but also, at a little distance in front, what seemed stucco pilastres. Their white surface that reflected the glare of the torches amid the great

darkness through which we had scrambled for more than two hours, and some human bones that we unfortunately discovered beneath our feet, so alarmed my guide that, neither by prayers or threats, was it possible to make him advance or even follow me. At my importunities, his fear changed into anger; and he became so enraged that, in order to pacify him, I was obliged to take him by the hand, and, in a conciliatory manner, promise to lead him out again. Since then, I have not given way to curiosity which, to my cost, I may call foolishly learned.

From all this, then, we may conclude that the grotto which we have described, is the same which Virgil calls the Cave of the Sibyl, and which he so faithfully portrays in two lines.

It is entered from the side of the Eubœan rock. It has a hundred doors—that is to say, external apertures—and a hundred internal ramifications that lead to the dark cell of the Cumæan Pythoness.

This cave is so situated that the Sibyl may have been said to deliver her oracles from the very temple of Apollo: since, by an internal passage, it was easy to descend from the one to the other: nor was the distance great, as may be seen by the external height of the rock. Thus, then, the different commentaries of the learned are reconciled by the simple interpretation of the words of the poet—the facts still remaining unchanged. But if ever the reader should wish to penetrate into this cavern, let him first get well acquainted with some person of the neighbourhood, and not commence until he has taken every possible precaution, nor unless he be accompanied by more than one guide.

SECOND PART.

Let it be remarked that Virgil does not mention the second journey of Æneas from the shore to Avernus; I have, not, therefore, traced it in the map. And the obscurity which is thus allowed to hang over his immediate approach to the Tartarean regions, appears to me worthy of admiration. We now, therefore, return to that portion of the poem at which we broke off to verify the corography of the first division.

There was a deep cave, it proceeds to say, with an immense rocky mouth, defended by the shadows of a dark wood and by a black lake, and above which no bird could fly with impunity.*(*) Here, while the requisite sacrifices are being

* V. 237. *Spelunca alta fuit vastoque immanis hiatu
Scrupea, tuta lacu nigro nemorumque tenebris;
Quam super haud ullæ poterant impune volantes
Tendere iter pennis.*

(*) See the Map—No. 237.

offered up, morning dawns—the tops of the forests tremble—the earth groans—and the dogs of Hecate howl among the shades. Off, off, cries the Sibyl; and do thou Æneas draw thy sword—'tis now thy courage is needed! So saying, she rushes into the dark cavern and Æneas follows her.*

They advanced amid the surrounding shades and the empty halls and regions of Dis.† Having passed through the cavern, they see, in front of the porch and in the very jaws of Orcus,‡ the personifications of various diseases and evils, and, at the other end, the phantoms of War, Madness, and the Furies.§ Here, also, an immense elm spreads far around its ancient branches||,(*) among the leaves of which vain dreams dwell. And here various monsters, standing at the gates of their dens,¶ alarm Æneas, who seizes his sword and would have attacked them, had not his learned guide informed him of their incorporeal nature.**

Let us now seek the foundation, or origin, of these descriptions of localities.

As Virgil commenced his journey from the Lake of Avernus—and, that he did there commence it, every subsequent stage will clearly prove—so he afterwards passed many different points, each of which may be called an entrance, and each of which does in fact open upon a new portion of his road. Thus, when in the Grotto, the hero is

In faucibus Orci ;

on coming out on the opposite side, the Sibyl tells him

Hinc via Tartarei, &c.

Then, on the shores of the Acherusia Palus, they find the multitudes who

* V. 262. *Tantum effata furens antro se immisit aperto,
Ille ducem haud timidis videntem passibus aequat.*

† V. 268. *Ibant obscuri sola sub nocte per umbras
Perque domos Ditis vacuas, et inania regna.*

‡ V. 273. *Vestibulum ante ipsum primisque in faucibus Orci.*

§ V. 278. *Tum consanguineus Lethi Sopor, et mala mentis
Gaudia, mortiferumque adverso in limine Bellum,
Ferreique Eumenidum thalami, et Discordia demens.*

|| V. 282. *In medio ramos annosaque brachia pandit
Ulmis opaca, ingens—*

(*) See the map, at the end of the Grotto towards the Stygia Palus. It is curious that elm trees still thrive on this spot.

¶ V. 285. *Multaque præterea variarum monstra ferarum,
Centauri in foribus stabulant—*

** V. 290. *Corripit hic subita trepidus formidine ferrum
Æneas—*

Stabant orantes primi transmittere cursum,
Tendebantque manus ripæ ulterioris amore.

Having left Charon's boat, they find the more immediate guardian of hell:—

Cerberus hæc ingens latratu regna trifauci
Personat: adverso recubans immanis in antro.

At last they reach the entrance of Tartarus, and here the poet exclaims,

Tum demum horrissono stridentes cardine sacræ
Panduntur portæ.

But let us consider what local peculiarities now in existence can have been the prototype of the dark cavern through which we have just seen Æneas and his companion pass into Orcus, and where they were assailed by the incorporeal images of wild beasts and poetical monsters.

Whoever visits the Lake of Avernus, is conducted by his *Cicerone* to the so-called *Grotta*, or *Bagno della Sibilla*. This, like the grotto of Posilipo, is a tunnel—or arched road—cut through the mountain, and which, according to Strabo, was excavated to facilitate the communication between Baja and Avernus: and that such was its object, is sufficiently proved by its present appearance. It is now unfrequented, and the end towards Baja is generally barricadoed. But whoever has been carried along it on the shoulders of his *Cicerone* and heard him splash in the stagnant water as it reflected the ruddy light of his flaring torch—will agree, on recollecting the gloomy cells he visited on his right, that no place could be better calculated to answer the poet's purpose and serve as the beau ideal of a road to Hell. Here, then, is a subterraneous passage still existing in the very spot in which Virgil describes his terrific and apparently-supernatural entrance!

The monsters who are represented as defending the passage, might be justly ascribed to the imagination of the poet, and I am not bound to prove that they had a real existence. But who knows but that, in these caverns which open upon the Grotto, and which he fairly calls the dens of wild beasts—who knows but that in these caverns the luxury of the Romans had stationed a menagerie? The word *stabulant* appears to convey such a meaning: Centaurs, Chimeras, Gorgons, and Monsters who existed only in poetical imagination, could hardly have been said to be *stabled*. All this is, however, a mere supposition; I have only bound myself to trace the corography of Virgil's Sixth Book.

On coming out of this Grotta della Sibilla—this first entrance to the Infernal Regions—we find immediately before us the Lucrine Lake. For the following reasons, I believe this to have been the celebrated Stygian Lake

Dì cujus jurare timent et fallere numen.

Speaking of the rivers of Hell, the learned Heyne asks if Virgil gave the names to his Infernal rivers, or followed the idea of the poets who had preceded him; and, after considering all that the Greeks and Latins have said on the subject, he ingenuously confesses that, not being acquainted with the scene of action, he is not qualified to determine whether Virgil had recurred to fiction and imagination, or had merely described the waters of the country and mentioned them by the names by which they were already known. Elsewhere, however, he seems inclined to think that he rather followed the dictates of imagination than of geographical exactness.

Now, I assure the reader that, although the poet of Mantua, acquainted with all the fables which his predecessors had invented, has arranged and enriched them with additional embellishments—he has always adapted them most exactly to the places he describes; and while he so united every thing that he appears to have taken from the local appearances alone the plan both of Tartarus and of Elysium, yet he not only adopted the poetical ideas of Homer and Plato, but also the ground; for it is not doubted but that Homer brought his Ulysses to this spot to seek the shade of Tiresias.

With respect to the Stygian Lake, let it be remembered that the word *Styx* has a double meaning—general and individual. Thus, infernal waters, rivers, lakes, boats, and woods are all Stygian: at other times, the Stygian marsh denotes particularly one of the five rivers of hell.

Now our poet in his Sixth Book employs this word in its first sense only^(*) and never individually. We must, therefore examine, if this lake existed in Virgil's time; to which of the waters of the Phlegræan Fields it corresponds; and wherefore the poet has not named it individually.

The Tartarian Kingdom is said to contain five rivers, or lakes, and five lakes now exist in this region where I assert that Virgil placed Orcus—these are Averno, Lucrino, Fusaro, Acquamorta, and Maremorto. One of these must, therefore, be the ancient Styx; and from among these, it is easy to single out the one we are in search of. It is incontestible which of the five is Avernus. Fusaro and Acquamorta are,

(*) See verses 134, 154, 250, 369, 391, 439, 385.

according to Virgil, Acheron and Cocytus; and we shall hereafter see that Maremorto is the poet's Lethe. The fifth, therefore, the modern Lago Lucrino must necessarily be the Stygia Palus of the ancients. Strabo and Hesiod mention the Lucrine and Stygian lakes as one. It is well known that Styx was daughter of Oceanus; and we all know that, even in the time of the Romans, the waters of the Bay of Pozzuoli—which Homer calls the Ocean—flowed into the Lucrino in stormy weather, and thus created this lake! If it did not lead me away from my subject, I should like to be more diffuse on this idea.

It may be cause of surprise that the poet, who so exactly describes the other four rivers of Hell and calls them by their proper names, should never have mentioned the river Styx in its individual character. But let it be recollected that he wrote at a time when the luxury of the Romans was at its greatest height; and that the other four lakes being already wanted elsewhere, the Lucrino alone remained to represent the awful river Styx. But the Lucrine with its famous oysters was the delight of the Roman epicures; the Lucrine was the scene of the pleasures of the most noble among the Romans, who flocked to the enchanted shores of Baja: how, then, could Virgil have told his readers and his countrymen "You are all eating infernal oysters—You are all singing and enjoying yourselves on the waters of Hell!" Such rudeness would have been unworthy of him; and the Roman ladies would never have forgiven the poet.

THIRD PART.

Æneas and the Sibyl, having passed through the first entrance to Hell, are now on their road towards the Tartarean Acheron,*^(a) which overflowing, casts its sands and muddy waters into Cocytus.† Æneas approaches the shore of the Acherusian Lake and the unburied crowds who throng around it.^(b) The Sibyl points out to him Cocytus and the Stygian Lake,‡ and the ferryman, Charon.

Proceeding onwards, they reach the pallid river; and

* V. 295. Hinc via Tartarei quæ fert Acherontis ad undas.

^(a) See the Map.

† V. 296. Turbidus hic cœno vasta que voragine gurges
Æstuat, atque omnem Cocyto eructat arenam.

^(b) See the Map, No. 305.

‡ V. 323. Cocyti stagna alta vides, Stygiamque paludem.

325. Hæc omnis, quam cernis, inops inhumataque turba est;
Portitor ille, Charon; hi, quos vehit unda, sepulti.

having, at length, prevailed upon Charon to carry them over, they set foot upon the muddy weeds of the opposite shore. (*)

Here the fierce barkings of the mighty Cerberus, lying within his cave, resound.* Deceiving his vigilance, Æneas gains the cavern, and quickly rises from the shores of the irremeable waters.† That is to say, he ascends the little promontory between the lake and the sea, and passing over the Grotto, pursues his route.

Advancing onwards, Æneas passes through the Fields of Tears,‡(b) recognising his old friends and enemies and swearing to Dido that he did not think

Hunc tantum tibi me discessu ferre dolorem.

While, therefore, in the language of a modern *roué*, he closes an episode which nothing but the domineering insolence of a Roman would have prevented Virgil from seeing was disgraceful to the character of his "pious" hero, we will trace the road he has followed since he passed the first porch of the Infernal Regions.

On the way towards Acheron, the Sibyl had pointed out a place from which she said

Cocytî stagna alta vides, Stygiamque paludem.

This line made me abandon the present road from the Lucrine to Fusaro; as it does not lead to any place from which both the lakes are visible at once. Nor was I without another strong reason for supposing that Virgil's path led along the sides of the hills. The modern road—as may be seen in the two valleys in the map—is perfectly independent of the ancient, and, being chiefly formed by the mountain torrents, is particularly rough and irregular. Now we all know how durable were the Roman roads, and some portions of such an one I discovered in the direction I point out, although I was not able to trace it in an unbroken line.

The line of road which Æneas and the Sibyl follow, appears to me to prove that Acherusia and the modern Fusaro, so celebrated for its oysters, are one and the same Lake.

(*) See the Map. No. 415.

* V. 416. Informi limo glaucæque exponit in ulvâ.
Cerberus hæc ingens latratu regna trifauci
Personat, adverso recubans immanis in antro.

† V. 424. Occupat Æneas auditum custode sepulto,
Evaditque celer ripam irremeabilis undæ:

‡ V. 440. Nec procul hinc partem fusi monstrantur in omnem
Lugentes campi—

(b) See the Map, No. 246, and the following.

In fact, when the Hero and the Priestess, passing the Grotto of Avernus—the first entrance of Hell—arrive *adverso in limine*—both which points are indisputably settled—Virgil exclaims—*Hinc via Tartarei*. Now place yourself at this spot, that is to say, at the southern mouth of the Grotto, and from whence you have only the choice of three roads, and you will see that the one to the left leads to Pozzuoli, the Solfatara, and other places—all perfectly independent of Tartarus, nor alluded to in the poem; and that the one in the centre leads only to the Lucrine and the sea—the Ocean of the ancients. There remains, therefore, only the path on the right which I have selected, and which leads to the two Lakes which Virgil says are contiguous and, what is more, to the point from which, as he declares, they are both visible. These two Lakes must, therefore, be Acheron and Cocytus, which were contiguous in the time of the author as they are at present.

But with his invariable exactness, Virgil has determined which is the Acherusian. For, in the first place, he says that, in it was Charon's boat; and, secondly, that its superabundant waters and mud overflowed and formed another Lake.

The first point of evidence being merely poetical, my plan does not interfere with it: whoever pleases, may believe it: Virgil asserts the fact—and let his assertion suffice. In opposition to the second proof, some people recur to volcanic changes and suppose, whenever it suits them, that the superficies of the soil has been altered: but let the reader know that the fact asserts the contrary. The laws of nature are unchangeable, and are the same now as they were at the time of which we treat. Even now, whenever the sea rises into the Fusaro, the latter throws its waters into the little neighbouring Lake called Acquamorta. And as this is the most pestilential of any in the neighbourhood—so much so that fish do not live in it—its banks, which were formerly very low, have been raised and a double dam has been formed at the point where it touches the Fusaro, to prevent the superabundant overflow of water from the latter.

Now do not the simple and natural characteristics of this Lake of Fusaro authorise the poet in saying

Turbidus hinc coeno vasta que voragine gurges
Æstuat, atque omnem Cocyto eructat arenam?

and is it not demonstrated that it is on the banks of this lake of Fusaro or Acherusia that Æneas meets Charon—

Portitor has horrendus aquas et flumina servat
Terribili squalore Charon?

After all these proofs and the researches which we shall hereafter enter into, I hope people will no longer say *Mira est confusio in his fluminibus*—although such are the words of the most learned commentator on the Sixth Book.

I think that even the modern name is remarkable; *Acquasmorta* corresponds with the ideas which the ancients have given us of this lake. On verse 295, Lacerda says—*Nam reliqui omnes Cocytum inducunt tacentem, stupentem, nullo strepitu, tantum cœno et lentitie valentem*—that is to say, “dead.”

THE GROTTO OF CERBERUS.—As we have determined that *Æneas* embarked on the eastern side of Acheron or Fusaro—since the road he follows ends there—*trans fluvium* must mean the opposite shore, marked No. 415 in my Map.

In this neighbourhood, then, the poet imagines Cerberus: nor could he choose a point more capable of defence—the lake on the left hand and the sea on the right! But if *Æneas's* track has been, hitherto, clearly explained, there will be no difficulty in determining which is the cavern of the Tartarean guard. Let us keep to the poet's own words. He says—*adverso recubans in antro*:—now consider his description, and let me beg you to recollect, if ever you have passed over the Fusaro, whether your boatman did not always run you aground on that very spot? Lift, then, your eyes, and, in front, at a hundred yard's distance, do you not see the little hill of the *Torre della Gaveta*, and, in it, the cavern of which I speak? And tell me if this is not the cave of the guardian of Hell? Moreover, this is the only grotto that exists in this neighbourhood; and, were there no other proofs, this fact alone would declare that it must be the *antrum Cerberi*.

This portion of the present Monte di Procida was formerly tunnelled by the Greeks, and the cavern to which we allude is their ancient canal which, introducing the waters of the sea into the Fusaro, rendered the latter a safe port for the Cumæans. Even now, it is part of the Euripus described by Seneca.* But I may be told that, as Cerberus was not a fish, the bed of a canal was ill suited to him as a kennel: I think that poetic license might fairly have permitted Virgil to disregard such a criticism; but I will prove that he stands in need of no similar plea.

What I have observed to happen very frequently in the course of thirty-five years must, doubtless, have occurred in the times of the poet. In stormy weather, the sea throws up so much sand at the entrance of this subterranean canal, that

* Ep. 56.

one may pass over it dry shod on the bar so formed. In the month of May, this bar is regularly cleared away in order that the waters may continue to flow through the cavern. Virgil may have observed it while thus blocked up with sand; and thus may have placed Cerberus as a sentinel within it; while in describing the effects of the sop thrown to him by the Sibyl, the shape of the grotto justifies the expression *totoque ingens extenditur antro*.

Thus, therefore, have we discovered the cavern of Cerberus, which all the commentators who have talked about it have either supposed to be a mere fiction, or have described in indefinite terms, or, if they have endeavoured to discover it, have placed it in absurd and impossible situations.

THE FIELDS OF TEARS.—Immediately beyond the Grotto of Cerberus and the little hill that rises above it, the poet situates the first division of Hell. He only mentions six, and these may be traced in the Map by the numbers 426, 430, 434, 442, 478, 577, which correspond with the verses of the text. Virgil's selection of the longest and darkest valley in the neighbourhood in which to place his different stations, is also worthy of remark:—unless, indeed, they had been—like the Rock of Cuma, the Lake of Avernus, and the Elysian Fields—determined before his time. In fact, this spot is, even at the present day, known by the same name. Go to the place called *Case vecchie*—the remains of Roman buildings—on the Monte di Procida, and ask the peasants of the country which is the road *de lo inferno*, and they will immediately point out a path which, leading down precipitous descents, conducts, after many involutions, to this valley, which extends from the place called the *Pertuso della Gaveta* to the *Crocevia di Capella*, and the *Mercato di Sabato*.

In the Map, I have marked the *Campi lugentes*: and I must remark that Virgil—according to the idea of his times that the tears of unfortunate lovers swelled the waters of Coeytus—has situated these fields in the only place from which they could possibly flow into the Acquamorta.

FOURTH PART.

While Æneas lingers in the Fields of Tears, the Sibyl tells him that their allotted time is passing away, and adds—This is the place where the path divides into two; that on the right passes under the walls of the great Dis and will conduct us to the Elysian Fields; that on the left leads to impious Tartarus.*

* V. 539. Nox ruit, Ænea; nos flendo ducimus horas.
Hic locus est, partes ubi se via findit in ambas:

Beneath a rock on the left hand, Æneas sees a great city defended with a triple wall and surrounded by the Tartarean Phlegethon, which hurries along large stones amid its rapid billows of flames.*

The allotted time, says the Sibyl, is passing away. It is not in my province to decide the many controversies of commentators who have endeavoured to settle the time which Æneas employs on his descent to Hell; but, according to the route which I here trace out, the ground may be passed over in a few hours.

In the Map, No. 540, I have marked the branching off of the road just mentioned by the Sibyl; and let the reader call to mind the different stations we have already determined, and then, placing himself on the spot at which we have now arrived, he will recognise the geographical exactness of the poet. Did he turn off to the left, he would reach Cocytus, the Acherusia Palus, the Stygia Palus, Avernus—in fact, the infernal track over which the hero has just passed; whereas, the path on the right leads to Lethe and Elysium. But, even at the present day, these roads are as Virgil describes them; and I recollect the delight with which, stopping at this place, I first said to myself—"Surely this is the spot of which Virgil wrote—*Ubi se via findit in ambas?*"

In the times of the poet, also, the walls of the City of Misenum were seen from this spot. Who will assert that he did not take from them his idea of the triple walls of the city of Orcus?

Virgil was obliged to follow Homer in supposing that a river of fire surrounded the walls of Tartarus. In a poem like the Æneid, such a fiction might have been fairly permitted. But, for two reasons, I admire the author in the selection of the place in which he describes this river to which I have faithfully followed him.

In the first place, he describes it as existing at the back of two half-extinguished volcanoes. Now I think the exactness of a poet cannot be questioned because—in speaking of a volcanic track at the foot of a mountain which, in his time, was certainly in volcanic activity—he says that he saw rivers of fire!

If the reader is not satisfied with the indisputable craters at

Dextera, quæ Ditis magni sub mœnia tendit;
Hac iter Elysium nobis; ad læva malorum
Exercet pœnas, et ad impia Tartara mittit.

- * V. 548. Respicit Æneas subito, et sub rupe sinistra
Mœnia lata videt, triplici circumdata muro;
Quæ rapidus flammis ambit torrentibus amnis
Tartareus Phlegethon, torquetque sonantia saxa.

the foot of which Phlegethon is described, let him recur to Breislak's map of the craters between Naples and the shore of Cuma. He will there find another six times as large as the two I point out, and which that Author declares to have existed on the opposite mountain of Procida.

Similar volcanoes I call half-extinct. Even in our time, we see in this class, the well-known *Stufe di Nerone* and the wells in their vicinity—and the many *Fumarole*—as the country people call all the warm places in the earth from which smoke issues—on the western side of the *Scalatrone*.

In the second place; although the poet had borrowed from Homer the idea of his Pyriphlegethon, the fidelity with which he has followed the original notion while applying it to his own purpose, appears to me truly admirable. The Greek poet says that this infernal river of fire rolled its billows into Cocytus and the Acherusia Palus. Now go and see if—from the spot of which Virgil speaks and to which I have traced him—the waves of a river could flow in any direction except towards Acquamorta and Fusaro—that is to say, Cocytus and Acheron?

So much for the river of fire! The track which Virgil has hitherto described may be considered as the road that leads to Tartarus; for to Tartarus itself, he does not descend, but places it—according to the common opinion—in the centre of the earth:—

———— Tum Tartarus ipse

Bis patet in præceps tantum, tenditque sub umbras
Quantus ad ætherium cæli suspectus Olympus.

The common-place expression—"volcanic changes"—employed by foreign writers who have been unable to visit our country, and all those who might have known better but who would not take that trouble without which they could not give exact descriptions—ought to be discarded by the learned. History and facts assure us that, in the neighbourhood of Cuma, Baja, and Miseno, no volcanic change, except the sudden appearance of Monte Nuovo, has taken place in the course of eighteen centuries.

This is proved by facts. Let any one see if, in all the district which Virgil has so minutely described, he can find the space of one hundred yards that is not encumbered by Roman ruins and extensive subterranean works. Besides which, innumerable Greek and Roman sepulchres are daily discovered beneath the soil. These imaginary volcanoes must, it would therefore seem, have acted in the bowels of the earth and without disturbing the surface? Be it so: as such a supposition would not interfere with our object, we give every one full

M 2

liberty to indulge it. But for the sake of common honesty, let not people talk of volcanic changes in order to conceal the negligence with which they adopt and publish preposterous opinions.

FIFTH PART.

But speed thee,* exclaims the Sibyl; I see the walls of Elysium and, in the opposite arch, the gates where we must deposit our gift! Both, then, advance along the dark path, and approach the gates by the middle road.† The spot on which the Sibyl spoke, corresponds with the modern *Mercato di Sabato*. Here, in the time of the Romans, there was a circus. May not the sight of this structure have awakened in the poet the idea of the gates of Elysium as the walls of Misæus had typified those of Tartarus?

Having there offered up the golden branch, they entered the happy region allotted to the spirits of the blessed.‡ Here Æneas ascends a hillock—of which there are many in this neighbourhood—and, having found his father Anchises, wanders with him through those delicious regions(⁴) and here, flowing placidly amid the rustling twigs, he sees the river Lethe around whose banks throng the impatient souls of future nations.§ Ascending a neighbouring hill(⁵) Anchises from thence points out to him the spirits of his mightiest and best descendants; and having addressed the shade of the future Marcellus in more beautiful and feeling language than court flattery ever before or since inspired—they continue to wander along the blissful plain|| till they reach the two Gates of Dreams. One of these

* V. 629. Sed jam age, carpe viam, et susceptum perice munus.

† V. 633. Dixerat, et pariter gressi per opaca viarum,
Corripiunt spatium medium foribusque propinquant.

‡ V. 637. His demum exactis, perfecto munere Divæ,
Devenere locos lætos, et amœna vireta
Fortunatorum nemorum, sedesque beatas.

(⁴) See the Map Nos. 703 and 706.

§ V. 703. Interea vidit Æneas in valle reducta
Seclusum nemus, et virgulta sonantia silvis,
Lethæumque, domos placidas qui prænatat, amnem.
Hunc circum innumeræ gentes populi que volabant

(⁵) From this spot—No. 703—the same road by which Virgil ascended still leads to an elevated space on which the parish church of St. Anna is raised upon the ruins of extensive ancient buildings. Do you, reader! ascend this hill and see if you do not recognise the truth of the poet's expression—

— tumulum capit unde omnes longo ordine possit
Adversos legere et venientem discere vultus.

|| V. 887. — assim regione vagantur
— atque omnia lustrant.

gates, that on the right, is said to be made of black horn and gives exit to true dreams; the other is made of shining white ivory, but through it the infernal gods send false dreams to mortals.* Hither Anchises leads his son and the Sibyl, and then sends them forth by the ivory gate.

Æneas by the shortest cut† returns to his ships and followers.

Virgil never forgets his geographical exactness! His expression is *secat viam*: well now, draw a straight line from the point at which we have arrived and it will lead you direct to the Eubœan shore. And, what is more, it will not cross any lake, any cavern, any principal station of Tartarus through which Æneas and the Sibyl have already passed. See the Map, No. 900.

In order to prove how exactly Virgil followed the mythological ideas of his predecessors, and how happily he applied them to the ground to which they had guided him, I beg to recall one of the local peculiarities which the ancients attributed to Lethe. This name was affixed to several rivers: one flowed into the Mæander near Magnesia; another near Gortyn in Crete; another under the walls of Tricca in Thessaly, a city of Æsculapius; another near Berenice in Lybia; another in Spain, and another in Bœotia. The Greeks, however, placed Lethe among the rivers of Tartarus, which its waters laved and thence extended to the Elysian Fields. Here a gate afforded communication between Tartarus and Lethe.

Now observe Maremorto. On the western side, does it not lave the Tartarean Regions, and does not all the rest water the Elysian Fields?

Reflect, moreover, that, in verse 634, the Sibyl directs Æneas to take the middle road because, did he follow that on the right, he would reach Lethe at the point where it laves Tartarus, not Elysium. So, at the present day, the road that passes from the *Mercato di Sabato* to Maremorto leads to its western extremity, where it is bounded by the Monte di Procida, along whose valleys is a great portion of the poet's Hell.

This being determined, go with this paper in your hands and after having followed the track which Virgil has pointed out to you by mythological, and I by modern, names—you will necessarily find yourself on the eastern shore of this lake and will be obliged to exclaim, spite of former prejudices, Here I am at the

* V. 894. Sunt geminæ Somni portæ; quarum altera fertur
Cornea, qua veris facilis datur exitus Umbris;
Altera candenti perfecta nitens elephanto;
Sed falsa ad cœlum mittunt insomnia Manes.

† V. 900. Ille viam secat ad naves, sociosque revisit.

Seclusum nemus, et virgulta sonantia silvis,
Lethæumque, domos placidas qui prænatat, amnem !

I said with this paper in your hands, and following the paths I have pointed out, for if you do not take the trouble of following me constantly and regularly from the grotto of Avernus to the last stage of the journey, and do not consecutively examine each link, you will never be able to trace the involutions of the magic chain which the prince of Latin Poets has laid down.

This, and this alone, has been my great secret ; and this will be the only means of securing to you the company of Virgil through every portion of his, and your walk. Hundreds of times, too, have I endeavoured to examine detached points of this corography, and hundreds of times have I been so puzzled that I had recourse to the usual decision of preceding baffled commentators and exclaimed to myself—Ah ! here the Poet must have been dreaming !

But constantly returning to the first entrance at the grotto of Avernus, I repeated

Spelunca alta fuit, vastoque immanis hiatu,
Scrupea, tuta lacu nigro nemorumque tenebris :
Quam super haud ullæ poterant impune volantes
Tendere iter pennis : talis sese halitus atris
Faucibus effundens supera ad convexa ferebat :
(Unde locum Graii dixerunt nomine Aornon.)

Entering the cavern and winding among its obscure compartments, I found myself

Vestibulum ante ipsum primisque in faucibus Orci,
Luctus et ultrices posuere cubilia Curæ.

Coming out *adverso in limine*, I was forced to exclaim

Hinc via Tartarei, quæ fert Acherontis ad undas :

and, by repeating again and again this troublesome mode of advancing, I, at length arrived at Lethe. Here I heard a voice beside me loudly repeat

Horrescit visu subito, causasque requirit
Inscius Æneas, quæ sint ea flumina porro,
Quive viro tanto complerint agmine ripas.
Tum pater Anchises : Animæ, quibus altera fato
Corpora debentur, Lethæi ad fluminis undam
Securos latices, et longa oblivia potant.

Then ascending the hill, I found myself between the two gates which the Poet represents at the last stage of his itinerary ; and I also going out by the one of white ivory on the left—returned to the port—all engrossed by vain dreams.

VERSES FOR THE MONTH.*

WHIT-SUNDAY.

No longer did the Apostles meet
 Trembling, doubtful, hard of heart ;
 He had come, the Paraclete,
 Courage, faith, and grace to impart.
 He had come their souls to inspire ;
 He had come all things to teach ;
 He had come in tongues of fire
 With unwonted power of speech.
 He had opened every mind ;
 He had made each bosom glow :
 Teachers they for all mankind !
 Forth to teach the world, they go.

They go ; and nations bow them down
 Their sacred ministry to own :
 Bow them down and crave to be
 Made heirs to immortality.
 And the Pagan deities give way ;
 And those who, round them, used to pray,
 Hark to the messengers of grace.
 In every clime, in every place,
 The seeds of truth are sown.

Far o'er the valleys where the morn
 Lingers her tresses wild to adorn
 With gorgeous hues and glowing dyes,
 Cull'd from the flowers of paradise—
 Hues that, alas ! soon lose their glow,
 Chill'd by the cold, bad world below ;
 Far o'er the valleys of the East,
 The poor are taught, the slaves releas'd,
 And still'd the rage of war ;
 And gladly is the saving Word
 By those same kings and magi heard
 Who hail'd the Christmas star.

* From "Church Hymns in English that may be sung to the old Church Music, with approbation, and other Poems." By R. Beste, Esq., published by Burns and Lambert.

And the spicy groves of Araby
 Their sweetest fragrance shed :
 And perfumes, o'er the emerald sea,
 To hail the teachers sped :
 And prayer and incense rose on high,
 Thrice "happy" then was Araby !

And Jordan shrank when it beheld
 Its favour'd race no more upheld ;
 Beheld the queenly diadem
 Torn from its proud Jerusalem ;
 Beheld its temple overthrown,
 O'erthrown the Jewish pride,
 And Abraham's God the Gentiles own ;
 That God—the crucified.

And soon the land of poesy,
 The land of human lore,
 The land of gods and liberty
 Shall greet them and adore.
 And o'er the vales where, poets tell,
 Apollo and the muses dwell,
 The Christian hymn shall rise ;
 Where every hill and every stream
 With fabled gods and Naiads teem,
 And where the azure skies
 Are darken'd with the clouds that swell
 From many a fane and oracle,
 The smoke of sacrifice :—
 Where sages tell that reason's vain,
 And all its efforts but attain
 To adore a "God unknown"—
 There, there shall rise the preacher's voice,
 And Athens hear it and rejoice,
 And our Redeemer own.

And onward still the Apostles dare :
 Danger and death but ope the way :
 And Rome the mighty, Rome shall hear
 The faith and learn to pray.
 Bow down, proud city ! bow thee down :
 For thousand gods believe in one.
 That when thine iron rule is o'er,
 He may far greater power restore
 And give thee back a crown.

Receive the faith, and rule the world !
 Though nations at thy feet are hurl'd,
 Oh what a fate is thine !
 Far, mightier far, thy power shall be :
 Man's conscience shall be sway'd by thee !
 Thy rule shall be divine.

But on the Apostles speed them—On.
 The tongues of parted fire,
 The Spirit's grace that o'er them shone,
 Allow them not to tire.
 From the blissful vale of Parthenope
 And the Sibyl's cavern hoar,
 From the happy hills of Italy,
 From its vine-clad, smiling shore ;
 They brave the Alps and each barbarous horde,
 And to the West descend ;
 And, on the mission of the Lord,
 Still onwards, onwards tend.

How beautiful were the cork groves there
 And the streams amid them gleaming !
 How smiling the banks of the Tagus fair
 And the land with richness teeming !
 And Afric's sons did the cross upraise
 On their glowing northern shore ;
 And loudly swept the song of praise
 The wide Sahara o'er,
 It swept o'er the sands ; but none were there
 To speed the holy strain ;
 So angels caught it up in air
 And hymn'd it o'er again.

And the barbarous sons of the stormy North
 To greet heaven's messengers look forth.
 And the dwellers of the misty isles
 From their gloomy forests go :
 From the gnarled oak and the mistletoe,
 To the faith of hope and smiles.
 And the naked Druid's sway is shaken,
 And his wondrous monuments forsaken.
 And the men of the North desert the shrines
 Of their bloody gods of war ;
 And the meek cross triumphant shines
 O'er Woden and o'er Thor.

But the world to the Apostles known,
Bounds not the faith they taught :
The seeds of truth so widely sown,
Have a wider harvest brought.
In worlds beyond the ancient bounds
Of earth, the prayer of faith resounds.
From beyond the Atlantic, it ascends :
And the hymn from the mighty Lawrence blends
With that from Andes' height.
And science, sweeping oceans o'er,
Bears the glad strain from shore to shore
And cheers the realm of night.
And the clustering isles of the Peaceful sea
Join in the holy harmony.
And the coral rocks, where the bread trees throw
Their food unask'd to the crowds below,
Echo the blissful song :
And many a wild, neglected race
Hails the new messengers of grace
It waited for so long.

Thus does the grace of Whitsuntide,
The grace bequeath'd to-day,
Endure while all else fades beside
And realms on realms decay.
The Apostles went ; but others came
To teach men how to adore ;
And still the parted tongues of flame
Burn brightly as of yore.

RECOLLECTIONS OF EMINENT MEN.

CARDINAL DE GREGORIO.—THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.—CANON
ANDREA DE JORIO.

WHEN I was at Rome half a century ago (or not quite so much) the statue of Pasquino bore, in its hand, the following dialogue :—

“A. Where are you going, my friend?”

“B. I am going to the Sistine Chapel to see the ceremonies of Holy Week.”

“A. But you will not be allowed to enter.”

“B. Oh yes, I shall; I have become a heretic.”

So did the facetious Romans remark upon the peculiar favour with which the government of Cardinal Gonsalvi had always treated our countrymen travelling through the Roman States. It was done in kindness; though, perhaps, the condescension to their ignorance and impertinence was carried too far; and gave rise to that spirit of “fraternization” (if I may explain myself by a misused fashionable word) which, at one time, seemed likely to merge much English Catholic feeling in the whirlpool of Protestant indifference. It was, indeed, painful to see the airs which our travelling gentry (often not “gentlemen travellers”) gave themselves; as they sauntered, arm-in-arm, up and down the aisle of St. Peter’s during the performance of what they called “afternoon mass,” or strewed the floor of the Sistine Chapel with the bones of the cold chicken which the ladies had consumed, during Vespers or Tenebræ, behind the lattice work that enclosed them.

It is a fine room, that Sistine Chapel: and though the Gothic architectural notions that have been springing up amongst us of late years, recoil from the idea of Catholic ceremonies performed, in the very presence of the Pope, in a “fine room,” certain it is that neither the Sistine Chapel, nor any of the apartments *en suite* with it are anything more than fine rooms, without architectural adornments of any kind, Gothic or Grecian, upon their bare walls. Painted pilasters, perhaps, may be there to subdivide into compartments the glorious pictures of Michael’Angelo, Giulio Romano, or Raffaele: but I do not remember that the flat surfaces of the walls were broken or adorned otherwise than by those pictures—unless, indeed, the silken canopy that overshadowed the altar and the Papal

throne, and broke the sight of Michael Angelo's Last Judgment, could be considered an adornment.

The Sistine Chapel was, however, a fine and lofty room: and although I was not a "heretic," as Pasquino had insinuated, I had been able to fight my way into it through the halberds, or pikes, and tin armour of the Swiss Guards who defended the approach to every ceremony to which we thronged. In those days, I had strength and youth, and was able to bear the brunt of their onslaughts as well as any man: nay, I remember that I even succeeded in bearing out of the *mêlée* a lady whom, with dishevelled dress and hair, they were trampling under foot, and, after consigning her to her friends, in returning again to the charge, and winning my way in, while a ruffianly English "heretic" knocked the tin helmet over the eyes of the "bear of Berne" who was opposed to us.

All this is doubtless altered now: the commanding officers having found out that a few palisades overlapping one another, and forming a zig-zag path, would prevent those behind from pressing upon the crowds, however dense, who preceded them.

I had a ticket of admission like the others; and now carefully putting it away, after it had so well answered its purpose, and settling myself in the half diplomatic or court dress with which I had never before been so roughly familiarized—as Monsieur, afterwards Charles the Tenth, did after he had fought a duel, half Paris looking on, in those uncrumpled pantaloons into which he had been let down by the four valets who had uplifted him in their arms that he might drop into them without making the slightest crease or wrinkle (how poor Job Carks would have enjoyed such assistance!)—settling myself in my court dress I passed through the centre room and entered the noble Sistine Chapel. What a holy repose seemed to pervade the place and to breathe around! The noise and the turmoil outside was forgotten. The light came dimly from above and gleamed, athwart the incense-loaded air, upon the great fresco paintings that covered the walls—they first caught my eye;—upon the raised platform enclosed with gold trellice work like an aviary, in which ladies, escaped from the affray, were ascending; upon the richly dressed Cardinals who were taking their seats on each side—with their black train-bearers at their feet; upon the Prelates and Monsignori behind them; and lastly upon the occupants of the seat in which I myself was to find room, and who, dressed in modern court dress or military uniform, showed harshly and inharmoniously with the ecclesiastical splendour around.

For the magnificence of the full scarlet cloaks and ermine mantles of the Cardinals was finely contrasted with the religious

habit which some of them still continued to wear; and looking upon the flowing beard which descended far adown the Camaldolese or Franciscan robes of two or three of them in noble amplitude, it was impossible not to think of the old Roman Senate sitting in majestic silence before the awe-struck barbarians.

But as yet, we have not, all of us, taken our seats. Some are still arriving beyond the outer rail of the chapel or pausing there to exchange a few words of friendly greeting or considerate inquiry. With preoccupied minds and grave disregard of the butterfly travellers, who encumber the outer area, most of the Cardinals and high dignitaries pass on to their places. The burly, good-humoured Cardinal Vidoni does indeed make a buckling remark of congratulation to me that Lent is well-nigh over: the little whiffing old Cardinal Caccia-Piatti (a cardinal deacon only like the other) does indeed whisper something to a beautiful English girl beside me as he passes onwards: the handsome French Bishop of Tempe returns, with grave courtesy and as if conscious of his noble presence, my friendly greeting: the saintly junior Cardinal Odescalchi moves to his place, evidently absorbed in religious meditation: the pale face of the young Cardinal Duc de Rohan shows as careworn as ever, as if compressed into forced resignation to the Providence which had bereaved him of his wife—burnt to death, her clothes catching fire, when dressed to go to a ball: onwards all these pass, intermingled with foreigners of every nation and with ambassadors from every sovereign. Then came the bluff old Cardinal Dean della Somaglia—most unpopular Secretary of State, who wished to replace every thing as it had been in the days of his youth, eighty years before: and then the thin, tall, but gracefully-bending figure of Cardinal de Gregorio advanced between the lines on each side. His manner was more that of a noble courtier than of a churchman, as he kindly and considerately greeted me and all those in whom he took an interest; and respected and beloved by us all, he passed, amid kind words and gratified looks, to the inner chapel, where he appeared to be immediately engaged in his devotions.

I was very well acquainted with Cardinal de Gregorio, and during my several sojourns in Rome and afterwards, received from his Eminence many marks of friendly interest. Unassuming in manner, his whole deportment was so dignified and courteous, his conduct so moderate, his reputation for ability so universal, that he was much looked up to in Rome. It was generally expected that he would be elected to the pontifical throne, whenever a vacancy should occur. Indeed, it was understood that some votes had been given in his favour in the conclave which had elected Cardinal della Genga: and still

more of the sacred college are said to have wished his election before the choice fell upon Gregory XVI. No anticipation of the supreme dignity was however apparent in the manner or conversation of the Grand Penitentiary Cardinal de Gregorio: he lived unostentatiously, or surrounded only with the system of cumbrous etiquette, which looks like ostentation to strangers, but to strangers only.

For a great degree of serious and formal etiquette attends the rank of a cardinal, whose worldly position is, indeed, equivalent to that of a prince of the blood in other states, since the sovereign is chosen out of the number. A cardinal can never walk on foot within the walls of Rome. A heavy old-fashioned coach must convey him to the Villa Borghese or some other quiet spot, where he may take exercise. On occasions of ceremony, three of these crimson-painted carriages, bedizened with gilding, were always requisite to convey his eminence and his suite from place to place; and three footmen in liveries, bound by broad antiquated worsted lace, hung on the footboard of every carriage. The number of retainers which they are obliged to keep about them is a serious drain upon the incomes of many, and, perhaps, originated the plan, which obtained in England also until recently, of eking out wages by presents.

I was a frequent visitor at the house or palazzo of his Eminence Cardinal de Gregorio. Over the outer door were the two escutcheons painted, as over the doors of most cardinals and Roman nobles; the one charged with the family arms, the other with the letters S. P. Q. R., which modern Roman wit has interpreted not very creditably to modern Romans. In the anteroom above stairs a servant paced up and down. In the anterooms of most of the Roman noblesse it is a tailor, or one employed in tailoring, who sits over a brazier behind a screen in the immense hall, and points either to the book in which the visitor may write his name, or to the door leading to the inner apartment. With a glance at the large dusty throne and canopy that stands in the outer room of all Roman nobles, the visitor would pass into the next room, where many servants in livery and poor clients lounged away the morning. One of these would carry the name to the secretary or to the gentleman in waiting, who, drest in black court dress with sword and buckles, would guide him through the suite of handsome empty rooms hung with old tapestry, to the comfortable boudoir beyond. Here his Eminence sits beside an immense writing table covered with books and papers. He rises and comes forward—extending the hand, which all are expected to kiss.

Much the same ceremonial attends the departure of the

visitor. If the call be returned by the cardinal in person, he is received with a degree of royal ceremonial; if it is not to be so returned, his servant will bring cards on the following day, coupled with a polite message respecting the health of the party so honoured; and these cards and this message it is understood must be requited with the present of a few shillings—these are always expected by Roman servants from those also who have been invited to any entertainment given by their masters. I am not, however, aware that such was the system in the establishment of Cardinal de Gregorio, as he was a frequent visitor at my house in person. Pleasant, indeed, are the recollections which I cherish of many members of the Sacred College. Amiable, unpretending and well-informed, they rise before my mind's eye, now decked in the gorgeous robes of ceremony, or, more frequently, in the little tight-fitting suit bound with scarlet, the scarlet stockings and the scarlet cap, in which we used to sit and converse leisurely on the interests of religion, or of literature, or on antiquarian lore; but never so pleasantly as with Cardinal de Gregorio on the sanitary and agricultural state of the Campagna, or on the secret history of the Church during the imprisonment of Pius VI. in France. Whenever authentic records of those times shall be published, the foresight with which every possible contingency was provided for will astonish those who see, in the dignitaries of the Church of Rome, only a few antiquated old men. The most prudent measures had been devised for the government of the Church in case the pontiff had been debarred from his holy office by his gaolers, or for the appointment of a successor in the event of his death. In all those combinations, Cardinal de Gregorio had been a moving spirit; and though the Sacred College should have been dispersed and its members again driven to conceal themselves in the catacombs, such measures had been taken, that a known ruler would never have been wanting to God's Church on earth.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

“Oh no, we never mention him;
His name is never heard ——”

How completely is the writer of these pretty lines now forgotten! and yet, thirty years ago, who so popular as Tom Bayly? There was not a boarding-school Miss, a fashionable coquette, or a love-sick swain in the kingdom—who did not sigh forth his words with the pretty music to which Bishop had set them. Every piano in the country knew them so well by

sounding-board, that whatever air might be attempted to be played upon it, the keys spontaneously seemed to recur to the lays of Haynes Bayly as the motivo to which all other harmonies were but variations.

And, indeed, great as was the popularity of those ballads, I, who have lived through many dynasties of fashionable song, declare them to have been not undeserving the high favour they enjoyed. Compared with those that have been since supplied to the tuneful crowd, they contained, indeed, poetry of the highest order: for the versification was fluent and well modulated; the words were inoffensive; and the ideas, when there were any, were as natural as the music. Natural, I say: for, even in sober England, it is natural to us to sing. We all know that, every child, from the time she is six years old, evinces a natural genius for music and dedicates one-third of her waking existence to its perfectibility: we know that piano-fortes are found in every drawing room (except in that of one certain friend of mine;) and that music enlivens every evening party by calling forth a spirit of joyousness and hilarity and sympathy in all who converse around the singer. In every circumstance of life, what so well as music can express the secret workings of the heart: and who so well as Haynes Bayly has provided words suited to every occasion, to every scene in the drama of genteel and drawing-room love?

"Oh no, we never mention her," could not but explain the sorrows of many a heart-broken swain; and anon he found gentle consolation by warbling, in less desponding tones, the next verse which recorded how

"They tell me she is happy now—the gayest of the gay
They hint that she forgets me; but I heed not what they say:
Like me, perhaps, she struggles with each feeling of regret,
But if she loves as I have loved, she never can forget."

"Struggle" is not, indeed, a melifluous word; but it found favour with the desponding one by expressing an energy of contending passion that he thought almost sublime.

Then, what could better declare the gentle confidence of the fiancée than the pretty ballad, words and tune—

"Oh canst thou judge how dear thou art, how very dear to me,
How much I strive to win my heart from early friends for thee?"

The symphony and words there are, in truth, pretty.

Many an old bachelor, too,

"Looked in the glass, and thought he could trace

A sort of a wrinkle or two.

So he made up his mind to make up his face

And come out as good as new."

And those who had sorrows deeper than the surface, truly felt the words and air

“Who shall school the heart’s affection?
Who shall banish its regret?
If you blame my deep dejection,
Teach, oh teach me to forget.”

Or wept soothing tears over the happy past as they heard one, who had never known a pang, sing the sweet air and words

“I have known thee in the sunshine of thy beauty and thy bloom
I have known thee in the shadow of thy sickness and thy gloom;
I have lov’d thee for thy sweet sake when thy heart was light and gay,
But alas! I lov’d thee better when the light had past away.”

But I must not run through the whole catalogue of poor Tom Bayly’s songs as they uprise upon my mind and bring before me the “light of other days.” I would show that the subjects of his ballads were such that all those of the class for which he wrote could sympathise in them, in the past, present, or anticipations of the future; I would explain to lovers of a younger generation how it was that, amid wax lights and happy youthful faces and ices and champagne, we were able to enjoy our music more than they seem to do in these days which they think so delightful; and how it was that such words, interwoven with Bishop’s melodies—not mere harmonies, which are now thought sufficient—but gentle melodies that fixed themselves upon the mind when first heard,—touched many and many a heart and seemed to express its secret throbbings.

Hence, were the ballads of Haynes Bayly popular: and, I assert, deservedly so.

The writer of them was the son of a solicitor in Bath—who had died long before the rise and fall of his tuneful offspring, leaving him, it was understood, several hundred pounds a year: and he married a pretty lady-like girl having almost as many more. When I first knew him, he had been several years before the world as a writer. At first, he had published in the poetic department of the *Bath Herald* newspaper under the designation of “Q in the corner:” but his fame had long before outstripped the limits of such a “poet’s corner” and now walks abroad

Ingrediturque solo et caput inter nubila condit.

He first became known to me at a private party where, after supper, he produced a new ballad—“Sigh not for Summer Flowers.” It was a rainy night: and, by a curious coincidence, a storm made itself heard outside with the first verse, and wind

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and hail dashed against the windows to the accompaniment of loud thunder as the last verse was sung:—

“Round us ’tis deeply snowing.
Hark, the loud tempest blowing!
See the dark torrent flowing:
How wild the skies appear!
But shall the whirlwind move us?
No; with this roof above us,
Near to the friends that love us
We still have sunshine here.
Sigh not for summer flowers;
What though the dark sky lowers,
Welcome ye wintry hours:
Our sunshine is within.”

Their extravagant and self-indulgent style of living is often reproached to literary men. I would not justify an unreasonable expenditure: still I would observe that those who live by their wits, must keep their wits bright and polished—must not be expected to write and say sharp things, if their stomachs are sharp-set. I will go further: and will remind plodding, prudent people, that those who have to describe the events of the day, to make sport out of the trifles that interest society, must go into society—not only to study, to analyse, and to dissect it,—but also to keep up their connections in it. Could Tom Moore have written “The Twopenny Post Bag,” or “The Fudge Family in Paris,” if he had mingled only with the society around Sloperton Cottage, and had ate and drank nothing but mutton chops and small beer? In my younger days—younger, at all events, than these sad plodding ones—parliamentary speakers used to prepare them by a bottle or two of Madeira: two of the most eminent of them going into the House, could then be fairly represented as saying—

“I see no Speaker, Hal; do you?”

“You see *no* Speaker? I see *two*!”

Now-a-days, opium is said to answer the same purpose more quietly but more insidiously. But if even these “grave and reverend signors” find stimulants necessary to get up the steam, surely a poor poet, or a literary man living upon his wits may be excused for seeking, even in somewhat expensive society, that excitement without which he finds his wit “flat, stale, and unprofitable.”

Far be it from me to justify any sinful excess: far be it from me to justify any expenditure that “Mr. Commissioner” might say “was incurred without a reasonable prospect of means to meet it:” I am only reminding steady jog trot people whose

mentally dull day is only lighted up by the sparks shed by these fire-flies of literature, that they should judge more charitably when they hear that one of them has died or gone mad, and has left no provision for his wife and children. Let them, then, come forwards and help them : let them not copy the Scandinavian flies they have been likened to :

“ In the woods of the North, there are insects that prey
On the brain of the elk till his very last sigh :
Oh genius, thy patrons, more cruel than they,
First feed on thy brains, and then leave thee to die.”

All this, however, in no way excuses the extravagance of Haynes Bayly, who had the command of an income quite sufficient to oil the keys of his harp, independently of any which that harp itself might bring in. But he chose to live in a most prodigal style. He occupied one of the most showy houses in Bath, the best house in Catherine-place ; and entertained more extravagantly than most members of the first society there. It was very wrong of us : but I fear that we used to drink our friend's champagne with the more relish from knowing that the tap would soon be out !

And yet they were such a pleasing couple, the poet and his wife : and dressed in their rich fancy dresses of green velvet as Catherine and Petruchio, they looked so interesting and so loving ! I never knew a young married couple who appeared to be more quietly attached to one another, or whose behaviour in public was more worthy of imitation, more edifying. To be sure, there was upon the young poet's forehead a shade of care, perhaps a streak that denoted possible ill-humour ; but poets are, we know, “an irritable race,” and his fair complexion and light curling hair, and affectionate wife looked as pleasant as the sun in the sky as yet undimmed by yonder dark cloud that rises slowly in the western horizon. Mrs. Bayly used to wear an elegant bracelet—a gold and jewelled butterfly wrought most beautifully in filagree : it was a present from the publisher of his famous song, “I'd be a butterfly,” which had been so successful that this graceful acknowledgment had been presented to the lady over and above the five hundred pounds her husband had received for it. I do not remember any song that has been so popular as that. It was ground on every barrel-organ—this we always used to think a criterion of fame and of excellence ; it was sung by every ballad singer and cripple in the streets ; it was parodied in every way by every witling in the country—by me myself amongst others. I think it was at the publication of my parody that my friend's patience gave way, and he replied by parodying us all in the song beginning

"I'd be a parody, made by a ninny,"

In truth, he was ambitious of being more than a mere butterfly songster; he wrote a severe answer to his own song, and in the ballad

"Be a butterfly, then, a mere summer day's toy,"

showed how high were his aspirations. Thus, also, although he seldom talked of his poetry, though the subject was dear to him as it is to all authors, I remember his being much gratified when—an old author myself of some years' standing—I told him how much pleased I was with the more elevated style of his ballad on the Indian widow, and with the words and imagery with which she mounts the funeral pyre:—

"Soon shall this body be mouldering ashes,
But my free soul shall be wafted above;
When o'er the valley the fading light flashes,
Ada shall rest on the bosom of love."

But I admit that it was the quiet, every-day, social applicability of his songs that secured their popularity. A higher style of poetry would have lifted them beyond the sympathies of those for whom they were composed. They were drawing-room songs, intended for drawing-room singers; they represented drawing-room love to drawing-room lovers; and whether the young lady and young gentleman were accepted or refused; were starting upon their honeymoon, while favouring friends looked on, or were parted by the same implacable and obnoxious appendages to love making; whether the mother sacrificed the daughter to ambition, or the daughter devoted her lover to certain unhappiness because she feared that she *might* not make him happy; whether "the last links were broken" by cruel words, or the divided ones remembered the "melody they heard in former years;" whether they said "they were too young to wed," or marvelled "who should fill their vacant places"—for all and every emergency to which boys and girls in their teens, or older ones who ought to know better, are liable, a ballad was provided; simple, harmonious words were set to sweetly-flowing music, which, once heard, each one could whistle or warble as he or she went home at night from the concert.

Haynes Bayly tried his hand at novel writing, too; and drew upon himself considerable ill-will by a story in three volumes, in which he satirized most of the leading people of his fashionable world in Bath. It was a poor work. Then came the crash; he betook himself to Boulogne—like the rest. Family quarrels, also, (not with his wife) embittered his days. He

sent a circular to all his friends, requesting them to subscribe to a work he would publish to raise a provision for his widow. He little thought his wife would so soon be one! I forget whether he died just before or after it made its appearance. It was a poor little volume, printed at Boulogne and entitled "Musings and Prosings." I was one of the subscribers to it; but was from England when my copy was delivered. I have never paid for it, not knowing what is become of poor Mrs. Haynes Bayly nor through whom to forward the money. If this paper meets her eye and she will send me her address under cover to the Editor of this Magazine, I shall be most happy to forward it to her, and to assure her that I sympathise in all the sorrows she has gone through.

CANON ANDREA DE JORIO.

There are few English people—beyond the mere herd of travellers or pleasure-seeking loungers—who have made any stay at Naples without becoming acquainted with Canon de Jorio. To our Catholic countrymen he was recommended as speaking English, and therefore, able to assist them in their religious duties: to the scholar and the antiquary he was endeared as an authentic *cicerone* to guide their peculiar studies; to all, as a man of most amiable manners, pleasant and instructive discourse, and kindly feeling. He was an honorary member of several learned institutions; was Governmental inspector of public instruction—an honorary officer also, one may think at Naples; and was the author of many books descriptive of the antiquities of his country, and of the means to be adopted in exploring them still further.

But antiquity is a relative term: the remains of Roman dominion from Baja to Pompeii were looked upon by my friend the Canon, (and it is a pleasure to me to recur thus to our pleasant intimacy which commenced about twenty-seven years ago) these remains were looked upon by him as the toys of children—new yesterday and broken to-day: the temples of Poestum were more respectable, being evidently of Grecian origin; but his delight was to plunge, through Magna Grecian and Etruscan history, into the days of Egyptian rule in these more than classic lands; and to trace the evidences of successive races as they had passed away and been forgotten. Little do the promenaders of the blissful Villa Reale know of the interest that lurks in every hill around them: little do the mass of visitors of the Museum suspect that, from one of the windows in that establishment, they may overlook the burying-ground of Santa Teresa and see the graves and the coffins of each race in

layers one beneath the other—from the Neapolitan whom they are even now interring there, through graves and sarcophagi of different shape and material, through layers of soil that divide the different races that, for centuries, made their burying-ground at this same hill side, down to the coffins of the earliest inhabitants of this early-inhabited region—all of which preserve their distinctive characteristics and tell their tale to the antiquary. One of the most interesting works published by Canon de Jorio is on the method to be followed in examining these ancient sepulchres so as to understand their distinctive characteristics and not to injure their contents. Descriptive plates, representing the state of those he had himself opened with their skeletons and furniture, illustrated the work.

Another of the learned Canon's books in which I took great delight at the time, was a disquisition on the topography of the sixth book of the *Æneid*: it asserted and, as I thought and think, demonstrated, that Virgil's description of the infernal regions was a description of the real country between Baja and Cuma; and I never went to feast on the oysters of Fusaro or to lounge on the banks of the Lago di Averno, without, in imagination, peopling all the region with the shades of the mighty heathen dead. I only wonder that my friend the Canon's love of remote antiquity had not led him to suppose that, as Virgil's description of Tartarus and Elysium agreed with these localities and with those of his predecessors, so Homer also had described this same country and no imaginary scene. If Englishmen could feel an interest in anything other than railroads, free-trade, or decrees on baptismal regeneration, I should like to see that work translated and placed before them.*

Canon de Jorio used to complain much of the system that obtained at Naples by which every writer of a book was compelled, by custom, to present a copy of his work to every person with whom he was acquainted, however slightly. This fashion, which he said it was impossible to resist, destroyed the hope of profit from any publication, and made printing a costly amusement. But literary men at Naples mixed little in the world. Secluded, and uninfluenced by public opinion which is there all engrossed by politics or the opera, they lived amongst themselves, studied, wrote, and—took snuff. I have known but few who adopted any other mode of life; unless they were revolutionists who wished to disseminate in society their own political opinions: and in such case, they were always followed from

* Our valued contributor will be gratified to see that his wish is fulfilled in this very number of our Periodical.—ED. CATH. MAG. & REG.

house to house by agents of the police who reported their steps and drew suspicion upon their friends. Canon de Jorio mingled not with these : though during a long life he had seen the many changes his country had undergone and imparted to me more information than any other man on its past and present ecclesiastical state, he disturbed not the government. Its appointed time was not yet come.

He was an elderly man at the time I knew him ; and has long since added another to the sepulchres he loved so well. But he can have taken no interest in his own. It was too modern.

THE SPIRIT OF THE CHURCH.

It is peculiarly interesting to watch the Church's progress, through boisterous and peaceful times, from the period in which she came forth, but just born, from the confinement of an upper room, to the present hour, when she has extended her sway or her influence over the whole world. It is marvellous to see how she has adapted herself to present circumstances ; how, sometimes, like a willow, she bent herself humbly down before the storm until it passed over her ; how, at other times, like the aged oak, whose "tough and stringy roots" have grasped for centuries the mountain's bosom, she has firmly and unflinchingly withstood the tempest ; how she has not disdained to wear, at times, the weeds of sorrow and the rags of poverty ; and yet, when occasion might be, with what graceful deportment and unaffected modesty she has put on the kingly crown and worn the regal purple ! And strange it is to contemplate what little favour she has almost always met with, what numerous enemies she has ever been forced to encounter, and these not merely among kings and princes and philosophers, (whose interest it might be to arrest her progress), but even among the ignoble and the illiterate herd. Even in her infancy her cradle was rocked by the blasts of opposition and persecution, and her growth was cramped and stunted by the chains of oppression which for years hung heavily around her tender limbs. Stealthily, save at times, did she walk out in the open air ; and to perform her most mysterious rites, tremblingly did she steal from house to house ; and when her head and champion was bound in prison she did not dare to call aloud for his freedom, but silently and with closed doors she prayed that his bonds might be broken asunder. Yet he, whose voice doth break the cedars of Libanus, and whose spouse she was, did not please

to let her thus remain under the cloud for ever and in trembling seclusion; he soon gave her power and courage to make her voice be heard upon many waters, and she stood up and made "the flood to dwell," and with the gesture of her hand she calmed the motion and the din of the stormy waves. She presented herself in the public councils of the nations, and nothing fearing, upbraided them with their superstition. She stood in the presence of kings, and with undaunted front, though bound in a chain, spoke in her own defence. And when she could not obtain justice from them, she boldly demanded to be led before Cæsar, that she might with him plead her cause. And this was she who afterwards did not dare to show herself in public, much less appeal to emperors, and hid her humbled head "in deserts, in mountains, and in dens, and in caves of the earth."

It is this pliancy and adaptation of the Church to the circumstances of necessity that at once proves her heavenly origin. It is this that shows that she is informed and animated by that all-influencing spirit who breathes where and when he will or may think fit. For if there be a system, be it of religion or politics, which unbendingly strives ever to subdue all things to its sway, and standing boldly and unblushingly, encounters opposition, and returns frown for frown, blow for blow, that system bears upon it the stamp of its own illegitimacy. Thus the Mahometan religion, sprung from delusion and fostered in pride, could brook no bounds. And to spread its unholy tenets among a reluctant people it grasped the sword, and breathing slaughter and havoc, planted the crescent, the symbol of its faith, upon mosques built of the bones and cemented by the blood of conquered foes. It cared not to retire when opposition met it, not even would it allow itself to be passive amid reluctance and contradiction, but onward it swept like a scathing storm, tearing down every barrier, removing the land-marks of nations, and crumbling ancient institutions into dust.

"Straight forward goes
The lightning's path, and straight the fearful path
Of the cannon ball. Direct it flies and rapid;
Shattering that it may reach, and shattering what it reaches."

But not so was it with the Christian religion. She did not come to lord it over the nations. Meekness was her armour, and love her sword. She led not mailed bands in her train, with spear, and bow and terror-striking looks. She loved not to walk through fields red with blood, or memorialize her victorious progress by the bleaching bones of her enemies. But she would turn aside where she could not win by smiles,—she would pass

from town to town, from country to country, not in pursuit of tearful victories, but dispensing happiness and comfort to those whom she subdued.

“The road the human being travels,
That, on which *Blessing* comes and goes, doth follow
The river's course, the valley's playful windings,
Curves round the corn-field and the hill of vines,
Honouring the holy bounds of property!
And thus secure, tho' late, leads to its end.”—*Schiller's Piccolomini.*

Nevertheless that road may not always be smooth:—and the traveller may sometimes meet with rough and craggy points, and his feet may be lacerated by briars and thorns. Thus varied has the path of the Church ever been. And her first days were but the type of those which were to succeed: and her first conduct therein was but the pattern of that unvaried woof which she was destined to weave until the end of time.

The persecutions which she had to encounter arose principally from those who were seated in high places; and were two-fold—arising principally from tyrants, who by fire and sword endeavoured to destroy her from the face of the earth, and secondly, from those, who, by their public scandals or rapacious encroachments upon her possessions or prerogatives, preyed upon her very vitals. And what was the demeanour she maintained towards them? As in the first days, so her conduct was moulded by the circumstances of the times or the characters of those against whom she had to act. For hers was no ambition to ascend to the height of dignity or of power, merely for the sake of pride or of show—she cared not, by deeds of violence or high enterprise, to wear a crown, however brilliant, that was ever so slightly sullied in the winning—and she could be as contented in the depths of the pathless forest, as on the stage of an admiring world. But when she could act with courage and nerve, without betraying her dignity or her rights, she feared not to gird herself, and buckle on her armour, against the assaults of her foe.

About the middle of the fifth century, Attila, the general of the Huns, breathing carnage and slaughter, and fired with the lust of conquest, sent his ambassadors to the courts of Ravenna and Constantinople with this haughty message: “Attila, my lord, and thy lord, commands thee to provide a palace for his immediate reception.” Never had a more daring and relentless savage issued out of the frozen wilds of the populous North,

“When her barbarous sons
Came like a deluge on the south, and spread
Beneath Gibraltar to the Lybian sands.”—*Milton.*

He spared neither age nor sex where resistance was offered; and he passed, as a blight, over the countries, which he invaded: for it was a saying well becoming his ferocious pride, that the grass never grew on the spot where his horse had trod. Scorning the easier conquest of the effeminate Greeks, he determined to meet a foe that was worthy of his valour, and he directed his march towards the fertile plains of Italy. With fire, and sword, and desolation, this Scourge of God (so he had loved to call himself) led an innumerable host of barbarians across the Alps, and laid siege to Aquileia. After three months of toil and anxiety around its walls, he took it by assault; and, to revenge himself for the time and the labour he had spent in its capture, levelled it with the dust. He then resumed his march, and leaving smoking and prostrate cities as the monuments of his success, he startled the inhabitants of Rome herself with the dread of impending ruin. Destruction hung as a thunder-fraught cloud, over the devoted city awhile ere it fell. Rome dreamed not that a gentle breath was about to arise in the heavens and scatter its force. She abhorred him as the enemy of her religion and government. But her emperor, Valentinian, the grandson, though not the successor of the valour, of the great Theodosius, with cowardly heart, had shut himself up in Ravenna, where he might live without fear of being annoyed by the enemy. The general, Ætius, with only a handful of men, was not in a position to confront a swarm of barbarians. Upon whom, then, doth the eternal city build her hopes of safety? Come forth magnanimous Pope, and frustrate the designs of cruelty and impiety, and sacrifice, if necessary, thy life to the welfare of thy people! St. Leo presents himself to plead the cause of the city, and arrayed in his sacerdotal robes, and accompanied by two lay dignitaries, boldly proceeds to the camp of the barbarian. They were introduced to the tent of Attila, "as he lay encamped at the place where the slow-winding Mincius is lost in the foaming waves of the lake Benacus, and trampled with his Scythian cavalry the farms of Catullus and Virgil." The priest of God, with venerable aspect and commanding brow, stood before the savage monarch and won his favour. With the good of his people and the cause of the Church at heart, he spoke forcibly and eloquently to the feelings and perhaps to the fears of the conqueror (for it is said that he was supported by an apparition of SS. Peter and Paul, who menaced him with death, if he refused to listen to the entreaties of the holy Pope), and at length prevailed on him to abandon his cruel designs upon the capital of Christendom. The barbarian led off his savage troops; and the fortitude and courage of the Church won from the cruellest of tyrants security and peace.

But not alone has she to contend with those that are without, —sometimes she is forced to take up arms against her own children. The wild wintry torrent that comes tumbling down from the mountains, spurning every opposition, drags every thing along in its resistless career through the valley : and the bad example of the sceptred sinner, if allowed to pass with impunity, will be a subject of scandal to those who tread in a humbler sphere. So the Church, whose heart beats lovingly and fondly for all, will not allow her voice to be silent where there is danger, but like her great precursor, will boldly rush into the presence of majesty, and exclaim, as he, “It is not lawful for thee.”—Math. xv. 4.

In 390, a sedition had been enkindled in Thessalonica. Botheric, the general of the Imperial forces in Illyricum, had cast into prison a favourite charioteer of the circus, for having seduced one of his servants. When the day for the public games had arrived, the thoughtless people could not brook the absence of their choicest charioteer, and loudly demanded his liberty. The general was deaf to their calls ; and the populace disappointed of their wonted amusement, rushed into deeds of sedition. The feeble garrison could not save the general and some of his officers from the hands of the infuriated people, and their mangled bodies were dragged about the streets to gratify their revenge. When the news of this event reached the ears of the Emperor Theodosius, he determined to inflict a severe punishment upon the guilty perpetrators, till his fury was calmed down by the mild entreaties of St. Ambrose and some other bishops, and he promised to grant them a full pardon. Then, goaded on by the flatteries and false representations of his minister Rufinus and other courtiers, he repented him of his promise, and sent a commission to the commander in Illyricum to exercise a signal chastisement upon the offending city. A body of soldiers were let loose upon her, and they sheathed not their swords until seven thousand had fallen a sacrifice to the vengeance of the Emperor. When St. Ambrose was apprised of this cruel slaughter, his heart was rent with grief, and retiring from Milan to indulge his sorrow and to escape from the presence of Theodosius, who was expected to arrive there in a few days, he wrote him a letter expressive of his abhorrence of the act, and exhorting him to penance. Soon after this he returned to the city, and the Emperor, according to his custom, repaired to the cathedral to perform his devotions. But could the Church thus quietly receive him to her embraces ? St. Ambrose met him at the porch of the church, and forbade him to enter its sacred precincts. He told him that the purple could not cover his crime, and that it must be expiated by penance alone.

Theodosius offered to extenuate his guilt by the example of David. But the intrepid Bishop answered, "*Iscutus es errantem, sequere pœnitentem:*" and he, who was accustomed to awe princes into silence and respect by his presence, trembled at the voice of the minister of God. Acknowledging the magnitude of his crime and the justness of the holy Bishop's severity, he submitted to the penance which was imposed upon him. He beat his breast, and tore his hair, and wept; and that generation might witness the spectacle of a king, his sceptre laid aside, his diadem unworn, kneeling in humble posture among the public penitents, soliciting the prayers of the faithful. He showed the sincerity of his penance by drawing up a law that between the sentence and the execution in future, a respite of thirty days should be allowed the criminal. The unbelieving philosopher may indeed smile at the pusillanimous condescension of the Emperor, but the true believer will see in him but filial obedience and respect; and the world will acknowledge that the Church here gained one of her noblest victories by intrepidity and courage.

But she has not always acted so. It may not always be advisable to draw out our troops at once on the battle field, and join hands in close conflict with the enemy.

"There exists
A higher than the warrior's excellence."—*Schiller*.

Suffering, mildness, and calm endurance are the proofs of high magnanimity, and will effect more than determined opposition. And it is herein that the Church doth shine most conspicuously; for it is the night which brings out the lustre of her stars. Relentless war may command the respect, and dazzle the minds of men, but it is submission, calmness, and unresisting trials, that generate

"The calm, the blissful, and the enduring mighty."

Anthimus, who was supposed to favour the sect of the Acephali, had been translated from the humbler see of Trebisonde to fill the more important chair of Constantinople. Through the influence of Pope Agapetus, he was banished by the Emperor Justinian, and St. Mennas was chosen and consecrated by the Pope himself for the forfeited see. In 536, Belisarius, the Imperial general, flushed with previous conquests, passed with his victorious troops into Italy, and expelling its Gothic masters, planted again the Imperial standard upon the Capitol. The Empress, Theodora, thought this a favourable time to extort from St. Silverius, who had succeeded St. Agapetus in the chair of St. Peter, a reluctant consent to acknowledge the banished

Anthimus for the lawful bishop of Constantinople. But she found him as little inclined to forfeit the rights of the Church as his sainted predecessor; and neither prayers, entreaties, nor threats could prevail upon him to favour the scheme. But the Empress, violent as she was crafty, determined not to be baffled; and flattering the ambition of Vigilius, an archdeacon of the Roman Church, then at Constantinople, she promised to set him on the Papal throne, and enrich him with a sum of money, if he would promise to condemn the Council of Chalcedon and receive to communion the deposed Eutychian patriarchs, Anthimus, Severus, and Theodosius. The bait was too tempting to the proud aspirations of the young man for him to refuse the conditions, and he yielded himself a ready instrument to the daring violence of the Empress. She forthwith despatched him to Belisarius with a letter, which ordered him to effect the expulsion of St. Silverius from, and the election of Vigilius to, the Papal throne. The noble spirit of the warrior recoiled from the execution of such a deed: and hands, which had been red-dened thoughtlessly in the blood of thousands, feared to lift themselves against the anointed of God. But at length overcome by the entreaties of his wife, and spurred on, perhaps, by the threatened displeasure of the Empress, the weak general exclaimed, "The Empress commands, I must therefore obey." The enemies of the holy Pope had conspired to effect his ruin in any possible way, and they accused him to the general of treason. He was summoned to the head-quarters of Belisarius to answer the false charge. Happy in his innocence, yet aware of the unjust designs of his enemies, the Pope set out with some ecclesiastics to meet his impending fate. When he arrived at the palace of the general, his attendants were detained in a separate room, and he was ushered alone into the presence of Belisarius. The humbler of Persia, and conqueror of Africa and Italy, received him seated at the feet of his proud wife, who reclined on a couch. The successor of St. Peter was loaded with reproaches from the mouth of an ambitious woman: remonstrance was in vain, and he was violently stripped of his pontifical robes, and clad in the rude garb of a monk, was hurried into banishment. Vigilius was immediately elected by intrigue or fear to wear the torn-off honours: and conscious of the instability of his throne as long as St. Silverius lived, he studied to build it up, although it might require the sacrifice of a fellow-creature. For when Justinian, who had been apprised of his unjust expulsion, had ordered the Pope to be conducted back to Rome in order to have another trial, he contrived to have his sacred person delivered into his own hands, and sent him into a little inhospitable island, where in a short time he was released from his sorrows by hunger, or,

may be, by the hand of an assassin. Yet, strange to say, herein the Church was triumphant: what once was poison now became a saving remedy. It was one of her own ungrateful children who inflicted the unsightly wound upon her, and the same hand which struck the blow was now held out to heal it. Vigilius immediately repented him of his crimes, he disclaimed all connection with Eutychianism and its abettors, he zealously maintained the rights and the faith of the Church, and many were the struggles and frequent the trials which he afterwards endured in her defence.

But we have an example nearer home of the Church's meek forbearance. Thomas Becket, born in the capital of this once Catholic land, was a man of spirit, learning, and piety, and with right good-will and noble prudence he served and guided the interests of his country as Lord Chancellor of England. So far had he ingratiated himself in the favour of his sovereign by his wisdom and zeal, that he was selected by him to fill the archiepiscopal throne of Canterbury, which had been vacated by the death of Theobald. Notwithstanding the remonstrances of the holy man, he was elected for the vacant honours on the eve of Whit Sunday, in 1162, and by command of the Pope took upon himself the highest ecclesiastical authority in his country. For many years she had basked beneath the rays of courtly favour, but now the crozier and the mitre, as he had before foretold, began to weaken by their shadow the glare of the royal sun. Henry II. was a daring and a grasping man, and under cloak of former privileges or reasons of state, he had sacrilegiously applied to his own use a great amount of the Church's revenues. St. Thomas boldly discountenanced and loudly condemned this unjustifiable rapine, and determined to assert the rights and the property of the Church. But affectionate remonstrance, gentle reproofs, and meek resistance, were the only weapons of his warfare. The King was enraged at the opposition of the Archbishop, and he, of whom Peter de Blois said in his own times, "He is a lamb so long as his mind is pleased, but a lion, or more cruel than a lion, when he is angry," resolved not to submit. The King in council, declared his goods to be confiscated, and thenceforth commenced a cruel persecution against him. The royal wrath was not directed against the holy Archbishop alone, but it scathed, with its pestilential breath, the domestics, relations, and even friends of the innocent man. He fled from the scene of his sorrows, that the royal anger might be cooled down by the absence of its object. His friends and domestics were sent after him, and the Archbishop's heart was torn with grief at the sight of so many innocents, who were banished from their home and hearth for his sake alone. But their tears and

their sufferings did not weaken his resolutions, and listening not to flesh and blood, he still determined to stand upon his holy resolves. Justified by his Holiness, and sued by the King of France, on bended knee, to pardon a momentary disapprobation of his conduct, he committed his cause to God, and in the secrecy and sanctuary of prayer advocated the interests of the persecuted Church. The King, tamed by remorse, or perhaps convinced of the impossibility of changing the Archbishop's mind, at length desired a reconciliation: and when St. Thomas was conducted into his presence, with yearning heart and open affection he received him, praying that all their past differences might be buried in oblivion. The reconciliation, however, was but partial on the side of the King; for he did not as yet surrender the property of the Church. The Archbishop, however, determined to repair to his desolate flock: and, oh! how bounding were the hearts, how sparkling the eyes, how loud the acclamations on that day, which saw the returning shepherd move along the streets of Canterbury to his cathedral. But his enemies again accused and misrepresented him to the King; and, in the height of his blind passion, Henry expressed his wonder that no one was found daring enough to rid him of so troublesome a bishop.

“O curse of kings,
 Infusing a dread life into their words,
 And linking to the sudden transient thought
 The unchanging irrevocable deed!”—*Schiller*.

Four young men, whose lives was to live upon the smiles of their prince, girded themselves for the bloody act, and in the cathedral, and at the foot of the holy altar, and in the presence of his affrighted clergy, the blood of the innocent victim was poured out to satisfy the revenge of the monarch. Still the Church was not conquered. The blood of her dying champion but served to cement more firmly the fabric of her glory. From that day the garland on the kingly brow began to fade, and when its honours and its leaves were ere long trodden in the dust, the princes of the earth bowed themselves low to do homage to the authority and power she possessed.

Thus has the fortune of the Church ever alternated between honour and dishonour—asserted vigour and seeming weakness. Yet has she ever borne herself nobly amid all her varying trials. She hath witnessed the downfall of empires and the crumbling of ancient institutions,—she hath presided over the birth of the longest line of kings and beheld its extinction in the last heirless link—she hath seen the world change masters, from the proud rule of the Roman aristocracy, to the multiplied form of modern

government. Through all and in all has she lived, and to all has she adapted herself, being weak with the weak and strong with the strong—siding not with party spirit, but fitting herself into the circumstances whereinto she may have been thrown. Thus did she act, for example, in the late revolution which took place in France. Is it marvellous that she should have survived so long and with such honour to herself? There may have been times, indeed, in which her fate seemed to be sealed, and in which, being stripped of some of her branches, she stood as a dishonoured trunk.

“ But in the sap within
Lives the creating power, and a new world
May sprout forth from it.”—*Schiller*.

And so she lived and pushed forth new branches and new buds, and not many suns arose ere she was crowned with more abundant honours than before. Tyrants and persecutors have passed away—cities and rock-built castles have crumbled into dust: but the Church stands as vigorous, as healthy, and as green as on the day of her birth. “Tell me not of walls and arms,” exclaimed the Golden-mouth of Constantinople. “Walls grow old by length of time; but the Church never ages. Barbarians demolish walls; but not even devils conquer the Church. This is proved by the testimony of facts. How many and how mighty were they who fought against the Church and perished in the contest? But she, ever the same, reaches unto heaven; so far doth she extend her sway. She is opposed, and she overcomes—she is surrounded by snares, and she comes forth free—she is attacked by wrongs or contumely, and she stands up more glorious—she is wounded, and yields not to the scars—however she may be tossed, she is not submerged—she endures wild storms, and she doth not suffer shipwreck—she wrestles, but she doth not surrender—she fights, but she is not overcome.”—*In Eutropium*. And such will ever be her lot unto the end of time, and such her unconquered spirit. Many skies will scowl above her, and many suns will shine down peace, and many storms will bluster around her, ere the heaven-protected ark has found her haven at last. N.

THOUGHT AND FEELING.

A minstrel lay in trance or dream
 Beneath a spreading linden's shade ;
 While many a changing, fitful gleam
 Of fancy o'er his features play'd.

He felt as if his poet-flame
 In wasting embers would expire ;
 As if not e'en the voice of fame
 Could wake again his tuneless lyre.

"'Tis o'er ! The notes of blissful song,"
 He faintly said, or seem'd to say,
 "To other, happier bards belong :
 From me, the gift is past away.

"My lyre is mute, and mute the strain
 That gladden'd once my lonely bower,
 And oh ! 'tis something worse than pain
 To feel no more the minstrel power."

"Thou hast not lost the minstrel power,"
 A rising vision fondly said.
 "Think not so much ; but only pour
 Thy feelings forth : they are not dead."

And kind that gentle form appears ;
 With downcast look and pensive smile,
 Which tells that oft unbidden tears
 Her solitary hours beguile.

Her eye is full of soul and thought ;
 Her tones—the music of the heart,
 Which, when by inspiration caught,
 Fond dreams of hope and love impart.

"Arise, thou minstrel, thought-opprest ;
 Let Sensibility avail,"
 She says, "to move thy labouring breast,
 And tune the chords when Thought would fail."

The Minstrel owned her magic spell ;
And, starting from his thoughtful mood,
Told all he long had fear'd to tell—
Heart-felt, if hardly understood.

For nought avails the Poet's zeal,
And nought Imagination's hue :
The Bard must more than think—must feel :
Must feel his every vision true.

'Tis Sensibility alone
Can wake the Minstrel's heart to song ;
When every thought and every tone
To some heart-worshipp'd form belong.

And oh ! 'tis sweet when those who love,
Can link themselves in magic chain ;
And loving ever, ever prove
How true the Bard's impassion'd strain.

But oft two weeping willows stand
On either side a brook, and bend
As those who set them there had plann'd
In after years their boughs should blend.

And while they bend and strive to unite,
Yon brook, to fancy's eye, appears
As though its waters, pure and bright,
Were form'd by those sad willows' tears.

How many thus, whose hearts incline
In holy unison to meet,
Are yet apart compell'd to pine
By wayward *thought*—not *feeling* sweet.

E. H.

ADDRESS

BY THE EDITOR OF THE

CATHOLIC MAGAZINE & REGISTER.

Several kind correspondents express their hope that the "CATHOLIC MAGAZINE" is flourishing under its new management: others send us letters requesting us to forward to them the numbers as they appear: and others again, in friendly and private conversation, thinking to fix upon us the official character of Editor, take out a shilling and ask us to sell them a copy. To all these kind friends, and to others unknown, we may usefully and pleasantly address a few lines.

And first, we may answer, The "MAGAZINE AND REGISTER" *is* flourishing: the sale of it is much increased and is increasing. Although we call this the sixty-third number of the periodical—tracing from the first appearance of that which, by the name of "Dolman's Magazine," the "Orthodox Journal" and the "Weekly Register," has continued, through several phases and under different management, until the present time—yet the public have understood that, from the first of last March, the publication offered itself under what chairmen of railroads call an entirely "new proprietary and directory;"—they have understood that with a change of proprietor and of editor, it would adopt a different system; and, with increased devotion to the pleasure of former patrons, would endeavour to supply the requirements of new subscribers. Hence the division of our publication into two parts.

As a MAGAZINE, we hope that it will supply that variety of goods which the customers of all Monthly Publications think so delectable; that it will meet their wants whether they seek light reading, literary or antiquarian disquisitions, theology, morality, politics, or poetry: as a REGISTER, we intend that it should record all the passing events of the day which our readers, as Catholics, may wish to know and to preserve. Many who may consider that these are not sufficiently numerous to supply matter to a newspaper, and who, for mere worldly information, would rather have recourse to the columns of the daily press, yet wish to be informed of what Catholics, in their religious character, really are doing throughout the world, and to preserve memorials of all events important to religion. To do this, is the purport of that division of our work that we call the Register. Here, our Subscribers may depend upon finding a notice of all passing events of Catholic interest, and a record of

all which (like the judgment in the Gorham and Connolly cases in our last number) must be worth preserving from the permanent effects they may have upon religion.

But the title "CATHOLIC" is superior, is anterior, is predominant to our other designations. Though we may, in this analysis of our name, remind our readers of the "three gentlemen rolled into one," we assure them that our life, our soul, our inspiration is derived from Catholicism, is devoted to the interests of our faith. We raise no banner in opposition to ecclesiastical authority: we presume not to sit in judgment upon it: we offer ourselves to promote its wishes, to support its decisions. All our contributors, all our writers are Catholics: all are animated by the same spirit: all pray that, in the words of our motto, there should be "ONE FOLD AND ONE SHEPHERD."

We conclude with a request to those who, as mentioned at the beginning of this address, desire us to send them our publication or tender to us their shillings: we were told the other day that the Editor of the MAGAZINE was "a very, very old man:" certain it is that we are lame; that we require a thick stick to support our tottering steps; that our delight is to sit at our desk; that we have little leisure to move from place to place:—let, then, our kind friends desire any bookseller in their own several neighbourhoods, to procure the "CATHOLIC MAGAZINE AND REGISTER" for them. All country booksellers in England, Scotland, and Ireland have parcels from London at least once a month; and will be glad to send for our Magazine, which will be always published on the first of every month, when they send for other works. Their agents in London manage all this: we make it worth their while to do so. Though our publishers in London are at 9, Rupert Street, Leicester Square, and at 48A, Paternoster Row; though J. Boyle is our Edinburgh and G. Bellew our Dublin agent, yet any bookseller in any town or village will know how to procure the publication, and will gladly do so, without any extra charge.

In conclusion, we would remind our venerable clergy and all well-wishers, that the more intelligence of passing events they forward to us from their several localities, the more will the interest and the usefulness of our Register and correspondence be extended and increased. Whatever news they direct to us, shall be faithfully chronicled. So a German tourist, to whom we recently gave some piece of trivial information, exclaimed, "I vill but you in mine booke und you soll be immortal."

*London, 9, Rupert-st., Leicester-sq.
April 26th, 1850.*

REGISTER

OF

NEW PUBLICATIONS, CORRESPONDENCE, AND EVENTS.

The Editor of the CATHOLIC MAGAZINE AND REGISTER desires that his Correspondents and Contributors may alone be held responsible for the opinions and sentiments that each may express. But he invites our Venerable Clergy and all Catholics to send him information on all matters of religious interest in their several neighbourhoods.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Children of Mary; or Lives of several Young Persons of the Maison des Oiseaux, Paris: translated from the French. 1 Vol. 18mo, pp. 347. Burns and Lambert.

The lives of these holy children breathe a sweet and pious calm, which hardly seems and, indeed, is not of this world. The compilation is an excellent work to place in the hands of young girls of the age of its own saintly heroines. The account of their virtues is calculated to prove to children that godliness may be attained at the earliest age and may be turned to the benefit of others: that it is practicable. The lives of the canonized saints sometimes deter weak ones from attempting to follow them: as if their example were too far exalted above the ways of ordinary life for common Christians to imitate. This pretty volume shows that all may be children of Mary and, consequently, children of her divine Son. We have much pleasure in recommending it.

The Child's Guide to Devotion, with engravings. 18mo. Burns and Lambert.

This pretty volume will not answer the purpose of a prayer book: the prayers it contains are not sufficiently numerous for every-day requirements; while the hymns, detached from the services to which they belong, will avail neither children nor grown up devotees. But the little book is elegantly got up: contains many well-executed engravings: and may be recommended to those who would make a pretty little present at small cost to piously-disposed children.

Julia Ormond; or the New Settlement. By the Authoress of the "Two Schools." 1 Vol. 18mo, pp. 220. Dolman.

A pretty book: a sweet pretty book. Buy it.

Remarks on the proposed Education Bill. By W. B. Ullathorne, D.D., Bishop of Hetalonia and Vicar-Apostolic of the Central District. Burns and Lambert.

It is unnecessary to dwell at length on this able pamphlet. We would gladly have transferred to our pages some passages of it—marked by the sterling argument and the nervous eloquence that is constant in the writings of his Lordship of the Central District, but that his publication has already answered the purpose for which it was put forth. The obnoxious Bill has been virtually defeated in the House of Commons; and we have only to express our gratitude to Dr. Ullathorne for the large share he has contributed to produce so satisfactory a result.

The Elder's House ; or the Three Converts. 1 Vol. 18mo, pp. 234. Dolman.

There is an affectation of abrupt terseness in the style of this writer which detracts from the merits to which he may fairly lay claim : and the story itself is rather forced. But, to the bulk of readers, it will not be less interesting on this account : while the manner in which religious discussions are intermingled with it, will give it additional interest to many and usefulness.

Report of the Catholic Poor-School Committee for 1849.

This is an important document as giving a correct view of the statistics of Catholic education in England. It is drawn up in a clear and business-like manner ; and does honour to the Committee by evincing the great attention they have given to their most important and most interesting labour. The Report is a hopeful one and expresses the satisfaction of its zealous framers, at the position of the poor-schools and the increased contributions which they have received. We wish we could see cause for this contentment : but though we may rejoice that the contributions are larger than they have been, we feel that they are still disgracefully small. Let every man, woman and child in England be assured that more will be expected of them for so holy an object.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the "Catholic Magazine and Register."

SIR.—A correspondent from Rome writes thus on the 25th of March. "The return of the Holy Father to his Capital is no longer uncertain. Amongst other proofs of his determination, I am able to cite the following letters from Cardinal Antonelli to Prince Doria, dated Portici, the 19th."

"I have received with the greatest interest your Excellency's letter of the 16th inst., full of expressions of devotion and attachment to the Sovereign Pontiff. I have the pleasure of assuring you of the very great satisfaction of the Holy Father at your offer, to receive him in the ancient feudal residence of your illustrious family at Valmontone. Wherefore, although his Holiness had intended merely to pass Valmontone on his way to Valetti, nevertheless, wishing to satisfy your Excellency's earnest desires, as well as those of the good people of the town, he will remain a short time to bestow his benediction on yourself and family, and on the said people. Therefore, few preparations will be necessary, as his Holiness will take only a slight refreshment. It will be my duty to give you timely notice of the precise day of his Holiness's arrival ; and I am thus happy to have it in my power to correspond in some measure with your loyal desires. I beg to renew the sentiments of high consideration with which I am your Excellency's faithful servant,

G. CARD. ANTONELLI."

We understand also that the reigning Queen of Sardinia has sent 500 francs or £20 to the Abbate Melia towards the Italian Church in London, and for which he is labouring so zealously. This donation has been forwarded through the Princess Doria, and the Prince has generously added £30 on his own account. The Prince too, is known to be occupied in the erection of a very beautiful monument in the Villa Pamphili, to the memory of the many French soldiers who fell in the siege, and who were buried in the grounds with little wooden crosses over their graves. This act of Christian charity towards their comrades is fully appreciated by the French garrison now in Rome.

To the Editor of the "Catholic Magazine and Register."

JESU CHRISTI PASSIO.

MY DEAR SIR.—I promised to write again on the conversion of England, to show that this great object is not only to be devoutly wished for; as few people will deny, but that, if we please, it may likewise be hoped for. There is, let me observe, a very important difference between wishing and hoping for something good. Moreover, when the object in question regards our own spiritual welfare, or that of our neighbour, let me observe also, that if it may be hoped for, *wishing* will by no means satisfy the demand of charity. St. Paul says not, charity wisheth all things but "*hopeth all things.*" (1 Cor. xiii. 7.) One reason of this is that charity is an active quality, a fire which consumes and spreads. Now wishes, simple wishes, however devout, however vehement, will never move a man to the least exertion. Before he will attempt to do something for himself or his neighbour, he must hope for success, some success at least, more or less. In proportion as his hope is lively, will his exertions for the object be vigorous and persevering. I complained in my last letter that the Catholics of England, though they do not condemn me for begging prayers for the conversion of the country, do not think it worth their while to say many, and hardly any one will take the pains to beg for them from others; and that the Protestants of England, though they likewise approve of my proposal of their praying that we may all be brought to unity in the truth, I suppose, do mighty little towards it, at least most of them: for I must make some noble exceptions, as in favour of Mr. Dodsworth, who preached and printed a sermon on the subject. Meanwhile, Catholics abroad need but a word or two, to make them not only approve but vigorously act in the cause. Is this because English Catholics do not *wish* for the conversion of England, or rather would not wish for it, if they thought it possible, as much and more than those abroad? No, surely. Of course, they *must* wish for it; all motives divine and human concur in making it a thing desirable in their minds: but there is no hope. And why this difference? I do not attribute it to their being so far behind their brethren in France and elsewhere in this theological virtue; but to the circumstance, that they necessarily see the difficulties and obstacles more plainly, and they have not hope enough to make them surmount the discouragements, which naturally is produced by the sight. If we take a view of a great mountain at twenty miles' distance, it will seem as if nothing was so easy, as to go up the path which we seem to see marked up to its summit; but when we come near, and begin the ascent, the attempt appears very different. We find we have to cross fissures and torrents and crags and ridges, of which we saw nothing in the distant prospect, and we very likely think it either impossible, or not worth the trouble. It may be right to give up the attempt, if the object is only to get a view of the sunrise from the mountain's top, and the difficult passes to be made are really impracticable or very dangerous; but I will not allow it to be right to be discouraged at the near view of the difficulties attending such an enterprise as I propose; where the object is the saving of hundreds of millions of souls and where the difficulties may be surmounted by God's help, or supposing they are not surmounted, there is in the undertaking every thing to hope for ourselves, nothing to fear. I, even I, shall be able, I think, to convince some of this, if not all; provided I live to write, long enough, and the "*Catholic Register*" also lives and flourishes, and gets good circulation, and will still give me room. But first now, let it be understood, what is the hope to which I would persuade people. Some persons seem to think that I had made up my mind that England was to be converted in a certain number of years, and that I fancied myself to have some assurance of it,

such as a prophet or a saint might have. I am sometimes asked in a taunting tone of triumph, *Well, Sir, and is England Catholic yet? or, When will England be Catholic?* as if I had ever marked out a fixed time, when it would be, and that time had already passed. I admit that when I first became a Catholic, I had expectations more sanguine than I could afterwards keep up. I conceived other Protestants would more easily understand the truth and beauty of Catholic faith; and as Moses, when he first spoke to the Israelites about breaking their bonds, seems to have been sadly disappointed at finding they would not listen to him, so, when I began communicating my hopes for England to other Catholics, I too was disappointed when I found I was only laughed at as a visionary, and I saw that from both causes the work would probably be greater and more difficult than it seemed at first; but I never had conceived that the conversion of England was certainly to take place, at all, much less had I ever fixed and defined any particular period for it. On the contrary, when I have heard people talking of visions and predictions about England's conversion, I have never placed faith in them. So many and so various are the visions and revelations of this kind, which have been at different times reported to me, and apparently quite independent of each other; that I have always thought some degree of credit ought to be given them, and some degree of encouragement taken from them. To my mind, it is conceivable that such visions might be vouchsafed of an event of such vast importance as this would be, as I believe that revelations have been given of the conversion of individuals, as of St. Augustine, of St. Andrew Corsini, to their respective mothers; but I never would consent to any such supposed supernatural intimations being relied upon with certainty unless they had been previously examined and approved by legitimate authority in the Church. Be it understood then, that I profess no certainty on the subject. I do not and never did fancy myself to have had any revelation about it. But on the other hand, I always have opposed and will oppose those who declare that England will never be converted, or not till after a certain time or except under certain conditions. Some, for instance, say that because England was Catholic once and has fallen, she cannot return. Supposing it were true, as they are pleased to say but as I do not admit, that no people has ever recovered the faith after losing it, where is the revelation which assures them that God is not to do something now in this respect? Others say that England cannot be converted till she has paid her full debt of punishment for the wrongs which she has done to other countries, as for instance to Ireland. I have expressed my disapproval of Irish clergy, employed on the Mission in England by English bishops, using such language. I think it is a lame kind of gospel to preach to the poor English people, to tell them there is no hope for them, till satisfaction has been made for the sins of their rulers, or rather of the rulers of their ancestors. I object, again, to such sentences as the following:—"As long as the gorgeous Establishment maintains its golden influence in every respectable family in the country, the conquests of truth must necessarily be few." This reminds me of the clergyman who, being asked by the farmers of his parish to read the prayer for fine weather in the church, said, as we are told: "it is of no use praying for fine weather as long as the wind is in the west." One of these sentences is much more high-sounding than the other; but the spirit of faith and hope seems to me about on the same level in each. Neither do I like to hear people say, I believe England will be converted; but it will not be in our day; or, it will be a hundred years first, and the like. Of course, the good gentleman, who settles his mind into this idea and thinks he has gone far enough in the way of hope, remains quite satisfied that there is nothing for him to do, nor to say, nor to spend for the purpose. He must go to Mass on Sundays; but he may hunt, shoot, and go to races or balls all the other days, and think of nothing else.

He must do his part towards keeping up our present chapels; but what need to build fine churches, which will never be filled in our day? we may leave that to our great grandchildren. He must say his morning and night prayers, but as to adding a Hail Mary for the conversion of England, or anything of the kind, what use is it to pray for what we shall never see? Such as these are the remarks with which I have been favoured by Catholics for these twenty years back, when I have talked to them about the conversion of England. I object to them all, as doing that which I have been accused of doing; that is, prescribing to Almighty God. If we are to prescribe to him, I conceive he will be better pleased we should prescribe to him to manifest his power and his grace than not to do it; but I say, let us not prescribe to him either way; but believing that he has full right to withhold his mercies, if he pleases, from a sinful people, yet that he is more pleased to show mercy than to withhold it, and that of his mercy and his power there is no end, let us earnestly set ourselves to use the appointed means of moving him to mercy; and trust in him to do more than we desire or conceive, being yet resigned to his will, and rejoicing in it, if it should be in ways and at times far different from what we now think best. I have not had so much trouble from the answers of Protestants as from those of Catholics; partly because I have not, till lately, had so much to say to them on the subject, and partly, perhaps, because I more readily excuse them on the ground of ignorance. But I have had plenty of cold water thrown on me by them likewise. The song of too many is, that re-union is impossible: whereas I simply answer, if the two parties both wished to be united, so far is this from being impossible, that it is infallibly sure they would be united, and that soon. So, when one tells me union will never take place among Christians till the millennium comes, another till the Jews are converted, and the like,—I answer, so much the better. If that is the case, we may then make sure of seeing the commencement of the millenium, or the conversion of the Jews about the middle of next July at latest; for, if we do but please, nothing can hinder our all being at one in the truth before the autumn.

I must now conclude. I would have entered on a further explanation of my feelings on this question: Can England, or will England ever be Catholic again? will Christians ever be united? and how soon? founded on the thirty-seventh chapter of the prophet Ezekiel. I would fain beg those who read my letters, to be so good as to peruse and weigh that interesting chapter; and next month, please God, I may propose my remarks upon it, which perhaps will agree with those that have been suggested to their minds.

I am, dear Sir, your faithful Servant in Christ,

IGNATIUS OF ST. PAUL, *Passionist*.

Catholic Chapel, Blackbrook, Lancashire, April 8, 1850.

To the Rev. Father Ignatius, on the Re-conversion of England.

REVEREND FATHER.—Your charitable heart, swelling and overflowing with desire for the re-conversion of our country, will, I am assured, receive with condescending kindness any suggestion tending to the accomplishment of that holy hope; even from the most humble of the children of the Church. I beg therefore to present to your consideration an idea, which I have long entertained, and meditated upon. It is that of a practical co-operation with prayer, by means of example. This duty is ever incumbent on Christians; but at the present time, when God's holy Spirit is breathing anew over our nation, it is the more demanded. The Catholics of the existing generation may be considered as the seed of the future harvest of the salvation of our country. Let us then devote ourselves, in a special and more sacred manner, to this holy obligation. A model is before us, blessed by great and consolatory success, in the "Pledge of Temperance,"

instituted by Father Mathew. You, dear Reverend Father, could form and establish a new and still more heavenly association of Catholics; who should pledge themselves solemnly before their pastor, to live henceforward virtuously and piously for the spiritual edification of their separated brethren.

From such soldiers of the cross very frequent confession and communion must necessarily be required. I will venture to add also, that every companion of such an order should receive from his pastor, on his admission, a ribbon and medal, to be worn in a modest and unseen manner; which, at each confession, should be given up to his director; who should be empowered to retain it, or re-bestow it, according to his paternal views of its being merited or forfeited.

Hoping to be excused this freedom, and that my proposal, if it in any degree receive your approbation, may in your apostolic hands acquire value and adoption, I am, Reverend Father, yours with the greatest respect,

Oxford.

UNUS.

P.S. You might approve of the medal having an invocatory inscription to the blessed Mary, our heavenly Mother, also to St. George, or St. Augustine; or under whatsoever patronage you might place the society. You would probably also recommend one day in the year for general and fervent communion, with a processional devotion to propitiate the mercy of heaven for the object which should be so dear to our hearts. And, it has sometimes occurred to my mind, that, if ever, under your happy sanction, such an association could be established, the members should essay, under the direction of their pastor, to overcome some particular fault and acquire some appointed virtue for the same holy purpose.

To the Editor of the "Catholic Magazine and Register."

DEAR SIR.—You will doubtless be delighted to hear that F. Newman purposes preaching during the present month of Mary at the Oratory on the "*Present Difficulties of Anglicanism*." May we not securely hope that these lectures will be attended by our separated brethren, and that many who are now in doubt will be reconciled to holy Church?—Yes, a harvest, thank God, is coming, and the prayers of the V. Mary d'Escobar, and St. John of the Cross, will now be proved to have been heard for the conversion of our beloved island mother—Oh, let us then be indefatigable in our prayers for England! Wishing you every success, I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

A CONVERT,

London, Fest. Sti. Georgii, 1850.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.

Kilrush, County Clare, Ireland, April 2, 1850.

"I am grieved to state that the condition of the peasantry and poor of this district is still very pitiable; though I hope that signs of amendment are to be seen in very much increased activity in tilling the land, which affords some employment, though at a miserably low scale of remuneration: one shilling *per week*, and two meals of Indian-meal porridge per day, being the usual wages for a labouring man. About 12,000 of the infirm class are in receipt of out-door relief, and 3,300 are in the workhouse. Among the latter, the mortality is very distressing: ranging from 120 to 150 per month, or over 100 per cent. per annum on the number of inmates.

"The Government and Poor-Law Commissioners are using every effort to mitigate suffering and relieve want, by procuring additional workhouse accommodation; though the repugnance of the poor to enter the workhouse is very great.

"The evictions still continue: 104 cabins have been levelled on one small property, within a space of four days, during the last month."

ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE VICARS-APOSTOLIC.—The Right Reverend the Vicars-Apostolic in England have held their annual meeting in London. We rejoice to hear that they unanimously resolved to make such a collection in their several districts as should enable them to present to his Holiness the Pope a token of the gratitude felt by English Catholics for the partial restoration of the hierarchy in this country. It is fortunate that a sacred relic exists in England, of such workmanship and splendour as to make it a fit offering on the occasion; and that the purchase of it by the Bishops will be the means of still further benefitting religion, through one of our most important collegiate establishments. The value of the proposed offering, which we have seen, is about £2,000. Every Catholic will wish to have a share in the transfer of it, and in testifying his gratitude to the Holy See.

THE UNPROTECTED FEMALE IN THEOLOGICAL DIFFICULTIES.—The following correspondence has passed between Miss Sellon, the Sister of Mercy, and Lord Chief Justice Campbell:

“The Orphans’ Home, Plymouth, March 19.

“My Lord.—It is with a pain the intensity of which, amidst such apparent ingratitude, your Lordship will not readily imagine possible that in writing to express my deep sense of your kindness in consenting to aid the work at Devonport, I have now to request the withdrawal of a name which, noble and honoured as it is, is connected most painfully with a decision which for the present brands the Church of England with uncatholic teaching.

“As a most unworthy, yet faithful daughter of that Church, I have, as your Lordship will perceive, no choice left me in working for her but to withdraw from one who has assisted in a judgment which I am bound to believe is so contrary to her fundamental principles as to be fatal to her unless absolutely rejected.

“It is useless to multiply words of sorrow. Your Lordship will know and feel that such a letter as the present ought not and could not be written without much grief and embarrassment. Entreating your forgiveness, and praying that all blessing may attend you and yours,

“I am, your Lordship’s humble and grateful servant,

“PRISCILLA LYDIA SELLON,

“Ye mother supr.”

—
“Midland Circuit, Warwick, March 31, 1850.

“Madam.—Having a most sincere respect for your piety and benevolence, I would beg you to reconsider your request that my name may be withdrawn from the list of those who are desirous of assisting you in the truly Christian objects to which your life is devoted. I really believe that you misunderstand the judgment to which you refer when you consider that it is so dangerous to the Church and so discreditable to those who concurred in it. I assure you that we have given no opinion contrary to yours upon the doctrine of baptismal regeneration. We had no jurisdiction to decide any doctrinal question, and we studiously abstained from doing so. We were only called upon to construe the articles and formularies of the Church, and to say whether they be so framed as to condemn certain opinions expressed by Mr. Gorham. If we be mistaken in thinking that they are not so framed, you will hardly say that for this mistake (which you will charitably believe to be conscientious) we ought to be excluded from communion with orthodox Christians. Recollect that the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Archbishop of York entirely approved of what we did, and that they are as much answerable for it as if they had been members of the court instead of being

only our advisers. Reflect, then, whether it be for the good of the Church, to which you are so affectionately attached, to pronounce excommunication against all who approve of the decision which you censure. Perhaps you may find that a large majority of the pious sons and daughters of the Church of England think that the decision is sound, and that it may heal the wounds from which she has lately suffered. At any rate I do hope that upon reconsideration you will still allow me to have the gratification of being upon your committee. If you remain inflexible, I must submit to your determination, but I shall continue to pray that Heaven may enlighten your understanding and further your labours with its choicest blessings.

"I have the honour to be, with the highest respect, Madam,

"Your most obedient faithful servant,

"CAMPBELL."

"The Orphans' Home, April 8.

"My Lord.—I found your letter on my return from a short absence from home. Need I say that the unexpected kindness of its contents only made me the more bitterly mourn over the unhappy cause which separates me from such a benevolent and noble heart—separates me, as I still hope, only for a time, for how can I believe but that your Lordship will in time perceive what is involved in your decision, and will lament as deeply as any one of us that it should have endangered the Church by the apparent admission of heretical teaching.

"You tell me that, on the contrary, it will help to heal her wounds. Alas! my Lord, that you should say so. How can it heal her wounds to tell us that her articles admit of a heresy which her creed rejects? I may not believe it, although such words are sanctioned by the two Archbishops. My Lord, I do not believe it. It would be to question the truth of the Church of England to believe that it were matter of allowed indifference whether an article of the creed were contradicted or not. It is not being faithful to her to doubt until her own voice condemn her, which may God forbid! But many hearts since the decision do fail. They believe that your decision is just; they do not believe that the Church of England is a witness to and a holder of the truth of God—they turn from her, as not being 'a light set on a hill which cannot be hid.' Their faith is utterly shaken. I speak from a bitter knowledge of facts. I see her forsaken by those who have loved her. And you, my Lord, do you also believe that the Church of England has been untrue to herself—that her formularies are so constituted that she contradicts her own belief—that she will not maintain the faith of her creeds—that she will admit priests to teach her children that which has been condemned as a heresy? Forgive me, my Lord, for writing thus to you. How can I do otherwise? It is not that I forget the difference which God has placed between us—the difference between an exalted and a lowly position—the difference of age, and sex, and station; but all fades away while I recollect the wonderful kindness of your letter—the noble reluctance with which you withdraw the aid which once I should have so joyfully and gratefully accepted; and I cannot but speak to you heart to heart.

"I thank you very earnestly for your promise of remembering me in your prayers. I am not worthy to pray for you—and yet if the God of all goodness will hear the supplication of a loving and deeply sorrowing heart, He will bring you to grieve for the injury done to the Church, and will help you to repair it—and give you all blessing in time and in eternity.

"Yours very humbly and affectionately,

"P. LYDIA SELLON."

"Stratheden-house, April 10.

"Madam.—I deeply grieve that (although in very courteous language) you adhere to the stern resolution of excluding me from the gratification of

being upon the list of your committee, and of contributing my mite to the excellent charities which you so laudably superintend. I must confess that you do not seem to me to have made any way in proving that my concurrence in the decision of the Judicial Committee in the Gorham case should disqualify me humbly to assist you in taking care of orphans, in providing a Christian education for the children of worthless parents, and in mitigating the physical sufferings of our fellow creatures.

"If at any time hereafter you should be induced to relent, I shall joyfully avail myself of the opportunity of again trying to further your benevolent schemes, and in the mean time,

"I have the honour to remain, with the highest respect,

"Miss Sellon."

"Madam, your most obedient, faithful servant,

"CAMPBELL.

Miss Sellon has addressed the following additional letter to Lord Campbell:—

"The Orphans' Home, St. Peter's, Plymouth, April 16.

"My Lord.—I am very much surprised and pained to hear that my letters to you have been published.

"If your Lordship had thought it advisable that any public statement should have been made regarding the subject on which they were written this could easily have been done in another form; but those letters were addressed simply to your own heart, and coming from the fulness of mine, were such as I should not have shown to others. They were a sacred matter between your conscience and my own and our God; and are, I need scarcely observe, singularly unfitted for the columns of a newspaper.

"It is not the first time that I have had cause to remonstrate at the way in which my private words have been made public by others; I would, my Lord, that you and all to whom I write, would recollect that my letters are written only for those to whom they are addressed, and that I claim the courtesy most especially due to a woman in requiring that they should not be published without my knowledge and permission.

"I own, my Lord, that I am rather indignant with you, but I am still

"Yours humbly and affectionately,

"P. LYDIA,

"The Mother Supr. of the Sisters of Mercy."

CONVOCATIONS.—The *Guardian* states that a petition having been transmitted to the Archbishop of Canterbury, bearing the signatures of 118 clergymen of the diocese of Lincoln, praying him to make a representation to Her Majesty on the subject of Convocations, the Primate replied as follows:—

"Lambeth, March 30.

"Rev. Sir.—As your name stands at the head of the clergy who have addressed me from the diocese of Lincoln I send my reply through your hands; and I beg the memorialists to believe that it is always with regret that I oppose the wishes of such a body of clergy as have desired me to promote the assembling of convocation. But the matter is one on which I must act upon my own opinion; and my opinion is quite decided, being founded upon the annals of former convocations,—that the meeting of such a synod for deliberation would tend to inflame rather than to moderate feelings, which are already too much excited, and increase the difficulty of restoring that peace to the church of which we so greatly stand in need. With reluctance, therefore, I must decline acceding to the wishes of the memorialists, and remain, Rev. Sir,

"Rev. F. C. Massingberd."

"Your faithful servant,

"J. B. CANTUAR.

CONVERSIONS.

THE BISHOP OF EXETER'S CHAPLAIN.—Information reached town on Monday, which we believe may be depended on, that the Rev. W. Maskell, vicar of Mary Church, Devon, and domestic chaplain to the Bishop of Exeter, had signified his intention of resigning his living this week, preparatory to entering the Church of Rome.—*Herald*.—It has since been stated, that at the request of the Bishop, the resignation is delayed.

On Easter Sunday, the wife of Mr. Robert Bocock, of Newmarket, was received into the Catholic Church at Cambridge, by the Rev. Thomas Quinlivan.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has recommended a clergyman who hesitated about retaining his living in the Church, after the recent decision of the Privy Council, to hold his incumbency for six months, and if at the termination of that period he held the same opinions to resign the living.

John Bethell, Esq., of Sussex-square, Hyde Park, and brother to Mr. Bethell, Q.C., was received into the Church at Farm-street, on Friday April 5th.

The *Gospel Messenger* announces that Robert Beverly Tillotson, a candidate for orders in the Episcopalian Church, Western New York, lately embraced the Catholic faith in Europe.

FOREIGN.

ROME.—The *Moniteur* published the following telegraphic despatch:—"Rome, April 13.—The Minister Plenipotentiary of France to the Minister for Foreign Affairs.—The Pope entered Rome last evening at four o'clock. He was received with the most enthusiastic acclamations. The whole of the city was illuminated in the evening."

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF HIS HOLINESS.—The Naples correspondent of the *Daily News* thus describes a recent presentation to his Holiness Pope Pius IX.:—"His Holiness, who received us with great courtesy, looked remarkably well; after a few indifferent questions, he said that 'he would pray the Lord to shower down every grace upon us, and especially that grace which was nearest his heart.' To two of the party, who were children, he said, 'I will give you each a reminiscence of me, so that when you are grown up you will be able to say that you have seen the Pope;' and then turning to his escrutoire he took out two medals with his effigies upon them, and presented them. Whilst waiting in the antechamber, Cardinal Dupont passed through, having received an audience; he was followed shortly after by Cardinal Riario-Sforza, Bishop of Naples. The Sardinian Ambassador then came out, and we were presented. The manners of the Pope were exceedingly simple, and his dress still more so, consisting of a fine white flannel dress—on his head he wore a crimson coloured cap, large enough to cover the tonsure, and his shoes were of crimson or chocolate coloured velvet, with the cross embroidered in gold on each. I must not omit to say that to each of us who were Protestants his Holiness extended his hand to be kissed."

Letters from Rome on the 31st ult. announce the escape from the prison of the Castle of St. Angelo of Gazzola who had been sentenced to confinement in a monastery for his writings against religion and the Holy See, as also for conduct subversive of ecclesiastical discipline.

The Right Rev. Dr. Flaget, Bishop of Louisville, Kentucky, died on the 11th ult., in the eighty-seventh year of his age, fifty-eight of which he spent in America, whither he arrived in 1792, being then twenty-nine years old. In the year 1808 he was appointed Bishop of Bardstown, Kentucky—was consecrated on the 4th of November, 1810, and in the spring of the following

year took possession of his See, which he governed for more than forty years. His successor is the Right Rev. Dr. Spalding, a native of Kentucky.

PITTSBURG.—A large meeting was held in Pittsburg on Sunday, March 17th, to consider whether they should repair St. Paul's Cathedral, or rebuild it. The conclusion was to rebuild it, and 10,813 dollars were subscribed at once towards that purpose.

The temple on Mount Zion, according to a Berlin paper, is about to be rebuilt, by permission of the Turkish authorities, with a magnificence such as ordinary mortals would in vain labour to imagine. Our German contemporary affirms that a fund of several millions sterling (whence derived we are not told) is available for the purpose. If any Jewish temple, however modest a one, be erected on the sacred mount at all, the religious world will necessarily be looking for after events of greater magnitude still.

PARLIAMENTARY RECORD.

17TH APRIL.—ON THE ORDER OF THE DAY FOR THE SECOND READING OF THE EDUCATION BILL.

MR. STAFFORD moved that it be deferred for six months.

The **EARL OF ARUNDEL AND SURREY** seconded this amendment. Such a measure as this, he argued, must be founded upon one of two principles—either that secular education was more valuable than religious education, which none but an infidel would maintain; or, that secular education would lead to religious education, which was contrary to all experience. He showed the invidious tendency of various works published in different countries, written with great skill and learning; remarking that Mr. Fox's bill was supported by this school. Those, observed the noble lord, who propagated these views were almost as zealous, he should almost say, as a priest in propagating the faith. Such measures as the present bill were precisely what were wanted by a school which cloaked itself under the name of Christianity. It was a current report that Mr. Froude had been appointed principal of a new college at Manchester. Thanking the house for having allowed him to disgust them with the extracts he had read, he should say they were now arrived at another period of the world's history. Every one knew what his particular religious belief was; but he was not advocating the claims of the Roman Catholic Church; he was speaking on behalf of the poor of every religious denomination (hear, hear), that they should not be exposed to the peril of their souls. He called on the Government not to sanction such a measure as the present. Some three centuries ago a great convulsion arose in men's minds, and what was called the Reformation took place. The Scriptures were set up for the teaching of the Church. He did not say whether that was right or wrong; but now they had arrived at another period, the Scriptures were to be utterly laid aside. They were told that the school ignorantly praised by respectable prints was read by everybody, and that the world was on the eve of another great change in the human mind. The present movement he regarded as that of a mere skirmishing party which would be easily driven in; but what he called on the House to consider was that this was not the last attack, that the two armies were joined, that the battle-cry was "religion" or "irreligion" (hear, hear), "God" or "devil," and that the issue for which they must fight was heaven or hell. (Hear, hear.)

On the motion of Mr. Anstey, the further consideration of the measure (which was opposed also by Lord J. Russell) was deferred for a fortnight.

MISCELLANEOUS.

For the first time since the "Reformation," a Catholic gentleman has been selected as High Sheriff for the county of Suffolk, in the person of Sir Thomas Rokewode Gage, Baronet, of Hengrave Hall, near Bury St. Edmund's. There was one omission, we think, in this appointment, namely, that there was no priest appointed as chaplain to Sir Thomas, *who might have insisted upon preaching before the judges.* The assize sermon was preached, as a matter of course, by the incumbent of the church which their lordships attended.

NUNS IN CAMBRIDGE.—After a space of more than 300 years, Nuns are again stationed in the University town of Cambridge. On Monday, the 11th instant, the Schools of the Roman Catholic Missions were re-opened, under the superintendence of two Nuns, of the Order of the Infant Jesus, from the Convent of Northampton. On the Wednesday following, Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Thomas Quinlivan, the pastor, for the special invocation of the Holy Ghost on the labours of the Sisters; after which the children went in procession to the Schools.—*Cambridge Chronicle.*

BIBLICAL LORE.—During the French campaign in Italy at the end of the last century, the clergymen in Montrose, in their public ministrations, were importunate in their petitions for the downfall of Antichrist. When the Papal Government was suppressed in 1798 and the Pope compelled to quit Rome, it was conceived that these prayers had been answered, and the petitions in question were, it seems, intermitted. The change was remarked by an old woman, a regular hearer of Mr. Mollison's, and meeting the clergyman one day the following colloquy took place:—"Well, Margaret, how are you to-day?" "Ou, brawly, Sir; hoo are ye yoursel, Sir?" "Pretty well," said Mr. Mollison, in his usual sonorous voice. "There's just ae question I wud like to pit till ye, Sir," said Margaret, as the clergyman was passing. "Is Anne Christie dead, or is she better, that ye dinna pray for her noo?"—*Scotch Paper.*

THE LAST MOVEMENT TOWARDS POPISH WORSHIP IN BIDEFORD CHURCH.—Agreeably to intimation given on Easter day, the holy sacrament of the Lord's supper, was administered at the parish church as early as eight in the morning. A select few attended, chiefly young ladies, some of whom, who had assumed the garb of mourning during Lent, appeared at the altar veiled in white! On the same occasion, the singing boys made their appearance for the first time, in *white surplices.* However, these garbs of purity were discontinued (for some reason or other) during the remaining services of the day.

DR. PHILLPOTTS TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.—"My Lord, I have said that there is too much cause to fear that the effect of this judgment, bearing, as it does, your Grace's sanction, will be to drive many from our Church—perhaps to Rome—perhaps to infidelity. Yet I trust in God's mercy that such will not be the issue. If my voice can anywhere be heard—if my wishes, my entreaties, my sufferings—for, indeed, my Lord, I have suffered much—not for myself—but if my sufferings in mourning for the Church, and for the too probable results to her continuance as a sound Branch of the Tree of Life, can avail with any, I implore them to cling more closely, more faithfully, more lovingly, to her in this her hour of affliction; above all, to pray humbly to him who can make all things work together for good, that He will be pleased to 'correct us, but with judgment, not in His anger, lest he bring us to nothing;' that we may learn—practically learn—and feel how miserably weak we are, how great and good He is! The Church of England has hitherto been no ordinary branch of Christ's Church. Let us not rend, let us not weaken her. Let us hope, let us labour for

better days ; and we will not cast away the hope that your Grace will even yet not desert us. *Call together your com-provincial Bishops ; invite them to declare what is the faith of the Church on the Articles impugned in this judgment.* This, permit me to say, is the best, perhaps the only safe course you can take."

SUPERSTITION IN LINCOLNSHIRE.—At the magistrates' office, Spilsby, on the 18th ult., William Martin, of Bratoft, was charged with imposing on Tobias Davison, by giving him a pretended charm to cure his wife of a certain complaint, and receiving for the same the sum of 10s., Mr Robinson appeared for Martin, who is an old man, 85 years of age, and has long enjoyed the reputation of being a "wise man," and by the exercise of his art levied many a contribution on the credulous. Davison stated that about eight weeks ago he went to the prisoner's house and told him that his wife was ill, and he was to come and see if he could cure her. He told the prisoner that he only had 10s., and he said, "Well, I cannot help it, if you have no more." He took the money and went to another part of the room, and shortly after came again and gave him a paper parcel, which he said was to be suspended round his wife's neck, and it would do her good. His wife wore it for some time according to the prisoner's direction, but did not receive any benefit. The bench ordered the parcel to be opened, when in several folds of paper were found some pieces of sticks and a piece of writing paper, on which was written the word "Abracadabra," the 12 signs of the zodiac, some fractional numbers, and the following lines :—

" By Saint Peter and Saint Paul,
God is the maker of us all ;
What he gave to me I give to thee,
And that is naught to nobody."

Mr. Robinson recommended the prisoner to the merciful consideration of the bench on account of his great age and infirmities. Ordered to be committed for 14 days, to pay all expenses, and the cost of maintenance in prison.—*Boston Herald.*

The Right Rev. Dr. Delany, the venerated Roman Catholic Lord Bishop of Cork, administered the holy Sacrament of Confirmation on Tuesday, the 19th ult., at the Government prison, Spike Island, to 794 convicts.

The Pope has sent to the Archbishop of Baltimore, a letter confirming the last Provincial Council held there, and containing also the following paragraph :—

"We are greatly rejoiced at the cheering testimony you have sent us of the very great and rapid increase of the Catholic religion in the United States. We warmly congratulate you on your virtue and labours, and on the singular zeal with which you are animated for the propagation of religion, and the enlargement of that portion of the Lord's vineyard entrusted to your care and pastoral solicitude. We hope also that the future, with the help of your eminent exertions, will produce still more abundant fruits. We freely promise you that nothing will be omitted on our part that can aid you, or be useful to the cause of the Church over which you preside."

"**THE CATHOLIC PRIMATE**" OF ALL IRELAND—The "*Freeman's Journal*" has published in extenso a long pastoral to the Clergy and people of his archdiocese, occupying five columns of the paper, from Dr. Cullen, the newly consecrated Roman Catholic Archbishop of Armagh. It is a meek and Christian production, designed mainly to inculcate the principles of charity and goodwill between men, and is a happy foreshadowing of the benefits which the archdiocese is likely to derive from the pastoral care of the Author.—*Illustrated News.*

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION OF THE B. V. M.—We have reason to believe that a decree will shortly issue on this divine subject that will gladden the hearts of the great bulk of the Christian world. The replies to the letter of his Holiness which have been sent in from almost universal Christendom, attest how dear to all Catholics will be any declaration to the greater glory of the mother of our Redeemer. The return of his Holiness to Rome and the ensuing month of Mary will be the occasion of the decree.

ROME.—(Friday Evening, April 12.)—The history of the last two years has taught us to set very little reliance on any demonstrations of public opinion. But for this sad experience I should have warmly congratulated the Pope and his French advisers on the success of their experiment, and augured well of the new Roman era from the enthusiasm which has ushered it in. The genuine heartiness, the uncalculating expression of emotion, which delighted the Pope at Frosinone and Velletri, were not found in Rome; but then it must be remembered that it was from Rome the Pope was driven forth as an exile—that shame and silence are the natural expressions of regret and repentance; so, considering everything, the Pope was very well received. Bright banners waved over his head, bright flowers were strewn on his path, the day was warm and sunny—in all respects it was a morning *abdo notanda cretd*, one of the *dies fasti* of the reformed Papacy.

And yet the thoughts which the gorgeous scene suggested were not of unmixed gratification. French troops formed the Papal escort; French troops lined the streets and thronged St. Peter's. At first the mind was carried back to the times when Pepin, as the eldest son of the Catholic Church, restored the Pope to the throne of the Apostle, and for the moment we were disposed to feel that the event and the instrument were happily associated; but a moment's glance at the tricolour standard, and the free and easy manner of the General-in-Chief when he met the Pope at the gate of the Lateran, recalled the mind back to the French Republic, with all its long train of intrigue, oppression, and infatuated folly.

But, whatever the change of scene may be, it must be admitted that the drama was full of interest and the decorations magnificent. When the sun shone on the masses collected in the Piazza of St. Giovanni, and the great gates of the Lateran being thrown open the gorgeous hierarchy of Rome, with the banners of the various Basilicæ, the insignia and costume of every office, issued forth, the effect was beyond measure imposing. An artist must have failed in painting, as he must have failed in composing such a picture. Precisely at four o'clock the batteries on the Place announced that the *cortege* was in view, and presently the clouds of dust blown before it gave a less agreeable assurance of its approach. The procession was headed by a strong detachment of cavalry; then followed the tribe of couriers, outriders, and officiales—whom I described from Velletri—more troops and then the Pope. As he passed the drums beat the *générale*, and the soldiers knelt, it was commonly reported, but I know not with what truth; it was the first time they ever knelt before the Head of the Church. Certainly, with the Italian church ceremonies are an instinct—the colouring and the grouping are so accidentally but artistically arranged; the bright scarlet of the numerous Cardinals mingling with the solemn black of the *Conservatori*, the ermine of the Senate, the golden vestments of the high-priests, and the soberer hues of the inferior orders of the clergy. When the Pope descended from the carriage a loud cheer was raised and handkerchiefs were waved in abundance; but, alas! the enthusiasm that is valuable is that which does not boast of such a luxury as handkerchiefs. Very few people seemed to think it necessary to kneel, and, on the whole, the mass were more interested in the pageant itself than in the circumstances in which it originated. The excitement of curiosity was, however, at its height, for many people, in defiance of

horse and foot, broke into the square, where they afforded excellent sport to the Chasseurs, who amused themselves in knocking off their hats and then in preventing them from picking them up. I ran down in time to see his Holiness march in procession up the centre of the magnificent St. Giovanni. This religious part of the ceremony was perhaps more imposing than that outside the church. The dead silence while the Pope prayed, the solemn strains when he rose from his knees, the rich draperies which covered the walls and cast an atmosphere of purple light around, the black dresses and the veils which the ladies wore, mingling with every variety of uniform, stars, and ribands, produced an admirable effect.

The great object, when this ceremony was half finished, was to reach St. Peter's before the Pope could arrive there, everybody of course starting at the same moment, and each party thinking they were going to do a very clever thing in taking a narrow roundabout way by the Ponte Sisto, so choking it up and leaving the main road by the Coliseum and the Foro Trajano quite deserted. In the palmiest days of the Circus Rome could never have witnessed such chariot racing. All ideas of courtesy and solemnity befitting the occasion were banished. The only thing was who could arrive first at the bridge. The streets as we passed through were quite deserted—it looked like a city of the dead. As we passed that admirable institution, the Hospital St. Giovanni Colabita, which is always open to public view, the officiating priests and soldiers were standing in wonder at the entrance, and the sick men raised themselves on their arms and looked with interest on the excitement occasioned by the return of the Head of that Church, to which they owed the foundation where they sought repose and the faith that taught them hope. By the time we arrived at St. Peter's the immense space was already crowded, but, thanks to my Irish pertinacity, I soon elbowed myself into a foremost place at the head of the steps. Here I had to wait for about an hour, admiring the untiring energy of the mob, who resisted all the attempts of the troops to keep them back, the gentle expostulations of the officers, and sometimes the less gentle persuasion of the bayonet. At six o'clock the banners flew from the top of Adrian's Tomb and the roar of cannon recommenced; but again the acclamations were very partial, and, but for the invaluable pocket-handkerchiefs of the ever-sympathising ladies, the affair must have passed off rather coldly. It was, however, very different in St. Peter's. When his Holiness trod that magnificent temple the thousands collected within its walls appeared truly impressed with the grandeur, the almost awful grandeur, of the scene. The man, the occasion, and the splendour, all so striking—never was the most celebrated (?) under a more remarkable combination of circumstances. The word of command given to the troops rang through the immense edifice, then the crash of arms, and every man knelt for some moments amid a breathless silence, only broken by the drums, which rolled at intervals. The mass was ended. St. Peter's sent forth the tens of thousands, the soldiers fell in, the pageantry was at an end. Then came the illumination, which was very beautiful, not from the brilliancy of the lights, but from its being so universal. St. Peter's was only lighted *en demi-toilette*, and is to appear in his glory to-morrow evening; but as the wind played among the lamps, and the flames flickered and brightened in the breeze, the effect from the Pincian was singularly graceful. The Campodoglio, that centre of triumph, was in a blaze of glory, and the statues of the mighty of old stood forth, like dark and solemn witnesses of the past, in the sea of light. But one by one the lamps died out, the silence and the darkness of the night resumed their sway, and the glory of the day became the history of the past.

Thus far prognostications have been defeated. The Pope is in the Vatican

Let us hope the prophets of evil may again find their predictions falsified ; but, alas ! it is impossible to be blind to the fact, that within the last few days the happiness of many homes has been destroyed, and that the triumph of the one has been purchased by the sorrows of the many. True, some 30,000 scudi have been given in charity, of which the Pope granted 25,000 ; but there is that which is even more blessed than food—it is liberty. There were conspiracies, it is true. An attempt was made to set fire to the Quirinal ; a small *machine infernale* was exploded near the Palazzo Teodoli. There was the excuse for some arrests, but not for so many. But if the hand of the Administration is to press too heavily on the people, the absence of prudence and indulgence on the part of the Church cannot be compensated for by the presence of its Head. In former days the master-writings of antiquity which were found inscribed on old parchments, were obliterated to make way for missals, homilies, and golden legends, gorgeously illuminated. Let not the Church fall into the same error in these days by effacing from its record the stern but solemn lessons of the past, to replace them by illiberal, ungenerous, and therefore erroneous views, clothed although they may be with all the pride and pomp of Papal supremacy. Doubtless some time will elapse before any particular course of policy will be laid down. The Pope will for the moment bide his time and observe. No one questions his good intentions, no man puts his benevolence in doubt. Let him only follow the dictates of his own kindness of heart, chastened by his bitter experience, which will teach him alike to avoid the extremes of indulgence and the excesses of severity.

Saturday Morning, April 13.

I am glad to be able to add that the night has passed off in the most quiet and satisfactory manner, and I do not hear that in a single instance public tranquillity was disturbed. The decorations, consisting of bright colours and rich tapestry, which ornamented the windows and balconies yesterday, are kept up to-day, and the festive appearance of the city is fully maintained. There is an apparent increase of movement in all the principal thoroughfares. Of course the whole city is alive with reports of various descriptions ; everybody draws his own conclusions from the great events of yesterday, and indulges in vaticinations in the not improbable event of General Baraguay d'Hilliers' immediate departure now that his mission has been accomplished. A fine field will be open for speculation. Meanwhile the presence of the sovereign has been of one inestimable advantage to the town—it has put the municipality on the alert. The heaps of rubbish have been removed from the centres of the squares and the corners of the different streets, to the great discomfiture of the tribes of hungry dogs which, for the comfort of the tired population, had not energy to bay through the night. Workpeople have been incessantly employed in carting away the remains of Republican violence. I observe, however, that the causeway between the Vatican and St. Angelo, which was broken down by the mob, has not yet been touched. Are we to hail this as an omen that the sovereign will never again require to seek the shelter of the fortress, or as an evidence that the ecclesiastical and the civil power are not yet entirely united?—*Correspondent of the "Times."*

[FROM A ROMAN CORRESPONDENT.]

The Pope's journey, from Terracina onwards, was most propitious. His Holiness slept on the 9th at Frosinone, and proceeded on the following morning to the Palace at Valmontone where he was magnificently received and entertained by Prince and Princess Doria, on his way to Velletri. Up to eleven o'clock the day was lowering, but at that hour the sun shone forth to the great delight of the immense concourse of persons who had congre-

gated in the great square before the palace to welcome their Sovereign, who was preceded by about half an hour by General Gabrielli, and then Prince Massimo—master of the post—and several couriers. The Pontifical cortège consisted of nine carriages: on his arrival about two o'clock, his Holiness alighted at the principal church which adjoins the palace, amidst the most affectionate and loyal acclamations, and was conducted to a tribune by Prince Doria and his uncle Don Carlo Doria, accompanied by all the authorities of the town, when a solemn Benediction was given by a bishop before the whole court and people, the high altar being beautifully lighted, and the service, in which the organ and choristers joined, was most imposing and impressive. His Holiness then passed to the palace, where the Princess Doria, surrounded by her children and a select number of visitors, received the Holy Father at the foot of the grand stair-case, and conducted him to the throne-room, whence he almost immediately proceeded to bestow his blessing from the Loggia—which had been decorated for the occasion—on the multitude which thronged the square, his Holiness kindly observing that he would not keep them waiting any longer. He was again received with the utmost enthusiasm.

This ceremony being concluded, the Sovereign Pontiff again repaired to the throne-room, where all were freely admitted, and most graciously received. The canons of the church, the Holy Sisters (Maestre Pie), several of the clergy, both regular and secular, and the municipalities of Valmontone, and its neighbourhood for many miles around, paid their homages in succession. Upon which, after the recital of some verses in honour of his Holiness, the grand banquetting-hall was thrown open, where a sumptuous *gouté* was served on a splendid service of gold plate, at which only the three cardinals who accompanied his Holiness, the other members of his court, and the princely host and hostess, with the most distinguished of their guests, assisted. His Holiness appeared in excellent health and spirits, conversing freely with those around him, and expressing himself, as we afterwards learnt, most confidently for the future. He particularly noticed the young Prince of Valmontone, Prince Doria's eldest son, a fine intelligent-looking little boy, and gave him his especial blessing. We were also much struck with the amiable and gracious manners of Cardinal Dupont. At four o'clock his Holiness took leave, evidently most highly gratified with his reception; and on descending the stair-case was greatly surprised and flattered at finding an inscription on a marble tablet commemorative of the event, already fixed in the wall; and then pursued his route to Velletri amidst the usual *vivas*. We also noticed the Princes Borghese and Aldobrandini, who came to Valmontone to greet his Holiness, and to do him homage as he passed the small town of Montefortino, a fief of the Borghese family.

I must now observe that the Palace of Valmontone is an immense pile of building, being an ancient feudal residence of the Pamphili. The state apartments were newly decorated for the occasion. The principal saloon was hung with crimson damask *encandré* within gilt frames, and this, joined to the beauty and richness of the furniture, and the splendour of the old vaulted frescoed ceilings—and which are common to the whole range—produced a very grand effect. The throne-room deserves a particular notice, being of vast size, and the walls covered with crimson velvet, intersected at intervals by gold *passementerie*, forming it into pilasters and spaces; the window curtains of the same materials, artistically arranged and enriched with deep gold fringe and ponderous gold tassels. The pontifical throne, with its chair of state, was tastefully dressed to correspond with the other decorations. The banquetting hall was beautifully furnished with brocaded yellow satin, which looked particularly brilliant and striking. In fine, nothing had been omitted to make his Holiness's reception worthy of the occasion.

THE BISHOP OF EXETER AND MR. GORHAM.

QUEEN'S BENCH.—April 25th.—(Before Lord Chief Justice Campbell and Justices Patteson, Wightman, and Erle.)

JUDGMENT.—IN RE THE BISHOP OF EXETER AND GORHAM.

At the sitting of the Court this morning Lord Campbell delivered judgment in this long-vexed case.

Some time before their Lordships took their seats on the bench the court was thronged by persons desirous of hearing the judgment.

Lord CAMPBELL said this was a motion for a rule to show cause why a writ of prohibition should not issue to the Dean of the Arches' Court and to his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, to prohibit them from requiring the Lord Bishop of Exeter to institute the Rev. George Cornelius Gorham to the vicarage of Bampford Speke, in the diocese of Exeter; and also to prohibit the Dean of the Arches and the Archbishop of Canterbury from instituting the said George Cornelius Gorham to the said vicarage, pursuant to an order of her Majesty in Council, made on the 9th of March, 1850, upon the report of the Judicial Committee of Privy Council, in an appeal from the Court of Arches in the matter of Gorham v. the Bishop of Exeter. As he (Lord Campbell) sat as a member of the Judicial Committee of Privy Council, when that appeal was heard before that tribunal, he should have abstained from giving any opinion upon the propriety of granting this application upon any point then argued and decided; but the Bishop of Exeter stated in his affidavit that he was not, at the time of the argument before the Judicial Committee, or for some time afterwards, informed or aware of the objection now made; and certainly that objection was never brought forward before the Judicial Committee by any of the counsel who addressed the Court, or by any of the members of the Court, and never heard of until the decision was pronounced. The objection was, therefore, as new to him (Lord Campbell) as it was to his Learned Brethren on the bench. The objection was, that Mr. Gorham had no right by law to appeal to the Queen in Council for the purpose of bringing the case before the Judicial Committee of Privy Council, and that he could only appeal from the Court of Arches to the Upper House of Convocation. If that objection was well founded in point of law the prohibition ought to be directed to stay the execution of the sentence, for on that supposition the judgment of the Court of Arches remained in force, and the proceedings before the Judicial Committee of Privy Council must be considered and taken to be a nullity. But, after a very attentive and anxious consideration of the statutes bearing on the point, his Learned Brethren and himself were all of opinion that the objection was unfounded, and that the course taken by Mr. Gorham upon the judgment being given against him in the Court of Arches was a course which it was perfectly competent for him to take for the purpose of having the judgment in that court reversed.

The case turned upon two statutes, the 24th Henry VIII., c. 12, and the 25th Henry VIII., c. 19. Sir Fitzroy Kelly, in his very lucid argument, contended that in all cases which touched the Crown, the only appeal from the Arches' Court was to the Upper House of Convocation, and that this case touched the Crown, inasmuch as her Majesty was patron of the living of Bampford Speke; and, therefore, the proper course was to appeal directly from the Court of Arches to the Upper House of Convocation. Upon that last point the Court did not think it necessary to give any opinion, because they thought that the Queen, irrespective of any argument that this case touched her Crown, had an interest in the soundness or unsoundness of Mr. Gorham's doctrine. The statute of 24th Henry VIII., c. 12, which

was passed when Sir Thomas More was Lord Chancellor, and when Henry had not broken away from the see of Rome, did not give the power of appeal for which Sir F. Kelly contended, which was admitted by the Learned Counsel. It was the broad principle of that Act that all temporal matters discussed in the Ecclesiastical Court should be finally determined by the King in Council (so we understood), and that the spiritual jurisdiction belonging to the Pope, as supreme head of the Church, should remain untouched. An appeal from the Archbishop's Court in a suit of duplex quarela, which this was, would still have gone to Rome; but in the following year Henry, finding there was no chance of succeeding in his divorce suit, or of obtaining the sanction of the Pope, and being impatient to marry Ann Boleyn, resolved to break away from Rome altogether. Sir Thomas More had now resigned the great seal, and it was held by his more pliant successor, who was more careful to study the wishes and the interests of the king. Then was passed the statute 25th Henry VIII., which put an end to all appeals to Rome in all cases whatever, and provided that ecclesiastical suits should be heard and decided in the courts of, first, the archdeacon, then the bishop, and then the archbishop, and created a new court of appeal from all decisions in those ecclesiastical courts. Instead of allowing the decision of the archbishop to be final, the Legislature then enacted that for lack of justice in any court of the archbishop, it was lawful for any party feeling himself aggrieved to appeal to the High Court of Chancery. One construction had been uniformly put on those statutes for about three centuries, without any doubt being started on the subject until the present motion was made. During that long period of time there had been many suits decided in the Archbishops' Court, in which the Crown was concerned, respecting tithes, testamentary and matrimonial matters, as well as others of a spiritual nature. (The Learned Judge here cited several of such cases, which had been so heard and determined.) There would be no security for property or liberty if it could be successfully contended that all lawyers and all statesmen had been mistaken for centuries as to the true meaning of an old Act of Parliament. The Court could only interpret and try to discover the intention of the Legislature from the language of the statute. Proceeding on that principle, his (Lord Campbell's) Learned Brethren and himself all thought that no reason had been alleged to invalidate the sentence in this case, on the ground that the Queen in Council and the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council had no jurisdiction, and therefore they felt bound to say that a rule to show cause why a prohibition should not be granted to stay the execution of the sentence ought not to go.

Rule refused accordingly.

ANOTHER GORHAM CASE.—It is stated that a case very closely resembling that of the Rev. Mr. Gorham and the Bishop of Exeter is likely to occur in the diocese of Gloucester and Bristol. The magistrates having appointed the Rev. Mr. Simpson, who is understood to be the editor of a publication called *The Protestant*, to the chaplaincy of the Bridewell, in that city, a number of the high church clergy have memorialised the Bishop, alleging that the Rev. gentleman holds the heretical opinion that baptismal regeneration is not a doctrine of the Church of England, and praying his Lordship on that account, to refuse him the necessary license. It remains to be seen what course the Bishop will take in the matter, which has given rise to a good deal of interest in the neighbourhood.

The most Rev. Dr. Cullen, the new Catholic Primate of Ireland, has arrived at the Irish College in Paris.

BIRTHS.

On the 7th of April, at No. 24, Wellington Terrace, St. John's Wood, **MRS. MARCHANT**, of a daughter.

On the 8th of April, at Leamington, the **HON. MRS. PETRE**, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

On the 15th of April, at the Catholic chapel, Warwick-street, and afterwards at St. George's church, Hanover-square, **LOUISA**, eldest daughter of **W. Balfe, Esq.**, 14, Bruton-street, Berkeley-square, to **MAXIMILIAN BELREND, Esq.**, of Dantzig.

On the 18th of April, at the Catholic chapel, Kensington, by the Rev. **W. Bugden**, **MR. ROBERT HENRY HARLOW**, to **CECILIA**, third daughter of **Walter Allanson, Esq.**, of Castle-street, Holborn.

On the 18th of April, at St. Elizabeth's Catholic Chapel, Richmond, by the Rev. **J. Wenham**, and afterwards at St. Ann's, Kew, by the Rev. **J. Houghton Ward**, **JAMES REDDIN, Esq.**, of Prince Edward Island, to **LOUISA ANNA**, youngest daughter of **John Matthews, Esq.**, of Kew Green.

On the 23rd of April, the Feast of St. George, at St. Mary's, Moorfields, by the Rev. **George Rolfe**, **JAMES BANS, Esq.**, eldest son of **James Bans, Esq.**, of Lower Smith Street, Northampton Square, to **MARY JOSEPH CANNEAUX**, second daughter of **Mr. L. M. Canneaux**, 8, Gould-square, Crutchedfriars.

DEATHS.

On the 26th of March, at his residence, 15, Seymour-place, New-road, **MR. WILLIAM PHILIP MATHER**, aged 72 years.

On the 26th of March, **MRS. CATHARINE ST. GEORGE**.

On the 28th of March, at Ladbroke-square, the infant son of **GEORGE H. ULLATHORNE, Esq.**

On the 2nd of April, **MRS. O'HANLON**, mother of **Dr. O'Hanlon**, of Maynooth College, in the 67th year of her age.

At Avranches, on the 3rd of April, **THOMAS ALEXANDER GERARD, Esq.**, late of the 29th Regiment, and brother of **Sir John Gerard, Bart.**

On the 4th of April, at Madeira, **ELIZABETH, LADY THEROCKMORTON**.

On the 4th of April, **LAVINIA ANN MARIA DOWNIE**, aged 24 years.

On the 7th of April, at Abbey Villa, Torquay, the residence of **J. W. Tarleton, Esq.**, the **REV. MICHAEL CREWE**, late pastor of Bilston, aged 30 years.

On the 10th of April, at Bedford-street South, Liverpool, **MRS. ANN ASKEN**.

On the 12th of April, at Cliff Lodge, Southampton, **EDWARD GILBERT HORNE**, aged 15 years.

On the 13th of April, at Moor-lane, Cripplegate, **MR. MICHAEL MURPHY**, aged 74 years.

On the 15th of April, at Baker street, **MADAME MARIE TUSSAUD**, aged 90 years.

At Rathdowney, the **REV. P. CUDDIHY, P.P.** aged 50. He was for many years in St. Mary's Parish, Kilkenny, and was beloved by all classes of the people.

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VOL. XI.

THE BIBLE CATHOLIC ; OR SCRIPTURE TEXTS
FOR CATHOLIC DOCTRINE.

BY A YOUNG LAYMAN.

*But sanctify the Lord Jesus Christ in your hearts, being ready
always to satisfy every one that asketh you a reason of that
hope which is in you.*—1 PETER iii. 15.

MR. EDITOR,

It is in the spirit of my motto that I am about to bring together those texts of Scripture that most bear upon the points of Catholic doctrine to which Protestants object. It is true that we can all refer to them in our Bibles ; but they may be more usefully collected and collated. I do not profess to adduce any new argument. Scripture inquirers are many in the land ; and these would prefer an answer in the words of Scripture to any other. It is for them, for the inquiring, unreading people, that I copy out these texts. Our learned and pious theologians address to the learned of our separated brethren arguments suited to the difficulties engendered by study. I do not, however, offer these texts to Tractarians, or to any Tractarian refinement of Church-of-Englandism : but to the great mass of those who still call themselves Protestants—who believe that their faith is based upon the Bible, and that the doctrine of Catholics is anti-scriptural.

I have many Protestant friends to whom such a little treatise may be useful ; few Catholics in England are not similarly situated.

The Church of England, as by law established, was established by Act of Parliament less than 300 years ago. Those who proclaimed the new religion, plundered the Catholic monasteries

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and foundations, and enriched themselves with the spoil. I admit that this conduct would not *prove* the new religion to be false : but it is enough to make one suspicious. And when Protestants consider that the Catholic religion had existed in England from the time of the pagans until this new reformation, that the great mass of Christians in all countries, rich and poor, learned and ignorant still believe in it—they cannot think that there is no Scripture warranty for those points of belief which have been rejected by the Church of England and other Reformers.

Let us see whether any such exist—whether it be possible to be a Bible Catholic.

And first let me request your readers who admit in individuals the right of interpreting the Holy Scriptures, to acknowledge that the meaning which the Catholic believes them to bear has, at least, the same *chance* of being true as that which the Protestant attributes to them.

The religion of the Catholic and of the Protestant acknowledges Scripture as its foundation, although the Catholic does not reject uninterrupted tradition as a means of explaining and illustrating such texts as are in themselves doubtful or ambiguous.

I will, therefore, confine myself to the quotation of such passages in Holy Writ as may justify the Catholic in believing those doctrines which the Protestant has rejected ; then let the latter calmly consider whether we have not some Scripture warranty for our faith—whether, as mere “Bible-Christians,” we have not more to say for ourselves than he imagined.

Without entering into the more abstruse questions and doctrines, it will suffice to allude to the following principal points of difference between the Catholic Church and the Church of England and most Protestant “persuasions :” they are generally observable and understood by all men ; viz.,—PURGATORY AND PRAYERS FOR THE DEAD—THE INVOCATION OF SAINTS AND ANGELS—FASTING AND ABSTINENCE—THE INFALLIBILITY OF THE CHURCH—AND THE NUMBER AND NATURE OF THE SACRAMENTS.

PURGATORY.

The doctrine of purgatory teaches a middle state of souls suffering for a time on account of sins unrepented or unatoned for in this life : and is evidenced by those many texts of Scripture which affirm that God will render to every man according to his works, and by our own natural reason which teaches us that the justice of God forbids Him to allow those who die in a

state of lesser sin to escape without some punishment or to receive the same condemnation as has been incurred by those who have been guilty of the more enormous and sinful excesses. That God will render to each one according to his works is proved by the following passages:—St. Matt. xii. 36; “But I say unto you, that every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment.” 1 Cor. iii. 13, 14, 15 :—“Every man’s work shall be made manifest: for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire; and the fire shall try every man’s work of what sort it is. If any man’s work abide which he hath built thereupon, he shall receive a reward. If any man’s work shall be burned, he shall suffer loss: but he himself shall be saved; yet so as by fire.” 1 St. Peter iii. 18, 19, 20 :—“For Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God, being put to death in the flesh but quickened by the spirit: by which also he went and preached unto the spirits in prison; which sometime were disobedient, when once the long suffering of God waited in the days of Noah, while the ark was a preparing, wherein few, that is, eight souls were saved by water.”

Is not a middle place, where the minute justice of the judgments of God may be satisfied, *necessarily* inferred from these passages? That place is called purgatory. The existence of purgatory is, however, rendered doubtful by the belief which some Protestants entertain that the resurrection of the soul is deferred until the day of general judgment at the end of the present existing order of the world. On this subject, the ARTICLES of the Church of England do not speak; though the BURIAL SERVICE implies a contrary belief; but to such as hold that opinion, let me recall the following passages of Scripture in order to prove an immediate individual judgment of each spirit before the general judgment at the “last day” when all flesh will arise and the justice of God be made manifest to all mankind. St. Luke xxiii. 43 :—“And Jesus said to him, Verily I say unto thee, to-day shalt thou be with me in paradise.” 2 Cor. v. 1, 6, 7, 8 :—“For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.” “Therefore *we are* always confident, knowing that, whilst we are at home in the body, we are absent from the Lord: (for we walk by faith, not by sight:) we are confident, *I say*, and willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord.” Philip i. 23, 24 :—“For I am in a straight betwixt two, having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ; which is far better: nevertheless to abide in the flesh *is* more needful for you.”

These and various passages in Revelation which it cannot be

needful to quote, sufficiently establish a judgment immediately after death; and at which judgment either heaven, hell, or purgatory may be awarded.

Having thus shown that a belief in purgatory is not only not repugnant but is even agreeable to Scripture, is it very difficult to justify the practice of praying for the souls of those who may have incurred such temporal punishment? I think the Bible will bear us out in doing so.

None deny the efficacy of prayer in general; none deny its efficacy when offered up by one living Christian for another;—St. Paul frequently solicits the prayers of those to whom he writes for himself; if prayer may thus be available for the living, does not natural reason tell us that it may be equally efficacious when offered up for those of the dead whose sins, when in this world, not being yet expiated have deferred their final admission to paradise? The fate of those to whom either heaven or hell has been awarded, cannot be altered: judgment has been already passed upon them; but the motive of that purgatory or middle state for the existence of which we have just searched the Scriptures, evidently invites that intercession for its occupants which would have been offered for them if they were still in this world and exposed to the avenging justice of God.

To the unbiassed reasoning of those who admit the existence of purgatory, I might thus without doubt submit the propriety of prayers for the dead. The Articles of the Church of England having selected what it considers the canonical books of the Old Testament, say that the others are to be read “for example of life and instruction of manners; but yet doth it not apply them to establish any doctrine.” But let me ask, if Protestants do not receive both the Old and New Testament from the Catholic Church, and on the testimony of the Catholic Church? If so, if they receive the Scripture on the authority of the Catholic Church by what right do they reject that same authority in determining what portion of it ought to be received as canonical? Yet arrogating to itself this right, the Church of England declared, in the seventeenth century, that the first and second books of Maccabees were not canonical. The Catholic Church had always granted to these books the same respect as it yielded to the rest of Scripture; and although St. Peter declares—2 i. 20,—that “no prophecy of the Scripture is of private interpretation,” am I not at least as much justified in quoting from this book on the authority of the Catholic Church as in rejecting it on the authority of Protestants? I find, then, in 2 Mach. xii. 43, 44, 45, 46:—“Judas the valiant commander making a gathering, he sent twelve thousand drachmas of silver to Jerusalem, for sacrifice to be offered for the sins of the dead;

thinking well and religiously concerning the resurrection, (for if he had not hoped that they that were slain should rise again, it would have seemed superfluous and vain to pray for the dead). And because he considered that they who had fallen asleep with godliness, had great grace laid up for them. It is, therefore, a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead that they may be loosed from their sins." In Matt. xii. 32, 33, Christ says: "But he that shall speak against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, nor in the world to come." Some sins are, therefore, forgiven in the world to come. This must be in purgatory.

The Jews have always prayed for the dead: they do so still. Our blessed Lord never found fault with the practice: Scripture says nothing against it: it cannot, then, be anti-scriptural. To pray for those who are dear to us, is the natural feeling of every one: and as far as the holy Bible alludes to the custom at all, it alludes to it approvingly.

INVOCATION OF SAINTS AND ANGELS.

It imports not to ascertain what is the doctrine of the Protestant on each question: it is sufficient that I show that texts may be adduced from Scripture in defence of my own creed.

Against my belief in the usefulness of the invocation of saints and angels, the Protestant argues that there is but one mediator by whom man may be saved. Most true, there is but one mediator of *redemption*, who is Christ: but there are other mediators of *intercession*, who are the saints; living and dead.

I have already proved from Scripture that the saints are in heaven before the general resurrection of the body. Their state of existence in heaven is like to that of the angels:—Matt. xxii. 30:—"But in the resurrection, they neither marry nor are given in marriage but are as the angels of God in heaven." Luke xx. 36:—"Neither can they die any more for they are equal unto the angels and are the children of God, being the children of the resurrection."

The Protestant *Collect* for SAINT MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS contains the following prayer:—"Mercifully grant, that as thy holy Angels alway do thee service in heaven, so by thy appointment, they may succour and defend us on earth, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*" This is just what I also say.

I find in St. Matt. xviii. 10:—"Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven." Heb. i. 14:—"Are they (the angels) not ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of sal-

vation?" Zechariah i. 12:—"Then the angel of the Lord answered and said, Oh Lord of hosts, how long wilt thou not have mercy on Jerusalem and on the cities of Judah against which thou hast had indignation these threescore and ten years." Genesis xlviii. 15, 16:—"And he blessed Joseph, and said, God, before whom my fathers Abraham and Isaac did walk, the God which fed me all my life long unto this day, the angel which redeemed me from all evil, bless the lads; and let my name be named on them, and the name of my fathers Abraham and Isaac; and let them grow into a multitude in the midst of the earth." Hosea xii. 3, 4:—"He took his brother by the heel in the womb, and by his strength he had power with God: yea, he had power over the angel and prevailed; he wept and made supplication unto him."

Do not these texts prove that the angels not only have an intimate communion with God, but also that they have been invoked by the servants of God to intercede for them? The following passage will show that the intercession is not made in vain—Rev. viii. 3, 4:—"And another angel came and stood at the altar, having a golden censer; and there was given to him much incense, that he should offer *it* with the prayers of all saints upon the golden altar which was before the throne. And the smoke of the incense *which came* with the prayers of the saints ascended up before God out of the angel's hand."

Do not these passages justify me in believing that angels have not only the power of protecting us on earth, but also that of interceding for us with God in heaven? And as it has been shown that SAINTS "are like unto the ANGELS," let us search whether they have not a similar power of mediation and intercession.

The communion of saints with us may be gathered from the following texts. Rev. ii. 26, 27:—"And he that overcometh and keepeth my works unto the end, to him will I give power over the nations: and he shall rule them with a rod of iron." Rev. v. 8, 10:—"The four beasts and four and twenty elders fell down before the lamb, having every one of them harps, and golden vials full of odours which are the prayers of the saints." "And hast made us unto our God kings and priests; and we shall reign on the earth." Again, to corroborate the beginning of the passage just quoted—Luke xvi. 9:—"And I say unto you, make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness; that, when ye fail, they may receive you into everlasting habitations." Does not this clearly prove that the poor servants of God, whom we have assisted by our alms, may hereafter, by their intercession, bring our souls to heaven? If not, what does it mean?

It has been shown by various passages that SAINTS and ANGELS have the same nature and have a communion with us on earth, in support of which doctrine I shall quote one more passage from St. Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews, chap. xii. 22, 23 :—"But ye are come unto Mount Sion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and unto an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first born, which are written in heaven, and to God the judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect:"—it has been shown that the servants of God have often asked for their intercession:—it is shown that they take an interest in our welfare, since "there shall be joy before the angels of God upon one sinner doing penance."—St. Luke, xv. 10:—and, finally, it has been shown that they have power to intercede for us:—but let me ask any unprejudiced man if common sense and unbiassed reason would not alone have led to the same conclusion as is to be drawn from all these texts? whether common sense and common feeling would not have taught that those who have loved us on earth, and are now in heaven receiving the reward of their virtues, will intercede for us amid the many trials to which they know that we are exposed? It will be found that, on this as on all other questions, the doctrine of the Catholic is the most in accordance with our reason and with the best feelings and sensibilities of our nature. At all events, a Bible Christian cannot tell us that our opinions are unsanctioned by the Bible. The Archbishop of Canterbury has lately told one of his clergy, who asked him what doctrine he should preach, to study the Bible and to preach whatever he found in it. If a Catholic would condescend to degrade God's eternal truth by making it dependent upon the industry or the judgment of every private student of the Bible, he too might answer, "I have studied my Bible, and it tells me to invoke and to pray to saints and angels."

How many Protestants in England knew that the Bible said so much in support of the Catholic's belief in the communion of saints and angels? The belief is clearly not anti-Scriptural!

FASTING AND ABSTINENCE.

In so far as the propriety of fasting and abstaining is a matter of faith, it supposes the necessity of mortifying the body in order to subject it more easily to the spirit; in so far as particular days have been set apart for fasting or abstinence by the Catholic Church, we pay homage to its authority by following its discipline.

The Book of Common Prayer commands the members of the Church of England to observe, as days of fasting and abstinence, all those same days which the Catholic Church has set apart to be so observed by Catholics in England. But as Protestants generally consider this order of their Church as a relic of Catholicism, which they are at liberty to cast from them, let us consider from what Scriptural authority the Catholic Church deduces the propriety of directing its followers to abstain and fast on certain appointed days.

Of the many texts that may be brought forward to prove that fasting and mortification move God to mercy, I shall only quote the following. Jonah iii. 5, 10:—"So the people of Nineveh believed God, and proclaimed a fast and put on sackcloth, from the greatest of them even to the least of them. And God saw their works, that they turned from their evil way; and God repented of the evil that he had said that he would do unto them, and he did *it* not." Daniel x. 2, 3, 12:—"In those days, I, Daniel, was mourning full three weeks. I ate no pleasant bread, neither came flesh nor wine into my mouth, neither did I anoint myself at all till three whole weeks were fulfilled." "Then said he unto me, Fear not, Daniel; for from the first day that thou didst set thy heart to understand, and to chasten thyself before thy God, thy words were heard, and I am come for thy words."

In the New Testament, also, may be found equal authority for fasting and abstinence.

St. Mark x. 28, 29:—"And when he was come into the house, his disciples asked him privately, Why could not we cast him (the devil) out. And he said unto them, This kind can come forth by nothing but by prayer and fasting."

The apostles fasted. Acts xiii. 3:—"And when they had fasted and prayed and laid *their* hands on them, they sent *them* away." Chap. xiv. 23:—"And when they had ordained them elders in every church, and had prayed with fasting, they commended them to the Lord, on whom they believed." Even our blessed Lord himself has set us the example by having "fasted forty days and forty nights."—St. Matt. iv. 2.

The founders of almost every religion have commanded their followers to fast and to mortify the flesh.

We have showed from Scripture that it is incumbent on all men to fast; and having done so, we do not think it necessary to enter into any argument to prove that general propriety, convenience, and edification, authorized the Catholic Church in selecting and naming some particular days on which all believers throughout its jurisdiction should, by fasting and prayer, be united in union to God for the forgiveness of

their sins and the continuance of his blessings, since Jesus has said, "Where there are two or three gathered together in my name there am I in the midst of them."—Matt. xviii. 20.

There is the same motive for fasting in common that there is for praying in common; and in both, Scripture authority still justifies the Catholic.

THE NUMBER AND NATURE OF THE SACRAMENTS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

The Church of England declares that there are only two sacraments, baptism and the Lord's supper. The Catholic Church teaches that there are seven sacraments; baptism, confirmation, holy orders, matrimony, penance, extreme unction, eucharist. I mention them in this order because it will be thus more easy to treat of each.

On BAPTISM, I shall not speak, as the Protestant English Church admits it to be a sacrament, and was heretofore thought to hold the same doctrine as the Catholic Church with respect to its effects and nature. What that Church now teaches, recent judgments have shown that it does not know itself. Having proclaimed that each one may believe of it what he pleases, it cannot and does not object to the creed of Catholic Christendom.

CONFIRMATION is administered by Catholics and Protestants with the same object—that of strengthening in the faith the person confirmed and of invoking upon him the blessings of the Holy Ghost. That confirmation was administered by the apostles with this intent, is proved by Acts viii. 15, 17:—"Who, when they were come down, prayed for them, that they might receive the Holy Ghost: then laid *their* hands on them, and they received the Holy Ghost." Also by Acts xix. 6:—"And when Paul had laid *his* hands upon them, the Holy Ghost came on them; and they spoke with tongues and prophesied."

Catholics and Protestants administer confirmation by the imposition of hands, and believe that it is followed by the blessings of the Holy Ghost on him who receives worthily: the imposition of hands is, therefore, "an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace," which the Protestant "CATECHISM, TO BE LEARNED OF EVERY PERSON BEFORE HE BE BROUGHT TO BE CONFIRMED BY THE BISHOP," declares to be the meaning of the word "*sacrament*."

That a man should receive spiritual advantages from the mere imposition of a bishop's hands on his head, betokens a supernatural interference: the imposition is "an outward and visible sign of an inward spiritual grace:" the sign is used and,

if grace follows, a sacrament is conferred. Therefore according to even Protestant teaching, a Catholic is justified in believing confirmation to be a sacrament.

In the use of oil in administering confirmation, the Catholic Church is justified by ancient Jewish practices as well as by the following text ; 2 Corinth. i. 21, 22 :—"Now he which establisheth us with you in Christ and hath anointed us *is* God ; who hath also sealed us, and given the earnest of the spirit in our hearts."

HOLY ORDER stands next in our list of the sacraments of the Catholic Church, and is believed to call down the grace of the Holy Ghost upon the person ordained to the priesthood. Such was the promise of Christ's ordination of his apostles :—St. John. xx. 22 :—"When he had said this, he breathed on *them*, and said to them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost." With such belief was it conferred by them :—1 Tim. iv. 14 :—"Neglect not the gift that is in thee, which was given thee by prophecy, with the laying on of the hands of the presbytery." Also see 2 Tim. i. 6 :—"Wherefore I put thee in remembrance that thou stir up the gift of God, which is in thee by the putting on of my hands."

From these texts, it appears that the Catholic Church is warranted by Scripture in administering holy orders by the imposition of hands and that a spiritual grace follows such imposition :—such ordination presents, therefore, "an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace" which we have shown to be the Protestant definition of the word *sacrament*.

The Protestant catechism therefore as well as Holy Scripture supports the Catholic belief in the sacramental quality of holy orders.

That MATRIMONY is something more than a civil engagement between the parties may be gathered from those texts which state it to represent the indissoluble union of Christ with his Church, as implied by the Apostle in Eph. v. 32 :—"This is a great mystery, but I speak concerning Christ and the Church." Matt. xix. 6 :—"What therefore God has joined together, let not man put asunder." These are the words of Christ : they prove that God is a party to the civil contract of matrimony : God cannot have instituted a ceremony and declared that *He* is, if I may so express myself, a party to it, without conferring grace upon those engaged in it : the civil contract of marriage is, therefore, "the outward and visible sign of the inward and spiritual grace"—which constitutes a sacrament.

I again beg such as may not consider this argument satisfactory to recollect that the Catholic interpretation of Scripture is, at all events, as likely to be true as that of the Protestant ; I must beg them also to ask themselves why marriage has been

always celebrated by the clergy, and why it has been followed by a nuptial benediction if the civil contract does not, in some degree, partake of a religious sacrament?

The Catholic Church refuses divorces on any plea whatever; I believe that it is generally acknowledged that, as a matter of civil discipline, this regulation is the best: and although we find in Matt. xix. 9:—"Whosoever shall put away his wife, except *it be* for fornication, and shall marry another, committeth adultery," yet as neither St. Mark. x. 11, 12, nor St. Luke xvi. 18, nor St. Paul in 1 Cor. vii. 10, 11, or in Rom. vii. 2, 3, make this exception while quoting the words of Christ, the Catholic Church appears fully justified in its discipline even on Scriptural authority.

Certainly Holy Scripture seems to give evidence strongly in favour of the Catholic belief! It is evidently possible to be a Bible Catholic!

PENANCE follows next in our order of the sacraments of the Catholic Church.

That the priesthood of the Church established by Christ is authorised to forgive sins on sincere repentance and purpose of amendment, is gathered from the following texts: Matt. xvi. 19:—"And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven;" and again the same words are repeated in xviii. 18. St. John xx. 22, 23:—"And when he had said this, he breathed on *them*, and saith unto them, receive ye the Holy Ghost: Whosoever sins ye remit they are remitted unto them; *and* whosoever *sins* ye retain, they are retained."

The priest is, therefore, a minister between God and man to whom Christ has given power to absolve from sins, the which absolution He has promised shall be ratified in heaven: thus did Christ institute confession; thus did He make it "an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace"—that is to say, a sacrament.

It may be here useful to observe that many Protestant divines agree that the power of absolving from sins as exercised by the Catholic clergy neither could be nor was resigned at the Reformation; and that such power has only been left unasserted on account of the impossibility of making the people submit to it. In proof that the Protestant Church did not resign this power I must quote the following passage from THE ORDER FOR THE VISITATION OF THE SICK IN THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER:—"Here shall the sick person be moved to make a special confession of his sins, if he feel his conscience troubled with any weighty matter. After which confession the priest

shall absolve him (if he humbly and heartily desire it) after this sort : our Lord Jesus Christ who hath left power to his Church to absolve all sinners who truly repent and believe in him, of his great mercy forgive thee thine offences ; and by his authority committed to me, I absolve thee from all thy sins, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

No follower of the Book of Common Prayer, no Bible Christian can object to the Catholic Church on this subject.

EXTREME UNCTION (or the anointing the dying with oil) is proved to be a sacrament by the following passage in St. James v. 14, 15 :—"Is any sick among you ? let him call for the elders of the Church ; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord : and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up ; and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him."

Thus sins are forgiven and even bodily health is restored by faith and prayers, accompanied by the oil administered by the priest ; which administration is, therefore, "an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace," and constitutes a sacrament.

That the Protestant Church does not disregard the authority of this passage in St. James's Epistle, is proved by the quotation I have just given from its order for the visitation of the sick.

But there be Protestants who argue that the virtue of extreme unction, as a sacrament, departed when it produced no longer any visible miraculous effect, when the Lord no longer "raised up the sick man." Yet people do still often recover after having received this sacrament : may this not be through its merits ? If the former argument be admitted, faith itself is no longer necessary and the Christian religion ended with the apostles ; for Christ says, in St. Luke xvi. 17 :—"And these signs shall follow them that believe ; in my name they shall cast out devils ; they shall speak with new tongues ; they shall take up serpents :"—faith in Christ no longer produces these and the other miraculous effects which are enumerated in the text : did the religion of Christ, then, cease with the power of working these miracles ? If not, extreme unction still retains its sacramental qualities.

THE EUCHARIST alone of the seven sacraments of the Catholic Church remains to be treated of ; and as Protestants acknowledge it to be a sacrament, I have only to adduce those Scriptural texts by which a Catholic may seek to explain or justify the doctrine of transubstantiation.

In the first place, we have the following, as Christ's own words in instituting the sacrament—Matt. xxvi. 26, 27, 28 :—"And as they were eating, Jesus took bread, and blessed it,

and brake *it*, and gave *it* to the disciples, and said, Take, eat; this is my body. And he took the cup, and gave thanks, and gave *it* to them, saying, Drink ye all of it; for this is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins."

The institution of the sacrament is thus recorded by St. Mark xiv. 22, 23, 24:—"And as they did eat, Jesus took bread and blessed, and broke *it*, and gave to them, and said, Take, eat; this is my body. And he took the cup, and when he had given thanks, he gave *it* to them: and they all drank of it. And he said unto them, This is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many."

The event is thus mentioned by St. Luke xxii. 19, 20:—"And he took bread, and gave thanks, and broke *it*, and gave unto them, saying, This is my body which is given for you: this do in remembrance of me. Likewise also the cup after supper, saying, This cup is the new testament in my blood, which is shed for you."

In all these passages, are not the words of Christ clear and precise?—"This *is*"—not this represents. The form of the institution is only mentioned by these three evangelists; and we have seen that neither St. Matthew or St. Mark says aught of "commemoration" or "remembrance:" St. Luke does; but that the sacrifice is offered in commemoration of the passion of Christ does not argue against the Real Presence—particularly when all the other passages in Scripture uphold that doctrine. True that it is difficult to believe; but can you understand the first principles of the Christian faith?—can you understand the Trinity? can you understand the mystery of the incarnation of the second person?—of the conception of his virgin Mother? True that the doctrine of transubstantiation is difficult to believe; but see whether Christ condescended to that difficulty in favour of the wondering Jews—see whether he explained it away by retracting the literal interpretation which they, who were present and heard him speak, had been compelled to put upon his words. Read the following passages of St. John vi. 51, 52, and following:—"I am the living bread which came down from heaven: if any man eat of this bread, he shall live for ever: and the bread that I will give is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world. The Jews, therefore, strove among themselves, saying, How can this man give us *his* flesh to eat? Then Jesus said unto them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you. Whoso eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, hath eternal life; and I will raise him up at the last day. For my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed. He that eateth my flesh

and drinketh my blood, dwelleth in me, and I in him. As the living Father hath sent me, and I live by the Father; so he that eateth me, even he shall live by me. This is that bread which came down from heaven: not as your fathers did eat manna and are dead: he that eateth of this bread shall live for ever. These things said he in the synagogue, as he taught in Capernaum. Many therefore of his disciples, when they had heard *this*, said, This is a hard saying; who can hear it? When Jesus knew in himself that his disciples murmured at it, he said unto them, Doth this offend you? *What* and if ye shall see the Son of man ascend up where he was before? It is the spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing: the words that I speak unto you, *they* are spirit, and *they* are life. But there are some of you that believe not. For Jesus knew from the beginning who they were that believed not, and who should betray him. And he said, therefore said I unto you, that no man can come unto me except it were given unto him of my Father. From that *time* many of his disciples went back, and walked no more with him. Then Jesus said unto the twelve, Will ye also go away? Then Simon Peter answered him, Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life. And we believe and are sure that thou art that Christ, the Son of the living God."

In all this passage, does not Christ speak of the eucharist in a literal sense?—"For my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed"—"and the bread which I will give you is my flesh"—not will *represent* my flesh—be a *memorial* of my flesh. It is apparent that the Jews received the words in their literal meaning; and, therefore, "walked no more with him:" if Christ had not intended that his words should be so understood, would he have permitted the Jews to abandon him, and thus lose their chance of salvation through his doctrines rather than explain to them that they were putting a wrong interpretation on his words? But no; he persists in them; and without further explaining himself to the twelve, he receives Peter's profession of faith in that doctrine which the Jews had just rejected.

Such are the terms in which the eucharist is spoken of by the four evangelists.

Let us now see how St. Paul appears to have understood the intention and the words of Christ—1 Cor. x. 16:—"The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not the communion of the blood of Christ? The bread which we break, is it not the communion of the body of Christ?"—xi. 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29:—"For I have received of the Lord that which also I delivered unto you, that the Lord Jesus the *same* night in which he was betrayed took bread; and when he had given

thanks, he broke *it*, and said, Take, eat: this is my body which is broken for you: this do in remembrance of me. After the same manner also *he took* the cup, when he had supped, saying, This cup is the new testament in my blood: this do ye, as oft as ye drink *it*, in remembrance of me. For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till he come. Wherefore whosoever shall eat this bread, and drink this cup of the Lord, unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord. But let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of *that* bread, and drink of that cup. For he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself, not discerning the Lord's body."

The faith or worthiness of the receiver, has, then, nothing to do with the real presence of the body and blood of Christ in the sacrament; for if it were not present, even to the unworthy receiver, he could not be "guilty of the body and blood of the Lord," or condemned for "not discerning the Lord's body."

In fine, those who assert that the apostles taught differently from what the Catholic Church now teaches, must point out the time at which the doctrine of transubstantiation was first introduced: must name the year of the Lord in which all the world went to sleep believing in the spiritual presence and woke in the belief of the real presence—for history does not record the period, although it is generally exact in mentioning all schisms and questions in the Church. History, however, does record, century by century, that the Catholic Church has ever taught as it now teaches.

A Protestant believes that some spiritual change takes place in the bread and wine at the time of consecration; but no spiritual change could take place without the intervention of a supernatural power; and if the Almighty does work a miracle at the time, it is not more easy for him to change the substance of the consecrated elements than to endow them with spirituality. That Protestants do believe some change to be wrought at the time of consecration is proved by the whole service, and by the very word consecration, which either means that or means nothing.

But does the Protestant Church believe nothing more? In the CATECHISM, from which I have already quoted when speaking of confirmation, I find the following passage:—

"*Quest.* What is the outward part or sign of the Lord's Supper?"

"*Answ.* Bread and wine, which the Lord has commanded to be received.

"*Quest.* What is the inward part, or thing signified?"

"*Answ.* The body and blood of Christ, which are verily and indeed taken and received by the faithful in the Lord's Supper."

Such is the doctrine of the Book of Common Prayer: and the Catholic Church teaches no more.

It is the discipline of the Catholic Church to administer the sacrament of the eucharist under one kind only, believing that the body and the blood are inseparable, and that when we receive the one we receive also the other. Where the perfect body is, the blood must also be. This custom originated in convenience and in what was known to be the practice of the primitive ages. It is, moreover, justified by the following texts, which I shall not quote at length:—St. John vi. 51, 57, 58; and by the mention of one kind only in the following texts:—Luke xxiv. 30, 31; Acts ii. 42, 46; chap. xx. 7. In 1 Cor. 27, —“Therefore whosoever shall eat this bread *or* drink the chalice of the Lord, unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord,” is corrupted in the Protestant Testament to “*and* drink:” the original is *ἢ πινῃ*.

Such are the seven sacraments of the Catholic Church, and such are the texts that may be brought forward in support of them. And, indeed, when the Protestant Catechism says that Christ has ordained only two sacraments “as generally necessary to salvation,” it seems to have some doubt that there may be others, such as matrimony, holy orders, confirmation, and extreme unction, that are not *generally* necessary, but which are sacraments nevertheless.

THE INFALLIBILITY OF THE CHURCH

Is the last subject on which I have to speak; and if I can succeed in proving what its title advances, I shall have rendered all my preceding investigations useless; for I shall have shown that, if the Church cannot teach false doctrines, all are bound to believe whatever she promulgates as the truth.

According to the words of Christ, there can be only one true Church—only one Church that teaches a true doctrine. St. John x. 16:—“And other sheep I have which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one fold, *and* one shepherd.” Ephes. iv. 4, 5:—“*There is* one body, and one spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling; one Lord, one faith, one baptism.”

No variation whatever from the doctrine of that Church is admissible. St. Matt. v. 19:—“Whosoever, therefore, shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven: but whosoever shall do and teach *them*, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven.”

The Church once established by Christ must continue for ever to teach the true doctrine of Christ. "And I say unto thee, that thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." Chap. xxviii. 20 :—"Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, *even* unto the end of the world. Amen." St. John xiv. 16, 26 :—"And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter; that he may abide with you for ever. But the Comforter, *which is* the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you." Chap. xvi. 13 :—"Howbeit when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth; for he shall not speak of himself; but whatsoever he shall hear, *that* shall he speak, and he will show you all things to come."

God, therefore, promised that his holy Spirit should always direct his Church and preserve it from teaching false doctrines, &c. That all doctrines in any degree different from those of the one faith which was preached to all men, "beginning at Jerusalem," (Luke xxiv. 47) are displeasing to God, is proved by the following texts. Ephes. iv. 11, 14 :—"And he gave some, apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers. That we *henceforth* be no more children, tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine, by the slight of men, and cunning craftiness, whereby they lie in wait to deceive." Hebrews xiii. 9, 17 :—"Be not carried about with divers and strange doctrines. Obey them that have the rule over you, and submit yourselves: for they watch for your souls, as they must give account, that they may do it with joy, and not with grief: for that *is* unprofitable for you." 1st Epistle of John iv. 6 :—"We are of God: he that knoweth God, heareth us; he that is not of God, heareth not us. Hereby know we the spirit of truth, and the spirit of error."

From these texts it appears that only one particular doctrine is pleasing to Christ, and that Christ has promised to be with the Church that teaches that doctrine unto the end of the world. The Catholic Church is generally admitted to have taught the true faith of Christ in the very beginning—at first; if so, it was then the Church of Christ—which He promised to protect from error, to be with till the end of the world. Was he unwilling or unable to keep his promise?

When were the doctrines of the Catholic Church to which Protestants, Anglicans and Dissenters object first introduced and promulgated? No one can tell: believe, therefore, history which tells you that the Church has ever taught as it now

teaches. Had it ever erred, its falling away would have proved Christ to be either unable or unwilling to keep his promise of guiding and watching over it unto the end of the world.

We have now seen, moreover, that all its several doctrines may be justified from Scripture. A few single texts, perhaps, may be adduced and appear to warrant other conclusions: but place together *all* the passages that bear on each subject, and all will support the Catholic doctrine and agree with one another: whereas I defy you to wrest the passages I have quoted into a support of your own Protestant opinions.

"There are," said the Lord Chancellor, in giving judgment in the House of Lords,* "two rules of construction: one is that words in an instrument clear and unambiguous in their meaning are not to be defeated by words in a subsequent part of the instrument of doubtful meaning. The second rule is that a construction which makes all the parts of the instrument consistent, is to be preferred to that which makes some parts inconsistent."

Apply the rule when you would test the truth of any doctrine by Scripture texts.

Admit, however, that the faith of Catholics is not quite opposed to Scripture: admit that Scripture says very much in its favour: admit that if we are to search the Scriptures and form our own rule of faith, the Catholic need not refuse the challenge, but may show text for text and be as good a Bible Christian as any Protestant. Admit also that he is, only humanly speaking, as likely to be right as the Protestant. He denies, indeed, the Protestant's right to base his whole religion upon Scripture: he reminds him that the whole of the Holy Scriptures were not written till three parts of a century after the resurrection: that until the art of printing was discovered, about 400 years ago, a copy of the Scriptures, written out by hand, was so costly that scarcely one in a parish could be obtained: that scarcely one person in a parish, besides the priest, then knew how to read, because books were so dear that they could not be bought: he reminds him that even now scarcely one person in fifty throughout the world is able to read: and he asks him if all those who lived before the Scriptures were compiled, or who have been unable to procure or to read them since, are condemned by God? No: our blessed Saviour commanded his apostles to "preach the gospel," to "teach all nations:" he said nothing to them about writing a book—though willing to inspire those who did so record his mercies:—he gave them authority; he founded

* Marquis of Tweeddale v Murray, 22d June, 1847.

his Church, and he said to them, "he that heareth you heareth me, and he that despiseth you despiseth me."—Luke x. 16.

But if the Protestant will search the Scriptures, I will accompany him. I will show him some of the texts on which I can, from Scripture, justify my faith: I will show him more if he wishes it, more than could be compressed into this little treatise. I am not afraid of appealing to my Bible. With him, I will act upon the boasted right of private judgment, and will "try all things," until that private judgment shows me that there are some things beyond my limited understanding. Then will I bless God for having given me an unerring guide; and leaving "the unlearned and the unstable, who wrest the Scriptures to their own destruction"—as St. Peter complains (2 Peter iii. 15, 16, 17,) that many did even in his time—leaving these, I will submit my interpretation of them to the interpretation of the Church, and I will be always ready to quote to my Protestant brother the passages of that inspired volume which first guided my judgment and then urged its submission.*

THE HOME-WAIL.†

THE HUSBAND.

Tell me, my Beautiful, tell me, I pray thee,
 How dost thou spend thy bright moments above?
 Let me, from heaven's high worship, delay thee,
 To tell of our earth-home, our children, our love.
 Oh, from those bright skies,
 Cast down thy fond eyes;
 Look on me, bless me, and cling to me here!
 Though doom'd to tarry
 Beyond thee, my Mary,
 Let me still think thy young spirit is near.

* To obviate suspicion the texts we have quoted are quoted from the Protestant translation of the Scriptures.

† These words are written to suit a beautiful old Scottish air.

THE CHILDREN.

Hear me, my sweet Mother ! look on me praying ;
 Look on thy children, watch over them still.
 While we live on, let us live on obeying
 All that we know is, or fancy, thy will.
 Dost thou not hear us ?
 Art thou not near us ?
 Keep us from all that thou canst not approve !
 Though thou hast left us,
 God, who bereft us,
 Hears all thy prayers for the home of thy love.

THE FRIENDS.

Though thou hast left us, dear Friend ! let us ever
 Cherish the thought of those moments or years
 When thou wast with us in life, and when never
 Joy found thee joyless or grief without tears.
 Bright were those morning hours ;
 Gay were life's opening flowers
 That now o'erclouded or faded we see !
 Friends leave us, one by one :
 Sad night comes darkly on :—
 Brighter beams out our remembrance of thee.

ALL.

But let us think that we still are united.
 Heaven and earth are, in truth, very near.
 Dear ones go from us ; but not all benighted,
 While we look forwards, our path need appear.
 Oh, think how blest will be
 That bright eternity
 Where we shall meet all for whom we now sigh !
 Let us thank God for life
 That gives friend, parent, wife,
 First upon earth and for ever on high !

FUIMUS.

December 15th, 1849.

THE HOUR AND THE MOTIVE.

(Continued from page 92.)

CHAP. V.

The determination that Cyril Derrington had come to, was to quit England for ever, to travel towards Palestine, to visit, if possible, the Ancient City itself, and all that remains of those places so dear to Christians of all denominations, so loved, so revered by the followers of Christ in the Church he ordained.

Cyril also proposed placing money in the hands of some trusty friends to be applied, if ever needed, to the uses of Lady Granby; for his knowledge of her husband, and of his resources, told him plainly, in spite of Lady Granby's own large property, a time would come when his money would be valuable. And although this plan was combatted both by his friend Harcourt and by the Rev. Mr. Howe, he still persisted in his intentions, and disposed of what mercantile possessions he owned—turning every thing into cash. This took him some time, rapid as were his movements, regardless as he was of sacrifice; and, during this time, his friends perceived with regret that his devotion for Harriet Granby suffered no relaxation, whilst his health was evidently suffering from the effects of this devotion. Although recovered from the fever, though his mind had recovered its former decision, and his energetic and persevering talent had again displayed itself, the pallid withered cheek, the sunken eye, and low and tremulous voice, told too well that the end had commenced; that he was stricken by the hand that strikes all low; that the time was rapidly approaching when death would claim another victim.—Cyril knew this, spoke of it, coveted the very hour of its arrival.

“In that moment when first I heard I had been betrayed, and that the idol I had so venerated had thus deserted me, I, in my agony, in sin, prayed then for death. In that Hour I dedicated my whole fortune to her; the only Motive that I have to live is to save her, the only hope I have of ever knowing peace is by the attainment of an early grave. In that Hour I devoted myself to her—for that Motive alone I seek existence.”

A large sum of money was invested under the trusteeship of his reverend Pastor and Captain Harcourt, to be applied solely to Lady Granby's use. Large sums were bestowed upon the various charitable associations with which he was more immediately connected; and alone, for he refused a travelling companion, unattended even by a servant, sick in mind and body, Derrington, a man whose character deserved the esteem of all, departed.

His last words to Harcourt, as they shook hands at the railway station, were—

“Write to me, Arthur, of aught you hear concerning her; I will arrange, as I proceed, how letters may be forwarded. Let me know of all that concerns her, her health, her happiness. May God bless her! May the Blessed Virgin shield her from all difficulties.”

It was soon perceptible to those who watched events with at all an observant eye, that the style of living at Wilton Crescent, coupled with the private extravagances of the owner of the mansion, would soon exhaust a fortune much larger than the heiress of the late Sir Valentine Byron was said to possess. The parties they gave eclipsed all others of the day. Lady William Frippingham rose in her party's estimation full fifty per cent. An introduction to Lady Granby was considered an event, and for that introduction, Lady William procured “any good thing” in the gift of the person who sought it, and her reputation for “tact” and “intrigue,” became celebrated in every country to which Great Britain exported a consul.

But during that brilliant triumph, Lady Granby—the fascinating hostess—the amiable—the talented—the beautiful—she whose portrait crowded the picture shops and the illustrated periodicals, who was pronounced by the *Morning Post* to be the gayest of the gay throng that flocked to her mansion, was anything but at ease. As we stated, the sense of guilt was at her heart, she felt she had sinned, and when the busy hum of dissipation was over—in her own room—in the privacy of her chamber, then reflection in all its stern reality forced itself upon her, she was heavy and weary at the heart—was thoroughly unhappy.

She felt herself an outcast from the faith in which in early life she had walked, a despised and fallen being: and here the infirmity of her character was so forcibly shown: instead of seeking to atone for past neglect of religious duties, she shrank from all connected with the Church of her Fathers, and denied admission to her best friend and previous director, the Rev. Herbert Clary, who often, but vainly, sought to procure an interview with her.

This shrinking from the truth was, of course, highly pleasing to Miss Randal, who, remaining at Wilton Crescent, and acting as a spy for her patroness, took a peculiar pleasure in Lady Granby's sorrow, not exactly from any wish for her sufferings, but from a hope, which was strong within her, that Lady Granby might be brought from “darkness into light;” a proceeding which Miss Randal and her chapel friends regarded as a very probable circumstance.

Inwardly tortured in this manner, Lady Granby, to drown thought, permitted herself to be dragged into the vortex of dissipation by her husband, who, fond of gaiety and proud in seeing his house so thronged, cared not, thought not, of the expense, and never heeded the warnings which his sister even gave him.

With some of Lady Granby's ready cash he had got himself into good credit amongst his money-lending friends; and perceived, should he want money now, there was every prospect of procuring it on easy terms. Clift became a kind of secretary to Sir John and his Lady, managed all their money matters to the infinite gratification of that gentleman's tailor and to the general improvement of his own personal appearance. And in this capacity kept so strict an account with Lady Granby's Irish agents, as to find Sir John in funds for some length of time.

Lord Roland Agincourt had been honoured with invitations to Lady Granby's réunions, and his reports to his friends at Putney, were not, even when softened considerably by Harcourt, calculated to cheer poor Cyril in his voluntary exile: Lord Roland only saw the exterior, and knew not the internal feelings of the vivacious lady.

How many smiling faces in this vast metropolis are but so many masks to hearts full of anguish and misery! How many fair brows conceal the blackest designs; and under the form of candour, how much hypocrisy walks unknown!

Mr. Clift, however much obliged to his friend for the position which he now filled, soon managed to get into hot-water with Sir John. To any appeal the Baronet made for money, his Lady referred him always to Mr. Clift. That gentleman, of course, always supplied his patron while money was plentiful; but, as the balance at Coutts' began to diminish, and the remittances from Ireland fewer and fewer, Mr. Clift, who, while respecting his former ally, respected his present situation more, began to argue with Sir John upon any fresh demands for money.

"The fact is—yes, it is a fact—either we must cease giving entertainments, or you, Sir John—gad, yes—you must cease to require money. No rent roll can stand it—gad, yes—no rent roll."

"Hang it, Clift," said Sir John, on one occasion, "I must have money, I got completely cleaned out last night."

"You do every night—gad, yes—every night."

"Psha! what is money made for? Besides I want to retrieve my losses."

"So do all people. But, gad, yes, somehow those who want this sort of thing, never—no never—do it."

"Well, Clift, I must have four hundred now; I owe Lord Dacre three of it."

"He's rich and can wait."

"Nonsense, nonsense. It's a debt of honour."

"I've no money, Sir John—gad, none—positively none."

"This is joking, Clift," said Sir John Granby, getting angry, "You are my wife's manager I know, but not my master. Come, no more of this; I must have it."

"You must be a deucedly clever fellow to get it, Sir John, from me," replied Clift. "Old Sullivan hasn't sent a penny of rent these three months; and says, moreover, it isn't very likely to come for three months more—Coutts' account looks bad."

Sir John looked black at this announcement.

"I must borrow money myself," said the Baronet; "but, zounds! Clift, how quick her fortune's gone."

There was a black look, a vile and bitter look, upon Sir John's countenance then, which said as plain as words could say it. He had married but for that fortune. Clift saw it—and noted it.

"It must be a very extensive fortune—gad, yes, very extensive fortune—that could stand both of your doings. Réunions, balls, dinners twice a week, are bad enough: but when gambling is added with an invariable run of ill luck, the matter gets more complicated, and the best fortune must go."

It was a truth, unpalatable though to Sir John; but he banished the thought from his mind, and again went to a money-lender.

This state of things had occurred in six months from their marriage—a fine fortune had been nearly all expended, and the career of extravagance they were both pursuing promised a speedy final end to it. True, the failure of remittances from Ireland had somewhat cramped them, famine and disease had set in around Byronville, and all the endeavours of Lady Granby's agent failed in procuring rents. Certainly, the kind-hearted steward, Mr. Decimus Sullivan, having a knowledge of his mistress's vast fortune, took no harsh measures against an honest regular tenantry, beaten down now by a visitation from above. The letters of Mr. Clift, he ascribed to the sharpness of the London man of business, and never for once doubted but that this dear young lady, as he still called her, was rolling in riches. By-and-bye, when things got worse, he wrote to her direct, but these letters being sealed with his official seal, were pounced upon by the watchful Clift, and kept from Lady Granby's hand.

The distress at Byronville was mentioned cautiously to her, and a recommendation given to curtail some of the expenses; but not a word as to the suffering farmers and cotters soliciting aid from their landlady—not a word as to the dead and dying now upon the estate. Clift forbore to speak of this, and Mr. Decimus Sullivan received a reply from Clift himself, that while Lady Granby sympathised deeply with her suffering tenantry,

she was so deranged in her affairs, by the non-receipt of monies from Byronville, that she was unable at present to afford the slightest pecuniary relief.

And it was on that same night, that such a letter was despatched—the night of that day on which Sir John sought his old friends—that the apartments of Wilton Crescent were in a state of brilliancy, and the gay throng there little thought of the precipice on which their hostess stood. The worst of all precipices to the gay world—a monetary one.

In one corner of the room, during the evening, Villars encountered Lady William Frippingham and a venerable arch-deacon in earnest discourse. Upon seeing him Lady William left her companion, and addressed herself to Villars.

“What say your friends, Mr. Villars, to Lady Granby’s proceedings?”

“My friends, Lady William?” replied Villars.

“Your friends at Putney, Mr. Villars; oh, oh, I know your intimacy with Captain Harcourt, and his, with Mr. Derrington.”

“Your Ladyship knows every thing and every body,” answered Villars.

“Without noticing what, perhaps, you mean as a compliment, tell me what remarks do your friends make.”

“Would it be fair to report conversations?”

“Yes! I will report one to you. I was speaking to Arch-deacon D——d respecting a living in his gift, and which I thought particularly suitable for you.”

“You are a clever woman, Lady William, but I am not ordained,” said Villars.

“You are of course waiting for a living before ordination,” said her Ladyship. “The church, without its temporalities, will not suit Mr. Villars.”

“Your Ladyship conquers every body.”

“You should say, Mr. Villars, pays every one their price,” remarked Lord Roland, joining them at the moment, and over-hearing Villars’s last exclamation.

“Some men,” said Lady William instantly, and giving a look of meaning to Lord Roland, “are beyond all price.”

“That I deny,” said Villars, “if I may be pardoned for the flat contradiction, but Lord Roland can better answer your question than myself, as he is often at Putney.”

“Is there any attraction there?” asked Lady William eagerly.

“There must be attraction, or I should not go,” said his Lordship evasively. “But what was the question, and I will try to answer it.”

Lady William repeated it.

“What does your Lordship think they could say?”

"My question, Lord Roland, was what they said ; not, what they might say."

"How close you diplomatic ladies keep us to the question. Well, they say but little."

"But that little?"

"Is not so favourable as it might be."

"Do they hazard conjectures for the future?"

"Yes."

"Utter ruin?"

Lord Roland nodded assent. Lady William moved away.

"What a cold-blooded creature!" said his Lordship half to himself; "so fair a form, so marble a heart."

"That's rather an attempt to improve Shakespere," said Villars.

"You heard Lady William's questions?"

"I did."

"Why were they put?"

Villars shrugged his shoulders.

"I am afraid Lady William finds the plunder not so great as she expected, and that more of it has passed away than she was acquainted with; and that, in fact, she had been outwitted by her dear brother, and is little the better for the match."

Villars's guess was not far wrong: the Lady William was really grieved that the star she had herself placed in the fashionable firmament was doomed to appear for so short a time. With her, the same amount of money would have gone ten times the length; and, although she had suggested the parties given, she had not anticipated the loss of such large sums at the gambling table. Lady William looked at these entertainments in the light of so many adventures, and had profited largely by them.

Lady Granby, poor soul, had no idea of the position in which she stood. When she wanted money, she signed the drafts Clift put before her: Clift also procured her signature to powers of attorney for the sale of her stock. Of all this she kept no account. Excitement kept her from thinking: in thought alone was she miserable. It was no wonder, believing as she still did in the affection of her husband, that she ceased all thought of her pecuniary position, and left to her natural protector and to her man of business, the task of regulating her expenditure by her income.

Alas! her career was but a short one. The Hour was fast arriving when it must end its pleasurable course. He who would have saved her from this, was broken-hearted in another land; and he who had sworn to cherish and protect her, was borrowing money upon her security, and ruining her in a career of extravagance and folly.—(*To be concluded next month.*)

VERSES FOR THE MONTH.*

ST. JOHN BAPTIST.

Pass we not the forerunner's birth,
 Priest Zachariah's son,
 Who came to warn the guilty earth—
 The human angel—John.
 The "angel" sent before His face ;
 The "voice" all should obey,
 Who bid them hail the coming grace,
 And clear the Saviour's way.

"What think you," all the neighbours said,
 "What shall this child become ?
 "The Lord's high hand was o'er him laid
 "E'en from his mother's womb."

What moves along the desert sand
 And checkers Jordan's yellow strand ?
 The noon-day sun pours down its rays,
 Spangling the stony ground :
 No breeze among the palm-grove plays,
 Whose leaves droop flagging round :
 The locusts chirrup through the air :
 The honey-bees light burdens bear
 Back to their rocky hive :
 Light burdens can they gather now,
 The sun has parch'd all flowers that blow,
 There's scarcely one alive.
 Yet labouring that scorch'd desert o'er,
 Thousands press on to Jordan's shore :—
 Seek they its cooling tide ?
 Not so ! they bow that youth before—
 That stern, wild youth, whose arm, on high,
 Calls judgment from the glaring sky
 On all the assembly wide.
 They bow : they smite their breasts : they weep :

* From "Church Hymns in English that may be sung to the old Church Music, with approbation, and other Poems." By R. Beste, Esq., published by Burns and Lambert.

He leads them down the sand-bank steep
And gains the Jordan side.
They speed : they throng the arid shore :
And humbly crave the preacher pour
That saving wave each forehead o'er.
"True," said he : "thus do I baptize :
"But mightier far will ONE arise :
"And, through the Holy Ghost, will lave
"Your sins with fire and truly save."

And now t'was eve. The crowds were gone,
Or turn'd them homewards one by one.
A stranger meekly drew him near :
Calm dwelt upon his lofty brow :
His eye was calm, and full, and clear :
His gesture calm : His paces slow.
He stept within the Jordan's tide,
And bow'd the Baptist stern beside.
Unwonted awe the Baptist felt
As that meek form before him knelt.
Trembling, he rais'd his arm, and shed
The water o'er that lowly head :—
The heavens were op'd : the parted cloud
Show'd light : a dove of light came down :
Then spoke a voice in accents loud,
"This is my well-beloved Son."

"And who," the crowds demand, "is he,
"Who is this John all flock to see ?"
The Son of Man replied—and never
Such praise was given by such a giver—
"Of all men born on earth, not one
"Has risen yet more great than John."

Let us, then, keep, with joy the day
That bids us still record
The birth of him who clear'd the way—
Forerunner of the Lord.
John to whom first the Christ was shown,
Greatest on earth ere heaven was won,
Grant that hereafter, we may see
Him who was first reveal'd by thee.

THE CHAPEL ROCK :

A LEGEND OF AUST FERRY.

From the Note Book of a Rambler.

ONE bright frosty evening in January, the train from London, in which we journeyed, arrived at the Bristol terminus some hours after its appointed time, owing to a heavy snow storm which had fallen in the morning and completely blocked up several of the cuttings on the line. After having succeeded in securing our own baggage, we hastened to an adjoining hotel, exempt from the ordeal which a fellow passenger was undergoing, in collecting the respective handboxes and carpet bags of a better-half and *only* four amiable daughters, whose incessant vociferations so perplexed him that the baggage was captured by rival cab-men, which the hands of a Briareus and the eyes of an Argus could scarcely have prevented. "Matrimony has many joys, but celibacy none," so sayeth the proverb: our ancestor, 'tis evident, never made family expeditions by railway.

From the evidence of a demure and sleepy factotum, whose voice was as noiseless as his steps over the matting of the coffee-room, and whose greasy dress-coat and *outrés* cut trowsers looked as all things in Bristol do look, we discovered that the delay in reaching Bristol had been fatal to us; and that no conveyance was to be had that night, whereby we could reach our destination, an isolated spot some few miles from Blackrock, in Monmouthshire.

To individuals who, with a gay and finical banker of the last century, assert that a man requires no more sleep than can be obtained in the progress of a hackney-coach from Hyde Park to Lombard Street, any premonitory warning in respect to the denizens of Bristol beds will be unnecessary. But so disagreeable a retrospect of previous experience at a Bristol hotel, conjoined to our anxiety to reach the object of our present perambulations, conquered the natural repugnance we felt to undertake the remainder of the distance on foot. Fifteen miles, after six o'clock, in the cheerless cold of a winter's night, does not instil hilarity into one's soul; but the alternative was not to be thought of, and we started for Aust Ferry.

The ten miles of country which intervene betwixt Bristol and the Ferry, or New Passage, during the sunny months of the year, well supports the character which the land on either side of the Severn has so justly earned for romantic scenery and

enchancing landscapes :—long ranges of steep and lofty hills, decked on their summits by rich woodland and evergreen preserves, between which the mansions of the Bristol merchants occasionally appear, and from the magnitude and beauty of their construction, record at once the princely wealth and elegant taste of the owners ;—while amid the hollow glens and picturesque valleys, the unassuming village with its Gothic church, reigns in undisturbed tranquillity ; as though the pedantic innovation of this age had not yet infused its desecrating spirit among the pristine inhabitants of the spot, but that the simplicity and Christian fervour that enriched the columns of their ancient church, and those voices which were wont to echo the midnight matins through its vaulted roof—but now silent as the flag-stones in its glorious aisle—still held their noble and soothing influence among them.

But the varied hues of the far-stretching hills, and the rich culture of the secluded dells were, upon this journey, enveloped in one vast mantle of snow, on which the moon shone with that lustre which the clear frosty atmosphere of a winter's night can alone produce. The snow crunched under our feet, and our fine "Havanna" burned red, suffusing a fragrance along our path which would have converted the stony heart of the most inveterate anti-tobacconist. It is a monotonous wayfaring, however, through the snow-clad country ; and despite the pleasing associations which some well-known point would conjure up, we wearied of one perpetual, unceasing whiteness ; and in the figurative aspirations of Solomon, we unconsciously murmured, "Oh that the winter were passed, that the rain were over and gone, that the fig-tree would put forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape would give a good smell ; that the flowers would appear on the earth ; the time of the singing birds come, and the voice of the turtle be once more heard in the land !" So impressed, our sight found relief as it rested upon the ancient turrets and ruin keep of Blaise Castle, as it peers with solemn aspect from above its dark scenery of fir trees. And what reflections will not such an object, at such a moment, create in the mind of even the most superficial moralist ? How the eye of fancy will restore that old ruin to the majesty of its prime, held during what the spurious morality of the present day terms the ages of superstition ; will people once more its silent halls with the valiant knights and courtly dames of the olden times, those firm and warlike spirits who wrested the liberties of England from the tyranny of its oppressive monarchs, and carried terror and dismay among the Paynim desecrators of the Holy Sepulchre ! What a tale of mortality lies mouldering there ! What a lasting monument to the hollowness of

earthly renown ! That which once bade defiance to all foes and dictated laws to its hundred vassals, now trampled on by a pigmy race, who scratch their mean initials upon walls which have withstood for centuries the shock of war and the hand of time !

Did the dark ignorance of those rude times so utterly obscure the minds of our Catholic ancestors, that English hospitality and baronial magnificence lend no bright pages to history, for modern *economists* to boast of, or eloquent essayists to depict in glowing colours ? Or is the virtuous shudder, with which modern sanctity imbibes the tale of monkish superstition, less bigoted than that which lived of yore ? Have those benighted illiterate men left no monuments by which their character can be redeemed from the aspersions of modern enlightenment ; or is it true that the powerful diction of poetry and romance are insufficient to extol the beauties of a Tintern, a Neath, or Melrose, which are but remnants of those sublime edifices which, if we mistake not, were raised by monkish hands to the glory of God, and whose designs emanated from the superstitious conceptions of monkish intellects ? May it not be said that English hospitality lies buried amid the ruins of the Crusader's castle, and the fervour of religion's enthusiastic magnificence lies crumbling amid the remnants of monastic architecture ?

While such thoughts hurried through our mind, inspiring all the warmth of an insatiate admirer of antiquity, our footsteps had not tarried. Though the old castle still filled our mind, no sooner was the continuity of such reflections broken, than, with the aid of a dilapidated milestone, we discovered our vicinity to the ferry, a truth made the more agreeable by the sudden transition of the night from brightness into a sullen gloom, preparatory to a coming storm. As the aerial fleece floated by us in intermittant flakes, we mentally resolved, upon reaching the ferry, to sound a halt for the night. At the imminent danger of broken bones, among the blocks of stone originally intended for a pier, we scrambled to the water's edge, where the discovery of our true position became anything but enlivening. The snow had gradually increased in thickness, and was now falling fast and furious, drifted by the cutting blast over the bosom of the Severn in unceasing clouds, so that with difficulty we could discern two or three boats slumbering peacefully in the mud. To these we made, but, alas, no sign of animation was in them : we turned towards the shore ; a huge pile, with quaint gables, loomed untenanted through the drift ; it had, no doubt, in more prosperous days, afforded shelter to hungry traveller and weary beast, but now, cold and deserted, seemed as forlorn as ourselves. In

vain we shouted ; the storm alone caught up the sound, as it was borne by the blast down the river, till at last its dying echoes resembled cries for help from some poor drowning soul. So dreary a spot had we never seen ; we felt as if we had wandered into the regions of time that was, and the chill ran through our frozen blood as we seemed to form a part of the death-like scene.

In such a direful extremity, remembrance of a comfortable looking farmhouse, lying a short distance from the main road, suggested the nowise unpleasant supposition regarding the exact amount of old English hospitality that might linger about its thatched roof and porched doorway, or nestle among the snug corners of its ancient chimney. Desperate it certainly was, but we resolved to hazard the venture of finding that which has long since died out with knight-errantry and the trenchant propensities of a Friar Tuck, and forthwith we knocked a bold summons at the portly door.

Shades of our ancestors ! what an individual to represent your goodly Bonifaces ! Five feet one, with a short neck, apocryphal rotundity of figure, but whose countenance developed some slight affinity to old English cheer, was the wight our summons had conjured from within ; and the welcome, a stare of unqualified surprise, with these mysterious words, "*Well, to — be sure,*" and a studious surveyance of our person by the light of the flickering candle, was finally terminated by a gust of wind extinguishing the flame. A kind gentle-looking young woman, of slim figure and soft eyes, shortly appeared in the passage, and with a modest curtsey begged us to come in, our first friend keeping well in the back-ground. We did so, and told our tale, the tale of a benighted traveller. No weary palmer, fresh wafted from the hallowed land of Palestine, ever received more courteous homage or hospitable welcome than did we from our kind host and hostess, and though Mr. Boniface could not entirely forego expressing his surprise at our disagreeable position in his laconic sentence, he was most polite and assiduous in divesting us of our dreadnought coat and boots, whilst our pretty hostess chattered incessantly of colds, sore throats, and even sudden death from all manner of cramps, which would inevitably result if we refused to exchange our own damp socks for a pair of her liege lord's own interminable lambswool stockings.

One hour after our arrival, while, with slippered feet and grateful heart, we drew our chair into a snug corner of that huge chimney, up which Mr. Boniface's waggoner and team could have proceeded, with a foot path to spare, the inward man having been recruited upon the substantial fare and nut-

brown October of mine host, and with inward glee we bade defiance to the howling storm without, singing with the poet,

“No frost, no snow, no wind, I trow,
Can hurt me if I wold,
I am so wrapped and thoroughly lapped
Of jolly good ale and old.”

For the light foot and quick hand of our hostess had arranged a small table for us and our loquacious host, with whom we were on the best imaginable terms, upon which table shortly appeared an antiquated tobacco-bowl, with a still more antiquated bottle, looking down in stoical contempt upon the modern tumblers and cut-glass sugar basins. While contemplating such good things, past and prospective, we suddenly commenced the following dialogue with our host.

“Mr. Boniface, will you inform us by what right and title you parade upon that wall the heraldic ensign of your illustrious ancestors?” in which speech we alluded to a framed painting of an escutcheon, (*gules*, three barbed arrows, *argent*. Crest, on a wreath a dexter arm bended at the elbow and armed, proper, bound about with a ribband, *gules*, holding an arrow,) in size little inferior to the shield carried by our mailed forefathers in war or tournament.

“Aye, aye, Sir,—surely—them’s the—what do you call ’ems, Ann? coats and ——”

“Coats with arms,” suggested his busy wife, proudly.

“That’s it, Sir,—that’s it. Well, you must know, my ancestor had that ere painting done in honour of his Majesty, Charles the Second, when he rescued him from Oliver Crom’ell and his set. And you see the chain like and picture hanging round them, which is a perfect likeness of what the king give him, as far as he could remember it afore he threw it into the river, like no end of a fool, when him and the captain got scuffling about it. But I’ll be bound, Sir, you have read on’t, often and often, in the big records such as our squire is so fond of looking at. Lor’ are, often and often, I’ll be bound.”

We expressed our regret of entire ignorance.

“Never heard tell o’ that? Well, to be sure, I never heard the like of that, ha, ha! Shall I tell the gentleman how it was, Ann?”

This query was put to our hostess, who, upon our earnest request, granted permission to her lord to repeat the “oft told tale,” which permission seemed to afford him undisguised pleasure, and assuming directly an air of mystic importance, after some preparatory whiffs and sips, commenced. But as it was recited with many deviations and indirect dissertations, and

withal expressed in the strong idiomatic phraseology of the county, we will place it before our readers in a more intelligible order.

THE CHAPEL ROCK.

AT sunrise one morning in the September of 1651, a very few days subsequent to the decisive overthrow of the Royalists at Worcester, four stout fishermen were engaged in endeavouring to float an unwieldy boat, then safely lodged

“—— On the gentle Severn's sedgy bank;”

a task, owing to the deep embankment of mud and a low tide, that required a considerable degree of physical power and much ingenious manœuvring. Their wonted perseverance, however, succeeded in accomplishing the feat, and the boat floated in deep water. This done, one of the number, a fine athletic youth, left the party and entered a small coppice, a short distance from the banks, from which he again emerged, accompanied by two cavaliers, one of whom, despite the mean apparel which had been adopted for more effectual concealment, might easily have been recognised as the fugitive Charles. The disastrous success which had recently befallen his arms, the mental anxieties attendant upon his unseemly and dangerous flight, with the hot breath of the Parliament hounds close upon him, and the bodily fatigues which he had lately undergone, had not yet depressed the spirits of the Merry Monarch, for he joked and chattered with his conductor as though he were embarking at Whitehall, surrounded by his courtiers, for a pleasure sail to Greenwich. Upon approaching the boat the king stepped slowly from stone to stone to avoid the mud, a plan which seemed to augment the fears of his conductor, who at last reproached him respectfully for thus tarrying, and taking him in his brawny arms as though but a child, placed him safely in the boat. Though

“—— Sweet Severn's flood ”

here measures some two miles across, the keel soon grated on the pebbly shore of Monmouthshire. The early morning had grown into open day, and the fishermen were variously occupied with the craft of their precarious living, when a party of Parliamentarians reached the spot that had so lately witnessed the flight of the king. Cromwell had taken the precaution to break up the passage boats, and detaching troops over the country, he surmised that it would be impossible for Charles to elude the vigilant pursuit, egged on by the prospect of obtaining the blood-money promised for his head. The present party constituted a small company of “prick-eared knaves,” as the

Cavaliers were accustomed to term them, headed by a Captain, who having obtained scent of the royal game, were, with the sagacity of bloodhounds, diligently bearing down upon the prey.

"Prithee, good friend Hale, have you seen Charles Stuart within these twelve hours?" demanded the Captain, addressing the young boatman.

"Lord o'mighty, Captain, are thou gone daft, to ask me such a question? Why, man, it is three year ago come next January since he had the misfortune—"

"Never mind, honest friend, what he had," interrupted the soldier; "I mean the son of Charles Stuart, the traitor's son."

"Whou!—the King, eh! Come now, Captain, if you had named him at once, we would have had no words of cross-questioning."

"Hale, Hale, be not ungodly, and deceive not the Lord's servants. Time presses—say, who was it you ferried over this morning?"

"Do you think we Goliahs, as you talk so much about, to carry a smack like ow'n, through six foot o'mud at low-tide—Nay, Captain, your horsemen are o'er sharp, to let a poor fisherman earn an honest penny nowise a' that way."

"You have crossed not the river, friend, you say," persisted the godly man, "nor yet fished; then how comes the boat as tho' fresh out of the water."

"Thou art o'er 'cute, Captain, for such as me, and can make fish-nets out of sea weeds to catch the like of me in; the boat's as the tide left it for all I wot of it," sulkily returned the fisherman.

"And did the tide leave this, liar?" roared the Puritan, snatching a small locket suspended by a gold chain from the breast of the boatman, "what trinket of Satan is this?—By the Lord of Israel, the traitor Charles Stuart—Down with them, men! traitors!"

"Thou clept-eared thief, release it," cried Hale, darting at the soldier, and felling him at a blow; then wrenching the miniature from him, threw it far into the river.

In another instant the whole were made prisoners and firmly secured.

It now became the Captain's object to pass the river without the delay of a moment; but well knowing the many dangerous shoals with which the Severn abounds, it was essential to release his captives, and compel them to ferry his party over. In this he was frustrated; for the sturdy fishermen, one and all staunch Jacobites, refused to lift an oar for the purpose. Bribes, or threats, having been resorted to in vain, he resolved to try the torture upon Hale's father, thus to move the son, through the parent's agony,—and he was stripped for the lash. The project

succeeded; for young Hale, after consulting his comrades in a few whispered words, consented to convey them across. The boat launched, the party embarked, and to prevent treachery, a soldier stood with a petronel over each of the boatmen. The object towards which the boat was making may still be discerned by the traveller, lying about two miles below the modern passage, over the Severn, on the Welsh coast. The scene around it is as strikingly romantic as any which this our lovely isle can afford, was in the time of which we write far more wild. No varied hues of cultivated land rested on the sides of the heathy mountains, nor spreading elms threw their shade over craggy rocks and beetling precipices. No sound of human footfall had disturbed the peaceful browsing of the wild goat-flocks, or startled the timid hind from her fern-bed. The mountains sloped in undulating beauty, till they reached Severn's banks, running out at one spot, at least so it appeared, as though to form a promontory in the river. We say, appeared, as one who stands on the opposite shore, is invited to believe this projection a continuation of land, whereas it is an island, the Chapel Rock, and between which and the main land, the river rushes with the impetuosity of a mountain torrent. The floods of two centuries have now considerably reduced its size, yet still at low water it maintains its deceptive appearance.

To this spot, then, did young Hale steer the boat with deadly purpose, and as it bumped against the projecting rock, the misguided Puritans sprang eagerly on shore, tendering no thanks or reward for the fishermen's labour. Not less eagerly did they ply their oars from the rocks, well knowing each stroke carried them farther from their enemies' bullets. But a few minutes elapsed ere the foremost of Cromwell's emissaries discovered the deception that their treacherous guides had practised, and the bullets whistled around the receding boat and its little crew. But harmless: and when, as the balls began to fall short of their mark, the sturdy boatmen, resting on their oars, cheered derisively to their victims and vigorously for King Charles, and were replied to by the execrations of the deluded Roundheads. The sorry fate of the champions of the Commonwealth was some years afterwards commemorated by the erection of a rude pile of stone, covering their common grave, and in the legendary song of Severn-side the gallant boatmen bear honourable mention. The tide washed for many a day, and the summer sun bleached white, the monumental stones, till one by one they sought the river's bed, and now but one or two remain to record not a solitary instance of the vengeance heaped by the Cavaliers upon their hated foes, the "psalm-singing Roundheads."

THE AGE WE LIVE IN.

BY THE EDITOR.

WE have all heard of the Ages of Faith: Kenelm Digby's beautiful works under that name, invest certain epochs with a charm dear to all Catholic minds. The Ages of Faith are represented as the time of all that was noble, chivalrous, religious, self-denying. The age we live in is not of that number. It is not self-denying. On the contrary: as the Borough Member of Parliament said that he represented his own breeches pocket, so, in this age, is self-interest most thoroughly represented in the mind of each one. Egotism is assuredly not in Schedule A. Few take the trouble of disguising it: if they attempt to do so, it is under so thin a veil that they care not whether it discover itself or not. It is the one idea that pervades and excludes every other idea.

A country squire was so sensible of this that he said to his brother the Rector, "I can't tell how it is, Tom; but I can never fix my mind to my prayers:—off it bolts directly into some track of more interest to myself."

"For shame, Robert!" replied the Rector: "what interest can be so important to you as that of divine worship?"

"Now don't preach, Tom," interrupted the Squire. "I'll tell you what it is. Do you stand aside and say the Lord's Prayer once over: and if you can then pledge me your word that your mind has not wandered to other interests, I'll give you my black riding mare."

"Done!" cried the Rector; and he withdrew decorously to the window and began repeating the prayer. But alas! alas! the interest of the age we live in—self-interest—was too strong for him. Ere the petition was half made, he turned abruptly to his brother exclaiming:—

"And the saddle, too? will you not give me the saddle?"

This might have occurred to the follower of any creed whose mind was also absorbed by the creed of the day.

In the Ages of Faith, as Digby represents them; in the ages of gold, as the poets paint them; in the ages of Merry England, that is to say of Catholic England, as history records it, a different spirit animated mankind. A frank, joyous, brotherly, pious sentiment of fellow-feeling then bound man to man: and amid all the barbarities, wars and horrors of the times, the poor were welcomed, the rich were feasted: and although one knight might place

another behind him on his war-horse and bear him from a common enemy that they might together resume their interrupted single combat about a lost helmet—

“ Oh gran bontà de' cavallieri antichi ! ” *

yet was there, in those days, an out-pouring of soul in religious charities—aye, or even in such pilgrim gatherings as Chaucer describes—which might well atone for some grossness.

As the bloody humours of an old Irish fair were preferable to the death-silence that has succeeded them, so the coarser companionship of former times gleams, as the refraction of departed light, on the refined seclusion of the age we live in. But month after month and year after year is the barrier now more firmly set, not only between the rich and the poor, but even between the rich and the rich of the same neighbourhood. “ Birds of a feather *no longer* flock together.” State ceremony, formularies, lengthened invitations and “ shams,” are becoming more and more necessary before neighbour can meet neighbour in friendly greeting. The gas-tarred paling of every “ villa ” in “ Paradise Row ” shows an elevation of eighteen inches or so superadded to its former height, lest some long-legged labourer should stretch up and overlook the monotonous existence of the meaningless citizen within : park walls are raised or are removed to a greater distance from the mansion : foot-paths are “ turned,” or are entirely blocked up, lest the “ slovenly, unhandsome ” clown should come “ betwixt the wind and the nobility ” of the owner of the domain.

So wide does this feeling extend, that recently amidst the bleak dells of the Exmoor Forest, amid torrents brawling through blackened ravines, amid cloud-capped hills where the red oxen and the red deer range almost equally wild, we observed, at the entrance of a carriage-road leading to a newly-built solitary residence, a notice-board inscribed with large letters intimating that “ whoever was found trespassing on the grounds would be prosecuted ! ” Here, in this wilderness, where one would have thought that the sight of the human face divine would have been as welcome as that of a ship to Robinson Crusoe in his desert island, here was the usual notice—“ *Procul-procul, este profani :* ” exclusiveness is the spirit of the age we live in, even on the mountains of Exmoor.

Thus every neighbourhood feels that the tie is broken that bound it together for sympathy and succour. Each one is

* Ariosto.

compelled to rest upon himself or upon individuals independent each of the other. The old inn sign—the Red Lion, or the Greyhound, that was formerly looked up to as the armorial bearing of the family that kept all the hill side and valley together, hangs defaced before a dilapidated hostelry: the Bugle that used to summon all the merry men for the chase, swings by a chain as broken as the memories it would invoke: the Cross-Keys that formerly appealed to the piety of the traveller by assuring him that mine host was a worthy son of holy Church—something in the manner of a grace said before meat—the Cross-Keys can open the wayfarer's heart no longer: these fond memorials that graced the taverns of ancient days are all eclipsed by inn signs and nomenclatures more consonant to the age we live in. Messrs. Mivart or Morley think their own names as attractive over hotel doors as the Swan with Two Necks or Belle Savage; while, throughout the land, "Railway Hotels," in all the pomp of white bricks and Vauxhall Gothio, outstare the faded glories of the houses of entertainment of former times.

And let us observe in passing how curiously the armorial bearings, given by the Herald's College in these latter years, tally with the spirit of the age we live in. "King, law, and people" are invoked in the motto of some go-a-head peer. "By iron not by the sword," exclaims the modern baronet, proud of his improved morality: while the shields of all our Colonial Bishops—who sometimes pretend to stretch their crosier over unnumbered, independent dioceses five times more ancient than their own faith—no longer show the holy cross or the emblems of Catholic worship, but are fitly charged with the Bible, the crown, the lion of England, or the union flag, in faithful commemoration of the power from which they issue. Verily we have but to look at their armorial bearings to discover of what spirit they are. It peeps out every where. It is ubiquitous: and reminds one of the caricatures that were made at the end of the last and the beginning of the present century, on the minister when he put the broad arrow upon any hitherto untaxed article.

When the tax was put upon salt, the cook was represented opening the lid of her salt box; and while the head of the minister popped up from under it, she exclaimed, "Dang it! if the fellow has'nt got into the salt box, too!"

We have seen an empty cask standing in a fair, on which the owner had scrawled, in chalk,

"FOR SAIL:"

underneath, a wag wrote

"FOR FREIGHT AND PASSAGE INQUIRE AT THE BUNG HOLE"

So we say "for the origin of modern English Bishops, inquire at the Herald's College."

And yet amid all the cold selfishness and rationalism of the multitude, there struggles a spirit mindful of the holier and more generous impulses of former days. In the young Englishers, as they were called, it assumed a political guise, and would fain have engrafted the fruitful offshoots of Catholic feeling upon the withered stock that Protestantism had so thoroughly blighted. The attempt was hopeless from the beginning: vital sap was not there to cement the unnatural union: white waistcoats were soon at a discount. The party is now unknown in the House of Commons: and the principal memorials of its existence are the restored monastery at Canterbury and the Byzantine church at Wilton.

Beautiful, indeed, is that noble church: but as the feeling that raised it lacks the finishing grace of Catholicism, highly decorated as is its architecture, it lacks the rich adornment of painting, gilding, and mosaic, so peculiar to the style it would reproduce. Those who have prayed beneath the historic domes of St. Marc at Venice and Morreale at Palermo, or who have stolen along the carpeted floor of St. Sophia's Mosque at Constantinople, will understand how much gorgeousness of colouring is required in edifices of the period represented by this church. But it is a noble monument of the piety of its founder and of his amiable and lovely wife. How little we thought, as we marked her grow up into beautiful womanhood, that her name would be associated with one of the finest ecclesiastical monuments in the land!

It is to be regretted that the stained glass in this and other Protestant buildings should be inferior to that which renovated art could supply. How poor is the colouring of the windows in this church compared to that of the beautiful church of the Jesuits in Farm Street, Berkeley Square! How cold look the stained windows in the new national monument, the House of Lords, compared to those in St. George's Church, Southwark! Catholics, poor and disunited as we are, we may be proud of our endeavours to restore mediæval art!

And what is the whole tractarian movement in England but a yearning after the truthfulness and the sympathies of bygone times? The enthusiast spirit travels inquiringly through the whole course of Protestant formularies and of German rationalism and finds "it all barren." It feels within itself capabilities for more exalted, for more spiritual, for more godlike communion: an emanation of the Deity, it pants to draw near again to the fountain head of love: it pants and it feels that Catholicism alone can assuage its arid thirst.—

"L'onda dal mar divisa
 Bagna il valle e 'l monte.
 Va passeggera in fiume
 Va Prigioniera in fonte;
 Mormora sempre e geme
 Finchè non torna al mar :—
 Al mar dov' ella nacque,
 Dove ricevè gli umori,
 Dove, dai lunghi errori,
 Spera di riposar.

Alas, that such aspirations should eventuate in nothing more than in artistic and sentimental taste for mediæval art, than in stone altars, white surplices, white waistcoats, painted sepulchres, high Church-of-Englandism :—the scoff of grown up worldlings, the puzzle of children.

"How delightful!" a lady recently exclaimed interrupting a conversation in a carriage on a west-of-England railway into which she had just entered: "how delightful it is to hear people talk again of the price of oats and of the May-fly, when, for weeks, one has heard only discussions on baptismal regeneration and prevenient grace!" Here was the scoffer.

"Do you know, Fanny," asked a grave-looking little girl of her friend in one of the gardens near the church of Mr. Bennett: "do you know whether your papa and mama belong to the high or to the low church?"

"No, dearest," replied the other little theologian. "I don't know exactly which they belong to: but --- stay: it must be to the high church, because we sit in the gallery." Here was the puzzled one.

So strong is the fancy, for we can give it no more positive designation, so strong is the fancy for the knowledge of former days, that a newspaper has lately been established to receive and distribute mediæval lore :—under the title of "Notes and Queries," a weekly journal puts questions and answers them for the information of still more ignorant zealots: and as Bishop Milner asserted that no one but a Catholic could be an antiquary, so does every inquiry of the journalist and of his correspondents lead him and them back towards Rome. Antiquity can lead to nothing else. The Puseyite convert said to the Bishop who reproached him with having "gone over to Rome," "We both started on the same road, my Lord; but you stopped at Geneva." Antiquarian research leads the whole way. A few weeks ago, a correspondent of the journal we have named asked gravely the meaning of the word *tenebræ* that was found, he said, in old books in connexion with Easter. Any Catholic child, throughout Europe would have given the information of

which Protestantism had blotted out the remembrance from the mind of the scholar.

In the same paper, recently appeared an inquiry into the origin of the word "horns" in Scriptural language, which Sir Edmund Filmer, referring to the appearance of Moses on his descent from the mountain—"cornuta fuit facies ejus"—judiciously answered by referring the inquirer to Cradock's History of the old Testament and to Cruden's Concordance: "The original Hebrew word," he says, "signified to shine, and the word cornuta in the 'vulgar Latin,' as Cradock quaintly calls it, evidently means that the face of Moses had, as it were, horns or rays of light exceedingly dazzling."

We remember an Englishman who, after attentively studying the famous statue of Moses by Michael Angelo at Rome, in which these rays of light are materially represented, exclaimed, "How horrible!"

"Horrible! wherefore?" we asked. "Whom do you think the statue represents?"

"Whom? the devil, to be sure. Look at its horns!"

If our inquirers will push their researches a little further, they will find that a horn worn on the side of the head is still the most jaunty ornament of eastern women; and a token of prosperity—"cornu ejus exaltabitur in gloria—his horn shall be exalted in glory," says the Psalmist. Manners in the east change as little as the religion of Catholics: modern English antiquaries will best answer their doubts by following the instructions of the oracle and by harking back to their ancient mother.

But the rule of faith is unknown to the mind of Englishmen in the age we live in: and anxious as they are to acquire knowledge, that knowledge is stowed away without method, without recollection, without harmony. Conflicting information is equally treasured: the true displaces not the false; but having no sure guide of faith by which to test the value or to class the quality of each discovery brought home by science, seldom is each put away in that compartment of the brain or heart to which it of right should belong, but all are carried about as poor Wordsworth carried his shirts.

Poor old Wordsworth! never did more kindly sympathy, unalloyed by shade of jealousy or ill will, mourn over departed greatness than has been called forth by his death. We remember the fervour with which, half a century ago, he cultivated his little garden in Somersetshire on Sundays, in order to oppose what he considered our puritanical observance of the day: when we last saw him, old, withered, and shaky, but little of such "philosophic" zeal remained within him. Respected as

the builder up of great fame, when he took an active part in life it was more often as an actor in such an anecdote as the following:—

“Now do, my dear William,” his wife had said to him, “be less forgetful this time. As you are going for a three days’ visit, I have put three clean shirts in your carpet bag. Promise me that you will put on a clean one every day.”

The promise was given. The bard went and returned.

“How forgetful you are, my dear William,” expostulated the same friendly monitor; “you have left all your three clean shirts behind you, and you promised me that you would put one on every day.”

“So I did, my love; I declare to you that I did,” mildly asserted the poet.

“Where are they, then?”

“Here, here. I put them on, as I promised I would.”

A clean shirt had, in truth, been added every day on the top of the others: and he now wore all the four as untidily and unmethodically as our countrymen of the age we live in, devoid of any rule of faith by which to class and methodise them, adopt discordant theories or unproved assertions.

As the gardener who carried home some strange plants he had found by the side of the road, and wishing to dignify them by a botanical name, labelled them “*rodensidas*,” so do they think that a lapse of three centuries makes antiquity, that Scripture is religion (whether quoted by saint or devil), that judicial sentences are theology, that water is baptism (howsoever and with whatsoever intention administered), and that a rose by any other name would smell as sweet. When Mrs. Hudson, wishing to stock the gardens of Newby Park with rhododendrons, desired her London agent to send her five dozen of “*Roderic Randoms*,” she was as well pleased on the arrival of the huge packet of books as she would have been had she received the American plants she had ordered. She knew that her “bigotry” came from Stor and Mortimer’s, her “virtue” from Howell and James, and why should not rhododendrons come from Bohn and Bogue? She knew how far a little learning went with herself; and how little the great people of the age we live in, who had flocked to her assemblies and fawned upon her wealth, cared to investigate the quality of any information that was presented to them.

“I don’t like that bloody head in the dish,” said a picture fancier, when purchasing a fine painting by Giogione of the decollation of St. John Baptist: “it will not look pleasant in my dining room. Have it taken away and a quantity of flowers and grapes put on it instead.”

Was this man ignorant of the spirit of the age we live in? Not a bit of it! He was his own foolometer, and he rightly judged that what suited him would not be questioned by the bulk of his acquaintance.

Far be it from us to assert that ignorance and selfishness hold undisputed sway over the minds of this generation. But we do feel that the Young England party, the Tractarian party, the members of Camden and Mediæval Societies, the non-commissioned volunteers who hang around the great Catholic party throughout the world, we do feel that all these wage a losing and almost a hopeless war against the indifference to holy things, the egotism, the worldliness, the arid self-sufficiency, the readiness to receive and to be satisfied with superficial and undigested knowledge whether in questions of science, politics, or religion, that characterises the multitude of the age we live in. To us, it is positively refreshing when we leave the Eastern Counties Railway, and order our brougham to drive to our quiet chambers in the Temple, it is positively refreshing, we assert, to read at the foot of the cards that are showered by the agents of Moses and Son upon our knees, an intimation that "the establishment is always closed from the sunset of Friday to the sunset of Saturday." Faith, then, is not quite extinct! "*Iustitia excedens terris vestigia fecit*" in the Minorities! The "pure Causasian breed" at least, has a soul above the goose and cabbage for which the bulk of mankind would now desecrate not only the Sabbath but every day in the year!

What a confused sense of religious principle was shown by the guardians of our Poor Law Union, when, in our ex-officio quality, we lately entered the board-room! A middle-aged woman stood before the parish representatives and was being dismissed by the chairman with these words:—

"Well, then, Mrs. Smith; you are elected as schoolmistress: but you engage that there is no chance that you will be reconciled to your husband? because we could not have him about the house."

"Oh, sir, no chance whatever," she replied, curtsying as she left the room.

"Mr. Chairman," we exclaimed, "do we understand that the highly moral condition on which this person has been elected as schoolmistress is that she is not to be reconciled to her husband?"

Laughter: as the parliamentary reporters would record. Laughter; but no denial of the terms.

A sanctimonious-looking man next entered the room, leading a lively lad by the hand.

"Well, my little man;" asked the chairman, "how do you like sweeping chimneys?"

“Very much, indeed, sir!”

We turned us meanwhile to the Protestant rector of the parish and inquired how it was that the boy had been apprenticed to a dissenting preacher, as this sweep was well known to be.

“Why I had some scruples about it,” he answered shily; “but the boy was an orphan; and the other guardians could not understand that it mattered whether the child were brought up a dissenter or a churchman; so I quieted my conscience by walking out of the room while the bargain was struck.”

Were we not justified in saying that an absence of religious principle characterised the multitude in this age we live in when this was the conduct of their representatives?

Let any one wander through a modern English cemetery and see whether he can trace any definite faith or hope in the tombs of those buried during the age we live in. Sadly sweet to us have always been those churchyard walks—whether amid the tinsel sentiment, the pious hope, or the avowed infidelity of *Père la Chaise*; whether amid the grass-grown graves of a retired and yew-sheltered English village church yard; whether amid the trim flower-beds into which every grave is almost converted in Saxony; or amid the piles of cumbrous masonry and bad taste that disfigure our metropolitan cemeteries. Sweet and cherished are those quiet walks; for they tell of peace and of hope; of happy reunions; of recovered home; of love sanctified and exalted and renewed and plighted for ages of ages: of all this, do grave-yards, however different in their locality and arrangement, hold out a sure and certain hope; and more than this, far more than this do they bring before us, in thoughts of Him, the great, the merciful, who there shows us how, one after the other, we are called to Himself. But yet it seems to us that, year after year, the design of tombs in our cemeteries—in that of Kensal Green, for example—becomes more abased to a lower standard of intelligence, of faith and of hope. Limping and ungrammatical verses that tell of the survivor's sorrow are there, indeed, in unmeasured profusion; but from the formal frippery of the tomb to *Mdme. Soyer*, the wife of the cook of the Reform Club (the most revolting part about which is the admiration it evidently draws from the crowds of gaping Cockneys who ever surround it) from the frippery of this gorgeous monument to the plain slab or the blooming flower-plot over the body of an unnamed one, no index is so generally given as might lead a heathen to guess that the survivors had any definite religious faith or hope or charity. How consolatory to every Christian mind, perplexed by the disorder of conflicting religious notions proclaimed around, how consolatory to such an one is it to come upon the tomb of the Catholic, marked, as ever, with the sign of

the cross and bespeaking the prayers of the living for the dear one who has preceded us ! Here is no striving for effect : here is no sentimental and undefined system of religious belief : all is plain, simple, intelligible. We will defy any Catholic to walk in the company of Protestants through one of these Metropolitan cemeteries and not feel proud of the effect produced by the grave-stones of his co-religionists : we will defy any Protestant to walk in Catholic company through the same cemetery and not to feel ashamed of the tombs of his fellow-Protestants of the age we live in.

We observed one curious change wrought, we presume, by fashion, in the decoration of many graves : whereas, in old churchyards, almost all the headstones used to be adorned by little chubby heads of cherubims nestling between two bushy little wings, these are now altogether disused or are replaced by the figure of a dove (we hope *not* intended to represent the Holy Spirit) hanging from the top of the monument and holding in its bill a written scroll. So numerous are those little marble angels in old country churchyards that when a boor, walking at nightfall past his parish church with a loaded gun which went off by accident and shot an owl just circling from its ivy-darkened nest, saw the white bird of night fall fluttering at his feet, the terror and conscience-stricken countryman exclaimed, " Oh Loord, oh Loord, I ha shotten a angel ! "

Were such an accident to happen in the Kensal Green cemetery with similar fatal results, a *badeau*, accustomed to the new style of ornament, would probably cry out, " Oh Lord, oh Lord, I have shot a carrier pigeon, letter and all ! "

We are aware that all these observations run counter to the spirit of the age ; that we do but expose our want of taste, our antiquarian prejudices, our ignorance of the charms of modern society. We fancy that we hear some friendly critic interrupt us, as the lecturer was interrupted at the Royal Institution in Albemarle Street. There, amid crowds of musty old bachelors and shrivelled old maids, two earnest, truthful, and fair faces listen to Professor Farraday or Braud as they pour forth knowledge on all subjects, from the tail of comet to that of serpent. We never saw the old maidenhood and old bachelordom of the place more interested and animated than after a lecture on the circulation of blood in reptiles and the pulsations of a serpent's heart. On one occasion, however, the lecturer had undertaken to explain the principle of optics and spoke learnedly thereanent for some while, but to the evident annoyance of a stout yeoman, who had unaccountably been introduced into the rather aristocratic assemblage. He wriggled on his bench—he cleared his throat—he whispered " Sir " several times

inaudibly : at length, with a desperate effort, he exclaimed to the lecturer on optics, " Excuse me, Sir, but you are wrong. You ought to know that in hop countries, we do not call them *hop sticks*, but *hop poles*."

So we are prepared to be told that we are wrong : that we are benighted in the dark ages : that we do not understand nor properly appreciate the spirit of the age we live in : but let us not also be told that in the Catholic world, the heart of the public is equally dormant ; that it beats no more with ennobling impulses, but is paralyzed by the same dull egotistic, indifferent, unbelieving, false, trifling spirit that we deplore in this country. Not so, indeed ; thanks be to our superintending Providence, it is not so. Mightier worldly interests may be there at work ; heinous crimes may be there committed ; men and nations may there forget, for a while, every instinct of humanity : but the true faith that has been implanted in the heart of each one, reasserts its sway, recalls the degraded sinner, and again melts and humanizes him. How magnificently was this instanced when two years ago in the streets of Paris, a city was in arms against itself ; when parent and child madly fought : when woman forgot her mission of mercy and led on bands of savages more savage than any who ever danced round the victim writhing at the stake in an American forest. In the height of the murderous broil, Catholicism reasserted its sway : the Archbishop of Paris came forth its preacher : he fell, as often fall the missionaries of our Lord. But the strife was stilled : the religious heart of the people was touched : piety, dormant and stifled by bad passions, was reawakened, and showed that, over Catholic sinners, it was warm and strong and still divinely influential, even in this age we live in.

And what can be a finer example of this enduring influence of Catholicism than has lately been given in Rome ? An army long inured to the hardships and inflictions of the African war ; an army in which, one might have thought, every feeling of religion, every softest impulse of humanity to have been long since extinguished, kneels, at first as a mere matter of military discipline, at the feet of the restored Pontiff. He raises his venerable hands ; as the vicar of the Lord, he calls down every blessing upon the heads of the hardened soldiers. The first, the greatest of all blessings, a religious spirit, is forthwith rained down upon them. They feel, they acknowledge, they rejoice in its holy influence. No sentiment of worldly shame, of utilitarian egotism withholds them. Officers and men alike confess the divine spell : and tears of heartfelt piety course down those bronzed and bearded visages and prove how the grace of God, truly vouchsafed in youth through His appointed channels, may linger undying and reappear triumphant in Catholic hearts—even in the age we live in.

REGISTER

OF

NEW PUBLICATIONS, CORRESPONDENCE, AND EVENTS.

The Editor of the CATHOLIC MAGAZINE AND REGISTER desires that his Correspondents and Contributors may alone be held responsible for the opinions and sentiments that each may express. But he invites our Venerable Clergy and all Catholics to send him information on all matters of religious interest in their several neighbourhoods.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Anglican Church the Creature and Slave of the State; being a refutation of certain Puseyite claims advanced on behalf of the Established Church; in a series of lectures delivered before the Academy of the Catholic Religion. By the Rev. P. Cooper, of the Church of the Conception, Dublin: Prebendary, &c. Second Edition. 1 Vol. 8vo, pp. 244. Dolman.

That a second edition of these lectures, delivered some years since in Dublin, should have been called for is at once a proof of their merit and of the enduring interest of the subject. That the Established Church is the creature and slave of the State few, we presume, amongst its most ardent supporters, would now deny. The high church party deplore it: the followers of low church principles glory in it. The recent decisions in the Gorham case prove the fact; and it is received with sorrow or with triumph by all.

These lectures, however, necessarily enter into the history of the establishment and of the Reformation in England to some degree, and may be more generally useful than as mere controversial disquisitions. They are written in temperate and forcible language; and may be of service to such as still honestly linger in the ranks of Puseyism.

Submission to the Catholic Church. By A. S. Hanmer, B.A., late of St. John's College, Cambridge, and Curate of Tidcombe Portion. 1 vol. 18mo, pp. 189. Burns and Lambert. 1850.

These observations are addressed to the inhabitants of the parish of Tiverton, who were formerly subject to the spiritual teaching of Mr. Hanmer. The purport of the book is to explain to them the cause of the severance in the connexion between them, brought about by the author's happy conversion to the Catholic faith. The account is conveyed in plain, affectionate language, and clearly explains those points which the author found to have most weight in his own conversion. To us who have had the happiness to be born within the pale of the Church, it is most curious to observe how different minds amongst our separated brethren affect different arguments: how some find difficulties where, to others, all was clear; how some give way at once, where others most stoutly contest every inch of ground. True it is, that the same arguments cannot have weight with all: and therefore are we glad to see every convert put forth and explain the line of controversy which he has found most effective in his own case. We recommend this book to all whose minds are racked and harassed by doubt; and especially we recommend to them the feeling appeal with which the author concludes his observations and urges them not to delay their conversion "until a more convenient opportunity!"

Compitum ; or the Meeting of the Ways at the Catholic Church. The fourth Book. 1 Vol. 18mo, pp. 390. Dolman. 1850.

There is no falling off in this fourth volume of Mr. Digby's work of love. The same affectionate feeling for all that is and was Catholic; the same deep research after all that may record the influences of the Catholic faith on the hearts of men, animates and enriches this Book as those that have already appeared. We recommend the chapter on the Road of Kings to the consideration of those who in these latter days would learn what kings used to be, and what used to be considered their duties. But the whole volume will delight and instruct.

The Metropolitan Catholic Public Library, for Clerical and Town and Country Circulation. Capital £10,000, in Shares of £5.

The Prospectus of this very valuable undertaking appeared in our April Number: and we may not delay to call to it that attention to which it is justly entitled. That the establishment of such a library would be a real blessing to almost every priest and every Catholic layman in the country cannot be doubted by those who know the difficulty we experience in obtaining Catholic publications. General circulating libraries will not take them in: they are not called for by the majority of their readers. And the Catholic is thus debarred from those facilities for obtaining information or amusement which are grafted into the habits of life of almost every other member of the community.

The association of which the prospectus is before us, proposes to remedy this deficiency on terms so moderate as to deserve, we wish we could say, to secure the support of thousands. The undertaking is really of importance to the faith, to the well-being, to the comfort, aye, and to the respectability of thousands amongst us who cannot hope, by any other means, to obtain those literary resources which are necessary to men in their situation. We sincerely trust that it may be established and maintained with spirit.

Sick Calls: from the Diary of a Missionary Priest, (mostly republished from "Dolman's Magazine.") By the Rev. E. Price, M.A. 1 vol. 8vo, pp. 350. Dolman. 1850.

This elegant volume is a republication of papers that delighted all the readers of the periodical in which they appeared, and which are so fresh in the memory of very many of our readers, that we scarcely feel ourselves called upon to notice it otherwise than by announcing its appearance. The style of writing is so truthful, so feeling, so nervous, so pious;—the incidents recorded are so touching, so real, that we know no work that better explains the wants, the suffering, and the long endurance of our Catholic poor, and the zeal and self-denial and untiring labour of the Catholic missionary in England. We may regret, indeed, that the wretched situation of some of the poor creatures with whom duty brings him in contact should be too plainly described (as in the case of "The Magdalen," for example): we may think there are things which should not be "so much as mentioned amongst" those who will read this volume: but our opinions may be peculiar to ourselves, and we hail the appearance of the book as that of a standing work that ought to find a place in every Catholic house, whence it may go into Protestant hands and, in the most interesting manner, demonstrate the workings of our holy faith.

Having thus borne testimony to the high literary and religious merit of the volume, we feel it a sacred duty to express our hope that it is the last of the kind that will ever be written or published. We Catholics know how

sacred are the revelations made by the penitent to his confessor : we Catholics know that the reverend author could not, and has not in reality recorded any thing that he learned through the trust reposed in his sacred ministry : but Protestants may not be so easily persuaded of the fact. What one priest has done, every priest may do ; and were all to write an account of their "Sick Calls," what Protestant would believe that the "ever-impenetrable veil," in which words Mr. Price rightly turns from the secrets of the confessional, was not sometimes lifted, and that *mutato nomine*, &c., under a different name, its confidences were not sometimes revealed ? Even Catholics may think that the publication of incidents in the lives of their penitents, learnt through the ministry of the priest, must draw back again his mind to that which, once heard, he is bound to dismiss for ever from his memory. Enough. Much as we admire the work, we hope that it will stand alone—that it will be the first and the last of its series.

A Brief Sketch of the Life of Dr. Giacinto Achilli. Second edition. Dublin : Hardy & Sons. 1850.

This little book was presented us a few days since, with a slight hope on the part of the donor that it might be instrumental in leading us into the bosom of the Christian Church, and making us partakers of the everlasting promises of Jesus Christ, held out to every true believer in His Gospel. We accepted the pamphlet with *real* pleasure, inasmuch as we were prompted by a pardonable curiosity in desiring to know what reasons any *sensible* (?) man could give for leaving the Church of God for a sect who teaches no DEFINITE doctrine, and who consequently does not offer even a "plank for shivering sinners to stand on," previous to taking their final leap into the ocean, the boundless ocean of eternity. But, alas ! we were doomed to disappointment ; for, after perusing and reperusing this "Brief Sketch of the Life of Dr. Giacinto Achilli," we can find no valid reason why Dr. A. took this important step. We must acknowledge, in all candour, that we were highly amused at the Rev. Dr.'s simplicity, shall we say "craft," (?) in stating at some length, that at a meeting of the *Circolo Popolare*, three evenings since, (query, was it *April Fool's Day* ? as his letter is dated April 3, 1849), the association recognized by a resolution the perpetual headship and authority over itself of our Blessed Lord. "This expression of feeling will be the better understood, when it is remembered that it is usual in Roman Catholic countries to place associations, cities, public offices, &c., under the special protection of the Virgin Mary" or of one of the saints. The present Pope, in this manner, publicly invoked the patronage of the Virgin Mary for the city of Rome during the late troubles. This act of the *Circolo Popolare* has an important religious as well as anti-papal significance. The speeches on that occasion were touching : every one observed that religion is, so to speak, the soul of everything ; that we must be true Christians if we would secure liberty ; that liberty being a gift of God, He will not grant it unless we ask first in prayer, and through the intercession of Jesus Christ. But to be good Christians, observed one of them, we must lay aside errors and superstitions. We have been sufficiently degraded by the teaching of our priests, and it is through their fault that we have confused things divine and human, truth and falsehood. To be faithful to God and believers in his Christ, we must therefore purify our hearts. Some one else said, that true Christianity is the religion of freemen, and that which has till now rendered us slaves is not Christianity but the Papacy ; that the Pope has wickedly called himself the Vicar of Christ, while he has been the first to transgress the precepts of the Gospel ; that we must not believe the priests when they teach us things which are not found in the Gospel of Christ. And they

concluded, in short, that we must return to the faith of our forefathers, when religion was pure, and the Christian life was holy. Imagine how much I enjoyed these observations, and how I made my comments and additions to all that was said.".....Catholic reader, could you, by any force of imagination, have believed that any man in the full enjoyment of sanity, and with a perfect knowledge of the awful blasphemies, and the want of all religion in Garibaldi, Mazzini, and their crew, could have "*enjoyed these observations, and made his comments and additions thereon.*"—Do not Dr. Achilli, Sir C. Eardley, Mr. Turner, and others, who are taking advantage of the gullibility of John Bull, well know that such has been the language of every Revolutionist since 1793? Do they recall to mind the language of Robespierre, when the Guillotine was doing its foul work? Nay, do they recollect the language in England during the civil war that raged in the days of Charles Stuart, when anarchy and irreligion stalked through this unfortunate island? But what need of citing the example of Robespierre and Oliver Cromwell, and their diabolical partizans? What need of this, when the blasphemous and maddened language of d'Alton Shee, Eugène Sue, Louis Blanc, Cabet, Mazzini, Garibaldi, are still ringing in our ears?—when the awful carnage of June '48 at Paris, and the yet more melancholy state of Rome, until rescued by the armies of that nation who has EVER BEEN, and ever WILL BE, notwithstanding the hellish exertions of some of her citizens, the "ELDEST DAUGHTER OF THE CHURCH CATHOLIC."

Will Dr. Achilli kindly explain to our bewildered imagination such phrases as "*true Christians?*" A Christian is one that believes in the Divinity of Jesus Christ and the authority of His Church, founded by and in His Precious Blood-Shedding on the Cross on Mount Calvary; but can that man be a "*true Christian*" who drinks the health of Jesus Christ (our blood thrills with awe as we pen such blasphemy) in company with Julian the Apostate and Nero? Is this the sign of a "*true Christian?*" and was such "*the faith of our forefathers, when religion was pure and the Christian life was holy?*" Verily if such be the case we know not the meaning of the term "*Christian.*" Where, we inquire, was the shamefacedness of Dr. Achilli when he penned these lines. May we be allowed for one moment to imagine that "*true Christianity,*" according to the notions of the Exeter Hall gentlemen, consists in *barefaced lying, slander, and blasphemy!!!* Such is the Trinity of the Exeter Hall religion. Were we to attempt to expose the tithe of the falsehood which this little pamphlet (composed of 70 pages) contains, our limits of a brief notice would soon be passed; and, moreover, we would run a serious risk of tiring our readers. However, thank God, Dr. Achilli's recent exposure at Belfast has done more to show his *real* character than any notice from a Catholic. But why is not the Rev. Doctor like others of his brother apostate priests? why does he not confess that he left the Church of God because he desired to satisfy his carnal lusts? We are acquainted with an apostate priest who himself acknowledged to us, that if he could have obtained a dispensation from the vow of celibacy, he would never have left the Church of Rome, as he believed her to be of divine origin, and that was more than he could say of either of the Protestant churches.

A CONVERTED ANGLICAN MINISTER.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CONVERSION OF ENGLAND.

To the Editor of the "Catholic Magazine and Register."

JESU CHRISTI PASSIO.

DEAR SIR.—In my last letter, I promised to suggest an answer to the question, "Will England be Catholic again?" and I begged your good readers to examine beforehand the xxxvii. chapter of Ezekiel, where, in fact, my answer is to be found. The prophet there speaks of a striking vision which he had seen, of a plain covered with dry bones. The spirit of God asks him, "Son of Man dost thou think these bones shall live?" He answers, "O Lord God thou knowest." This answer seems to be pleasing to God, and to merit for the prophet the wondrous sight which follows; when, being commanded to speak to the bones, he perceives a noise and commotion among them; the bones come together each one to its joint: then sinews and flesh and skin cover them, and nothing is wanting to them, save the breath of life: but this they are to receive. The prophet is commanded to say to the spirit, "Come spirit from the four winds, and blow upon these slain, and let them live again. On which "they stood upon their feet, an exceeding great army." It is now about six or seven years since I have been constantly applying this passage of the prophet to the case of England. In the mouth of Ezekiel, the dry scattered bones represented the house of Israel in their dispersion, when they were saying, "Our bones are dried up, and our hope is lost, and we are cut off." (ver. 11.) God would have them understand that their case, though it might seem desperate, was not so indeed: and, in fact, he promises their future return to their own land in peace. So I say the case of England is not desperate. Supposing that England, which once has lived in the light of faith, were now so destitute of all life and grace as to be justly represented by these bones, which once had lived, but were now dead and exceeding dry, what would yet be the answer to be given to the question, Shall England live again? I fly from, I denounce as wrong, all such answers as we frequently hear given: It is impossible; it will never be, or it can only be a partial not a national return, or, it may be, but it cannot be in our time; it must take at least a hundred years, and the like. If the prophet had made such an answer as this to the question proposed to him, he would probably not have seen the wonders he did, or he might have seen them to his own confusion; and surely those who answer thus concerning England do not deserve to see the great work accomplished, or at least if they do see it, they deserve not to rejoice in it; perhaps they may deserve themselves to lose the faith, while their brethren whom they now condemn as hopeless shall enjoy it; according to what happened to the unbelieving Lord, who would not credit the promise of Eliseus, that in one day God would turn into plenty the famine of Samaria, (2 Kings, vii.) to whom that prophet said, "Thou shalt see it with thy eyes, but shalt not eat thereof." I say, then, I denounce, as wrong, all such answers as the above, and I embrace and adopt that of Ezekiel, and say to our Lord, "Oh Lord God, thou knowest; or I join with Mordachai, and say, "O Lord, Lord, Almighty King, all things are in thy power, and there is none that can resist thy will if thou determine to save England." (See Esther xiii. 9.) As far as we are concerned, it depends not on our numbers, on our wealth, on our learning, nor on anything that we can do; excepting this alone. Can we, few or many, rich or poor, wise or foolish, move Almighty God to convert our country? I do not say, nor have I now said, that we can be absolutely sure of doing this: but I have said, and say still, that we ought immediately, unanimously with single engrossing resolution,

to adopt the means in our power thus to move God, and to persevere in this course, till we succeed, or till we die in the pursuit. And acting on this principle, though most weakly, most faintly and unworthily, yet with some perseverance, in spite of much discouragement which I meet with now, and have met at every step, I have been and still am begging the prayers of the good throughout the world for England, and have entreated others to join me in doing this, as we are assured that united prayer is all powerful. Some few have assisted nobly, and blessed be their names; the far greater part have, as far as I know, done nothing, and many good people have objected and opposed. "Blessed likewise be they." This I say from the bottom of my heart, for they have encouraged me as well as the others who have favoured me: for I have remembered such words as these:—"Woe be to you when all men speak well of you," and I have observed how the commencement of all good works in the Church of God have uniformly been marked by the opposition of good men, while, generally speaking, some few only have approved of them, till, by humiliation and contradiction, God has corrected and improved the plan of the proposed work itself, as well as the proposer of it; and thus I trust may it happen in this case. I would willingly proceed to notice some particular passages in this interesting vision of Ezekiel, which appear to me to correspond especially with what we have seen and now see going on in England, and which furnish me with new encouragement each time I return to them, but I will postpone these remarks to a future occasion, and now thanking you again for your kind admission of my letters, I conclude with repeating my petition for at least one Hail Mary every day for the conversion of England, from every Catholic man, woman, and child in England and Ireland, and for help, as far as each may be able to afford it, for making this devotion general throughout the world.

I am, dear Sir, your faithful humble Servant in Jesus Christ,

IGNATIUS OF ST. PAUL, *Passionist*.

St. Michael's Retreat, Aston Stone, May 11, 1850.

ON THE TITLE VERY REVEREND.

To the Editor of the "Catholic Magazine and Register."

SIR.—I by no means agree with your remark on my letter that appeared in the "Magazine," for March last, which illness prevented me seeing. "Very Reverend" may be as you state the translation of "Reverendissimo;" but so is Right Reverend; and if we are to regulate our English titles by Latin or Italian appellations, we may as well call these persons Right Reverend at once. This remark would hold good, even on the supposition that all the parties styling themselves *Very Reverend* in this country would rightfully assume the title of *Reverendissimo* in Italy. But such is not the fact. A glance at the Directory will show you, that there are many persons, besides what are known as *Prelati* among Italians, that have usurped this distinctive appellation.

Your obedient Servant,
SACERDOS.

To the Editor of the "Catholic Magazine and Register."

SIR.—A Catholic chapel at Maidstone would be most desirable and do much good, as it is a great military depot—a country town—and in such a beautiful part of the country, that many families would be tempted to make it their residence were there a chapel of some kind or other. The following fact proves how much one is wanted.—A few summer's ago, on the first Sunday after a certain regiment had arrived at Maidstone, an order was given at Church parade for the Catholics to fall out of the ranks, which they

did, to the number of twelve or fifteen;—the rest of the regiment marched to church. On the same order being given on the following Sunday, very nearly the whole of the regiment fell out, much to the surprise of the commanding officer, who, perceiving their object, immediately ordered them to march to the Catholic Chapel at Chatham! The distance there and back made a heavy day's march on a hot summer's day. The consequence was, that on the third Sunday not a man left his place—all went to the church and continued to do so, as long as the regiment remained at Maidstone.

CONVERSION OF ENGLAND.

To the Editor of the "Catholic Magazine and Register."

SIR.—I wrote you a few hurried lines yesterday, in the faint hope that I should perchance be in time to inform your Anglican readers of F. Newman's intention to preach on the "*Present Difficulties of Anglicanism*," during the sweet month of Mary. In that note I briefly referred to the zeal of the Marina de Escobar for the reconciliation of this unhappy Island to the Holy Church, and now would venture to solicit a place for a rather lengthened extract from "*Compitum*," which may not prove uninteresting to your readers.

"In the year 1614, while I lay sick in bed, I had a vision of our infant Lord and St. Joseph, and our Lord charged me to pray to God for the kingdoms of England and of France. In September, 1618, God inspired me with such a desire for the conversion of infidels, that my heart seemed to break. She sought this from God earnestly, and the Lord said to me that I should demand from Him His justice, that He might punish them; but I replied, 'No, O Lord, thy majesty will spare and correct and lead them to thy Church.' Especially I had in view the infidels of Japan and China, and the heretics of France and Germany; and this was the frequent subject of my prayer. One day the Lord called to me, and asked if I were willing to accompany Him. 'Yes, Lord,' I replied. Then I felt as if wonderfully transported to a place whence I could see the whole world, and He said, 'Lo! see there France, England, Turkey, and the other parts of the earth destitute of faith. Say now, which of these provinces do you wish that I should convert to the faith?' I replied, 'I wish that all should know and love thee.' But the answer was, 'This is not accordant with my justice: say, which of them do you prefer?' Then, though France was immediately under my eyes, I nevertheless prayed for England, and said, 'O Lord, England.' The Lord replied, 'This region is not disposed to conversion, distressing to me the great wickedness of the reigning kings. Notwithstanding, the Lord said that what I asked would be granted in a future time; not in this age, but hereafter. I replied, 'Thy Majesty always says that things are to be done which I am not to see,' alluding to something else that was predicted to me; but the Lord said to me that so it was expedient that I should not see certain things, though I should see others, and that thus it would be with England, which in future ages would be converted, not expressing any certain time, but that it was not to happen during the life of the king now reigning."

The love of Marina for the inhabitants of the British islands extended to the heretics themselves, whose conversion she ardently sought, though the first and largest portion of what she termed "her spiritual alms" was carried by her to the English and Irish Catholics, while the residue only was distributed among the captives in Africa, for she considered that the persecution suffered in London was more dreadful than that in Algiers, where the captives only suffered in their bodies, while in England the souls as well as bodies were oppressed. Though all nations of the world were

objects of her solicitude, yet above all she desired to be an advocate with God for the English and Irish Catholics, whom alone she called always her sons and protected with the tenderness of a mother.

"In one vision I saw a multitude of men and women coming to me and demanding alms and bread; and when I turned to the Lord and besought Him to enable me to relieve them, He replied, that I had the key of His mercies and might dispense them. All these persons were English and Irish Catholics, amongst whom came some heretics, whose guardian angels asked for them also, but to whom I replied, that the bread of sons should not be cast to dogs, when they answered, that the dogs eat of the crumbs from the table. Then I was led in spirit to the islands of Ireland and England, where the Catholics seemed to say, weeping, 'Our mother and refuge, leave us not; stay with us.' I consoled them as far as I could, animating them to bear patiently their afflictions. 'My sons,' I said, 'if I could divide myself and remain with you I would do it, but since that is impossible, I will forget none of you before God. On Sunday the last of February 1627, I again sought,' she said, 'from the Divine Majesty alms for my poor sons, for so I call the faithful captives in Mauritania or the Catholics in England, who, though not captives, suffer dreadful vexations from that wicked brutal king, enduring an inscrutable persecution and affliction; and with this intention I found myself frequently in these regions, consoling these men so afflicted, and animating them as far as I could. On this occasion, God having supplied me with means for their relief, I found myself in England, at the gate of a certain closed house, where many anxious and afflicted Catholics had met, about to deliberate as to the manner of escaping from the hard vexation of this wicked king, and they said, 'Shall we leave our houses and our properties, and pass, if we can, to Catholic countries?' But there occurred to them grievous difficulties, on account of their wives and children and others. While thus consulting two of the angels that accompanied me knocked at the door: those within answered, evincing a certain mournful perturbation, not knowing who knocked; but the angels speaking with great charity and affability, obtained that the door should be opened; we all entered, and the house before obscure became suddenly inflamed with a great splendour, and those Catholics were filled with great spiritual joy, consolation, magnanimity, and fortitude, so that they could hardly recognise themselves. Now they wished to suffer for the love of their Lord JESUS CHRIST, and to be crucified with Him by that impious king and sacrilegious heretic. Such was the effect of the alms that we had brought with us from the celestial banquet. There was moreover added to them a new gift of the love of God and an application of the precious blood of JESUS CHRIST.'" (Digby's "Compitum," vol. 3, p. 57-59.)

Your obedient Servant,

I. K. B.

ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.

It is a curious fact that the Lectures given by Father Newman at the Oratory, have been most numerous attended by Protestant clergymen, disguised by black stocks, and otherwise dressed as laymen.

THE NEW CATHOLIC PRIMATE OF IRELAND.—The Lords Commissioners of her Majesty's Treasury have caused Mr. Hayter, one of their lordships' secretaries, to acquaint the proper authorities of the revenue that the Most Rev. Archbishop Cullen, the newly-appointed Roman Catholic Primate of Ireland, being shortly expected to arrive in this country from Rome, to take charge of his archdiocese, it is their lordships' desire that every facility may be afforded in the examination and delivering of his baggage and effects on

arrival, and that the vestments, books, and other articles included therein, which are necessary in the exercise of the functions of his office, may be freely delivered to him for that purpose, and directions have accordingly been given by the authorities to their officers to take care that their lordships' wishes in this matter be duly obeyed.—*Morning Post*.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY AND THE BISHOP OF EXETER WITH THE REV. WILLIAM MASKELL.—About two columns and a half of the "Times" of Wednesday are devoted to a correspondence between the above parties in reference to some conscientious scruples on the part of the Rev. William Maskell, who believed it to be his duty to resign his cure of souls.

The first letter is written by Mr. Maskell to the Archbishop, on some points of doctrine, the answering of which would determine him whether to remain in or to abandon the church, his perplexity having become the greater by reason of the increased ambiguity which has lately been thrown upon our doctrinal formularies. He says—"It seems to me that, excepting the doctrine of the ever-blessed Trinity, I have no doctrines and no faith to teach, as certainly the faith and doctrines of the Church of England. I may, perhaps, teach what I believe to be true; but, as it seems, it is quite open to me, if I thought it to be right, and that I should be no less justified, to teach the opposite.

"I venture, therefore, to ask your grace, as Archbishop of the province—not what my duty is with regard to resignation of my cure of souls, but—what doctrines I ought to teach my people to believe? And, without entering now upon many doctrines, suffer me to name the following, by way of guide and rule generally:—

"Ought I to teach, and have I the authority of the Church of England to teach, that the grace of regeneration, together with the remission of original sin, is certainly given to infants in the sacrament of holy baptism?

"Again, upon the same and equal authority, that justification is always concurrent with the due reception of the sacrament of baptism?

Or, again, that an especial gift of the Holy Ghost is, in a sacramental manner, given to faithful recipients, in confirmation, by the laying on the hands of the bishop?

Or, again, that orders transmitted through the episcopate is of the essence of the Christian church?

Or, once more, that the words in the Ordinal, 'Whosoever sins thou forgive, they are forgiven,' &c., convey to the priesthood the power of absolving penitents, to be exercised in its fulness, only after particular confession, as indicated in the office of Holy Communion, and the Visitation of the Sick?

"These subjects, my lord, I consider to be intimately connected with the foundations of religious faith, and according as they are believed, with the daily life and practice of every Christian man."

No. 2 is a letter from the Archbishop in reply, which appears to contain some wholesome advice and some quotations from the scriptural writings to guide Mr. Maskell's conduct. His Grace recommends him to pause before he takes the dangerous step which he has been meditating, and to consult the authority on which we can alone depend—the word of God.

No. 3 is another letter, in reply to this, from Mr. Maskell, inquiring whether he is right in concluding that he ought not to teach any of the doctrines spoken of in these five questions in the dogmatical terms there stated?

No. 4 is the Archbishop's reply, in which he quotes St. Paul, who says, "Preach the word," and concludes a short letter thus:—"Now whether the doctrines concerning which you inquire are contained in the word of God, and can be proved thereby, you have the same means of discovering as myself, and I have no special authority to declare."

No. 5 is a concluding answer to the Archbishop, in which Mr. Maskell says—"It seems to me, as I had supposed, that I have no faith and no doctrines to teach on any subject—except perhaps regarding the ever-blessed Trinity—as certainly the doctrines and the faith of the church in which I am a minister. In other words, if there is anything which I ought to teach, it is this, that the Church of England has no distinct doctrine except on a single subject."

No. 6 is a letter from the Bishop of Exeter to Mr. Maskell, amongst other things observing—"But I, at once, frankly say, that I think your main position untenable—that every sound branch of the Catholic Church is bound to have dogmatic teaching on the particulars stated by you." This is a long and explanatory letter, arriving at this conclusion—"In expressing my opinion that it is not your duty to resign your charge, I necessarily imply that I think it your duty to retain it."

No. 7 is a brief letter from Mr. Maskell to the Bishop of Exeter, asking "In what sense are we to understand that the Church of England at the present time condemns as heresy the denial of the unconditional efficacy of baptism in the case of all infants?"

No. 8 is the Bishop's reply. It runs thus:—"Though I decline discussing with you any further particulars, yet I hesitate not to say, in answer to your question proposed in your letter of yesterday, that I 'understand that the Church of England, at the present time,' implicitly 'condemns as heresy the denial of the unconditional efficacy of baptism in the case of all infants' duly baptised, by holding that doctrine in her articles and homilies, by teaching it in her catechism, the acceptance of which is a precedent condition of communion, and by basing on it all her offices of baptism, as well as recognising it in other parts of the Book of Common Prayer, especially in the office of confirmation."—*Gorhamite Paper*.

Mr. Maskell has taken leave of absence for three months from his parish.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON UPON ECCLESIASTICAL COURTS OF APPEAL.
—To the Editor of the *Times*.—Sir,—I have been authorized by the Lord Bishop of London to request that you will publish the enclosed letter, which his Lordship has written to me, upon the present condition of ecclesiastical matters.—I remain, Sir, your faithful and obedient servant,

A. J. B. HOPE.

1, Connaught-place, April 29.

"London-house, March 11.

"My dear Mr. Hope,—My knowledge of your devoted and consistent attachment to the Church of your baptism, and the assurance which you have given me of your willingness to be guided by my counsels at the present crisis, seem to impose upon me the duty of repeating in a more connected form, and with some additional remarks, the considerations which I suggested to you in conversation on Saturday last.

"You then stated to me how greatly you were distressed at the recent judgment of the Judicial Committee of Privy Council in Mr. Gorham's case, and you expressed your apprehension that some excellent men might be driven by that decision to quit, if not the communion of our Church, yet the offices which they hold in it.

"I remarked, in answer to your statement, that I could readily understand the uneasiness which you, in common with many others, felt at the position in which the Church appeared to be placed by that judgment, but that I thought it to be your plain and unmistakable duty not to desert the Church at such a moment, when she was most in need of your support and assistance, but to remain firm in your allegiance to her, and to use your best endeavours to remove existing anomalies and defects. This appears to me very clearly to be the line of conduct which you ought to pursue. If a vessel in which

you were embarked should spring a leak, you would surely do your best to stop the leak before you thought of abandoning the ship and leaving it to the mercy of the winds and waves.

"I would desire you to consider in what respect the recent judgment has so altered the character of our Church as to justify any of her members in severing their connexion with her. That judgment may be erroneous, may be a wrong interpretation of the Church's mind; but it is the interpretation adopted by a few fallible men, not by any body authorized by the Church to settle any point of doctrine; nor can it have the effect of changing any of the Church's doctrines. That of baptismal regeneration stands in her Articles and Liturgy as it did before. That is not denied, nor even questioned, by the judgment, the purport of which is that to those who admit the Church's doctrine of baptismal grace a greater latitude of explanation is permitted than you or I think right. But this, after all, is only the opinion of a court of law, not the decision of the Church itself in convocation. I hold that until the Church's Articles and formularies are altered by the authority of Convocation, or of some synod equivalent to Convocation, her character as a teacher of truth remains unchanged.

"I cannot regard any sentence of an Ecclesiastical Court as finally settling a question of doctrine: that can only be done by a synodical decree; and even then judges may err in their interpretation of that decree, and yet the decree itself will hold good, and in another appeal respecting the very same point of doctrine another Court might give a different judgment. I think, therefore, that nothing short of a formal act of the Church itself repudiating what it has hitherto asserted as truth can warrant a man in quitting her communion.

"What we really want is a court of appeal so constituted that the members of our Church can place reasonable confidence in its decisions; but it must still be born in mind that any such court will be liable to errors in judgment, and that it belongs to the office of a judge not to make laws, but to expound them to the best of his ability.

"Again, then, I say that when the Convocation shall by a solemn act reject the doctrine of baptismal regeneration, it will be time enough to think of quitting the Church's pale; but till that shall happen (which heaven forbid) to leave her would be an act of schism.

"I will add one other observation. Every member of our Church who is not seeking a pretext for quitting her communion must desire to remove whatever blemishes and imperfections there may be in her constitution. But the way to do this is not to abandon her, and so to render amendment less practicable and probable by weakening her resources and diminishing the number of her true friends, but to abide firmly by her, to be 'watchful and strengthen the things which remain that are ready to die.'

"You are at liberty to show this letter to any person who is interested in this most important question. Believe me, my dear Mr. Hope, with the truest regard and esteem, yours most faithfully,

"A. J. Beresford Hope, Esq., M.P.

C. J. LONDON."

THE BISHOP OF WORCESTER AND THE GORHAM CASE.—The following letter has been addressed by the Bishop of Worcester to the Honourable and Rev. G. Yorke (brother of the Earl of Hardwicke):—

"24, Grosvenor-place, May 1, 1850.

"My dear Yorke,—I am sorry to hear from you that an attempt is now making to agitate the public mind at Birmingham upon the late judgment of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, and I therefore trouble you with the following observations as to the reasons which induces me to think that there is no ground for such agitation.

"By that judgment no point of doctrine was decided, or even called in

question. Nothing more was determined than that the variance on the part of Mr. Gorham from the articles and formularies of our Liturgy, if any, was not such as to justify the Bishop of Exeter in refusing to institute him to a benefice to which he had been presented by the Crown; and, in justification of such a determination, it was proved that opinions similar to those professed by Mr. Gorham had been held by our early reformers, as well as by Usher, Carleton, Pearson, and other eminent divines, who had, nevertheless, been permitted to retain their preferments.

"When it is notorious that upon this abstruse subject of baptismal regeneration the church is now divided into two opposite parties, would it not, I would ask, have been more discreet to have allowed the same latitude, as to difference of opinions, which has hitherto been permitted, to have continued, and which would exclude neither party from the church, rather than by strict dogmatical definitions to drive one or the other of them into schism? By the judgment in the Gorham case no one's freedom of opinion was in any degree fettered. Those who believed that regeneration invariably accompanied baptism, as well as those who conceived that a prevenient act of grace was necessary in the case of infants for its fit reception, might still have performed their Saviour's work in their several spheres of usefulness, although they might not exactly concur in opinion upon an avowedly difficult subject.

"On these grounds I regret much that it has been thought necessary to create such an agitation upon this subject, not only in my diocese, but in, I believe, nearly every diocese in the kingdom. Since however, this has been done, it becomes certainly the duty of those who have been placed in authority to allay it as far as they can. With this view the bishops have already held three meetings, which have been very numerous attended; and they are to meet again on Monday next, when probably some final result may be determined; but all their exertions will be in vain unless the clergy themselves can be persuaded to look upon those of their brethren who may entertain different views from themselves upon certain abstruse points of doctrine with the spirit of reconciliation and forbearance."

"I am, my dear Yorke, yours affectionately.

"(Signed) "H. WORCESTER."

CONVERSIONS.

SIR.—I have been informed of the reception of Miss Aglionby, (cousin of H. Aglionby, Esq., M.P. for Cockermouth,) and of an honourable M.P. for one of the Welsh counties, the scion of a Welsh house; the latter is only an *on dit*. Poor Mr. Maskell, although assured by the Primate of all England (?) that the Church of England teaches no definite doctrine, still remains behind fighting for a shadow. Truly does a better cause than that of Anglicanism desire such a man. God grant that he may not play with grace, and delay responding to the voice of the ETERNAL ONE, until it be too late.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

Feast St. Katherine, V., 1850.

A CONVERT,

Formerly Curate of B.

We are glad to be able to inform our readers that the Misses Flavia and Ellen Dayman, sisters of Mr. A. J. Dayman, late curate of Wasperton, Warwick, have made their abjuration of Protestantism, and been admitted into the Church.

SECESSIONS.—Edward Purbrick, Esq., undergraduate member of Christchurch, Oxford, has seceded to the Church of Rome; and Mrs. Dayman, with two of her daughters, the widow and children of the Rev. Charles Dayman, vicar of Great Tew, in Oxfordshire, and a select preacher at Oxford, have also joined the Romish communion. Mrs. Dayman's son, a graduate of Exeter College, Oxford, and a clergyman in the diocese of Worcester,

were recently announced as having preceded his relatives in the course of apostasy.

We learn, from the *New York Freeman's Journal* that six converts were recently received into the Church at Newark, New Jersey, consisting, we believe, of the two Dr. Hassels, and of their respective families. These conversions were preceded by that of the father of these gentlemen, Dr. Hassel, of New York, and are all attributable, under God, to the earnest and unostentatious influence and prayers of Dr. Thomas, whom, previous to his conversion, they used to look to as their religious teacher.

SECESSIONS TO ROME.—We regret to learn that two estimable clergymen, highly beloved and respected for their amiable character and the exemplary discharge of their sacred duties, were received at Rome in Easter week into the Roman Catholic Church. Their names are the Rev. John Henry Wynne, B.C.L., Fellow of All Souls' College, and the Rev. James Laird Patterson, M.A., of Trinity College.—*Times*.

We understand that the Rev. William Dodsworth, perpetual curate of Christ's Church, St. Pancras, has resigned his incumbency, with the intention of joining the Catholic Church.

FOREIGN.

AUSTRIA.—IMPERIAL DECREE ON THE RELATIONS OF THE CHURCH AND THE HOLY SEE.—"With the view of putting into execution the rights guaranteed to the Catholic Church by par. 2 of the letters-patent, dated May 4, 1849, I, on the report of my Minister of Public Worship and Instruction, and by the advice of my Council of Ministers, approve of the following arrangements for all those countries of my empire concerned in these letters-patent.

"1. It is permitted, both to the Bishops and to the Faithful committed to their care, to address themselves to the Pope on ecclesiastical affairs, and to receive the decisions and orders of the Pope without having occasion for a previous permission from the temporal authorities.

"2. The Catholic Bishops are permitted to address exhortations and regulations on subjects within their competence, and in the limits of their jurisdiction, to their Clergy and their *communes*, without previous approbation of the temporal authority. Nevertheless, if their decrees carry along with them external results, and if they are to be published, they are bound to send a copy to the authorities of the district where the promulgation or application is to take place.

"3. Those ordinances are abolished which forbade the ecclesiastical authority to inflict Church penalties, not having any influence on civil rights."

"4. It belongs to the ecclesiastical power to suspend from their ecclesiastical functions, or to deprive—in the form laid down by the canon laws—those who do not exercise those functions conformably to their duty, and to declare them dispossessed of the revenues attached thereto.

"5. The co-operation of the temporal authority may be demanded for the execution of the judgment, if the regular proceeding of the Ecclesiastical authority has been communicated to it, with the proper documents.

"6. My Minister of Public Worship and Instruction is charged with the foregoing ordinances.

"If a Catholic Priest abuses his functions to such an extent that his deprivation becomes necessary, my authorities will, in the first instance, treat with his Ecclesiastical superiors.

"If a Catholic Priest is under condemnation for a crime or an offence (*délit*), the tribunals will transmit to the Bishop, at his request, the acts of instruction.

"I consider the right which I possess of nominating the Bishops, as

having been transmitted me by my ancestors, and I desire to exercise it conscientiously for the utility and welfare of the Church. When I nominate to Bishoprics, I will, as I have always done up to this day, take counsel of the Bishops, and, above all, of those of the Ecclesiastical province where the vacant See is situated.

"In whatever concerns the forms to be observed in the exercise of the rights of the Sovereign in the nomination to Ecclesiastical employments and prebends, my Minister of Public Worship and Instruction will lay before me the necessary propositions.

"Each Bishop will be at liberty, in his diocese, to ordain and direct public worship in the tenor of the resolutions adopted by the assembly of the Bishops.

"In places where the Catholic population forms the majority, my authorities will take care that the feast of the Sunday, and the other Catholic festivals, be not disturbed by noisy handicrafts, or by public commercial movement.

"I moreover recognise the communications made to me by the assembly of the Bishops, and I authorise my Minister of Public Worship and Instruction to carry them out according to the views which they embody.

"I desire that a report be made to me as soon as possible, on the questions not yet decided; and, if it be necessary to set on foot negotiations with the Holy See, the required arrangements must be made. The same order is given as regards the means which my Government ought to use to keep remote from public affairs men who would compromise social order.

"FRANCIS JOSEPH.

"Vienna, 8th April. 1850."

ITALY—ROME: ILLUMINATION AT ST. PETER'S.—Of all places in the world where illumination can produce the greatest effect, or where fireworks can be seen to advantage, Rome offers the most striking situations; and I defy you to select, in any other part of Europe, a centre round which millions of lamps can be exhibited like the cupola of St. Peter's, or a frontage equal to that of the Castle of St. Angelo, where the revolving wheel or the magical bouquet can be so well displayed. I have beheld from the heights of Pera, 10,000 wooden houses burning in Constantinople, on the opposite side of the Golden Horn, and I have seen over and over again, all that Louis Philippe could do in front of the garden of the Palais Bourbon, to convince the people that the state of France was as brilliant as his annual exhibition. But, though there was something terribly sublime in the one, and not a little of attraction in the other, both fell short of the magical illusion produced on these occasions in the Eternal City. The illumination of the cupola is the perfection of art, and a masterpiece of scenic effect. You are first shown the front of the great temple, and the cupola lighted up with a multitude of paper lanterns, and, admitting that the thing is very grand, you feel something like regret that it is not all you expected; when, at a given signal, with the touch of thought, so rapid that the eye or the mind can scarcely follow it, you see the whole cupola one blaze of millions of sparkling lamps, and you are lost in surprise and wonder. In one second of time the whole cupola has burst into a flame of ardent fire, each lamp being separate and distinct, and each requiring the action of the Promethean torch. I must tell you how the instantaneous lighting up is produced. You must understand that what the Romans call the "Ave Maria" is the hour of sunset, because in good old times every one uncovered his head and addressed a short prayer to the Virgin. Well, at that hour the first lighting up of St. Peter's takes place, and for one hour exactly you see the innumerable paper lanterns within which so many farthing candles are hid. Now, exactly at half-past eight, three tolls of a great bell are heard, and at the third the paper

lanterns have all disappeared, and the cupola and portico are one chain of fire. The simple fact is, that hundreds—nay, thousands—of men and boys are hid behind the several panes where the lamps are hung, some on their feet, some on ladders, and some suspended from places where ladders cannot reach. Each of these men has a light, which he carefully conceals, and is charged with seven lamps, the wicks of all being previously tipped with turpentine, so that when the first bell is heard each match flies to its nearest lamp, and before the third is tolled the whole seven are in a blaze. Long practice has made these illuminators perfect, and last night, as on all former occasions, the experiment was attended with magical success.

The public Benediction by the Pope in person took place to-day, at the Church of St. John Lateran. On a former occasion the French army received the Papal Benediction in the great square of St. Peter's, but on this day the Benediction was intended for all the world, and the immense area in front of the great Basilica was thronged. A tribune was prepared for the sacred Pontiff over the main portico of the church, and to it was every eye directed. At length the sound of artillery from the Castle of St. Angelo, which we call the "Canons of the Church," was heard, and in a few minutes the tribune was filled with Cardinals. Shortly after the Pope himself appeared, borne in full Pontificals on a high chair, which allowed him to see and be seen by all the world, and as he rose up to say the opening prayer, the immense crowd was hushed to solemn silence, and the people in the square, and the ladies in the carriages, fell on their knees, and the prayers of some thousand persons rose in a low voice to heaven. Then were heard the deep tones of Pio Nono, uttering the preparatory prayer, every word of which was distinctly audible at the furthest limit of the crowd, and after it the chanting of the responses made by the choir and the people, who were ranged beneath the platform. Next came a pause, as if to give time for a solemn prayer before the Benediction itself was pronounced, and then up rose the Pontiff, and extending his arms held his open palms over the heads of the multitude, and pronounced the solemn Benediction. The people knelt in pious submission at his feet, and as the last words were uttered each of the Faithful made the sign of the cross. The Pope returned in solemn state to the Vatican, escorted by the noble guard, and by the acclamation of the people.

The "girandola"—that is to say, the fireworks—took place later in the night on the battlements of the Castle of St. Angelo, the front of the Castle itself being covered with the slight reeds within which the combustible materials were concealed. Imagine the darkest night (dark nights are necessarily selected), and on the banks of a deep river, a château of the middle ages, romantic in its form, and of great extent, with a bridge connecting the castle with the opposite shore, from each battlement of which stands forth a gigantic statue, the white marble being distinguishable amid the surrounding gloom. Observe the tiny boats with a light in each, gliding in the stream, and allowing the waters of the Tiber to be seen; and listen to the voices of the thousand persons collected near the bridge, some occupying the windows and balconies of all the mansions, and the rest packed, as densely as they can be packed, in every open space whence a prospect can be obtained. Nothing, except at intervals, can be seen, but you have evidence from your ears that a great multitude is assembled, and your mind is filled with the actual solemnity of the scene, and the expectation that something still more magnificent is to appear. On a sudden the flash of a cannon from the rampart is seen, and the loud report is heard. Another and another succeeds, and the line of fire renders for instants visible the romantic vision. Then comes the opening of the "girandola," and from every part of the castle and the battlements flash forth fantastic figures, stars, birds of paradise, roses, and showers of gold, until the air is one mass of yellow light,

and you feel as if transported to an atmosphere worthy of California. Then comes the applause of the crowd, overpowering, by its intensity, the noise of the cannon and the exploding fireworks, till all sinks away like the dream of a moment, and, in lieu of the golden shower, stands forth a palace of silver, in the midst of which is noticed, in diamond letters, a sentimental tribute to Pio Nono. The palace dissolves, and, from its ruins, spring arrows of flame, serpents of fire, and darts of brilliant lustre flying towards heaven, or sporting to the river, whilst behind each screen garlands of roses, with centres of amethyst, are discovered, and an immense *parterre* of buds, and blossoms, and blooming flowers of every hue appears.

Rome is perfectly tranquil. The French garrison remains; but all the general officers, except two, return to France.—*Abridged from the Times.*

The holy Father has just named his eminence Cardinal Patrizi, member of the congregation *de Propaganda Fide*; their eminences the Cardinals Orioli and Vizzardelli, members of the congregation of the Ecclesiastical Affairs of China and the adjacent kingdoms; and his eminence Cardinal Dupont, member of the congregation of Rites.

PARLIAMENTARY RECORD.

THURSDAY, MAY 9.—ROMAN CATHOLIC WITNESSES.

Mr. R. M. Fox rose to put a question to Sir G. Grey. On Tuesday last at the Clerkenwell Police-court, a man of the name of Reardon was put into the witness box. The New Testament was handed to him, but before he was sworn, the officer of the court, after ascertaining that he was a Roman Catholic, told him to make the sign of the Cross. Reardon refused, stating that it was an insult to him to ask him to do so, as it implied that unless he first made the sign he would not consider his oath on the Evangelists binding. Mr. Combe, the presiding magistrate, then took up the matter, and said he had never before known a Roman Catholic witness refuse to make the sign of the Cross before being sworn. Reardon still refused, and Mr. Combe said, that if a Roman Catholic Priest were present, he would say that unless he first made the sign of the cross a Roman Catholic would not consider himself bound by his oath on the Evangelists to tell the truth. Reardon persisted, and was sworn without making the sign. His evidence contradicted that of witnesses on the opposite side. Mr. Combe said he would believe the other witnesses in preference to him (Reardon). The latter asked Mr. Combe if he meant to say that he (Reardon) was a perjured man. Mr. Combe distinctly told him, twice over, that he was so. He (Mr. Fox) wished to know what notice her Majesty's Secretary of State meant to take of this extraordinary proceeding.

Sir G. Grey said that his attention had been called by Lord Arundel and Surrey to the proceedings referred to; he directed a letter to be written to Mr. Combe, requesting any explanation with regard to it. Mr. Combe stated, in reply, that the report was generally accurate, and that Reardon was asked to cross himself according to the usual practice at that Court, and Mr. Combe stated that in some instances he had known Catholic parties insisting upon Catholic witnesses being required to cross themselves, because otherwise the witnesses would not consider the oath to be binding. Mr. Combe added that the opinion he afterwards expressed as to the credit due to the witness was not on the ground of his refusing to cross himself. He (Sir G. Grey) must however, say, that having made inquiries of several persons well informed on the subject, it appeared to be clear that, although in frequent instances Roman Catholic witnesses among the lowest classes voluntarily crossed themselves before they were sworn, not the slightest right existed to require them to do so, and that the practice of requiring them to do so

was wholly unknown in the ordinary Courts, both in this country and in Ireland, and he (Sir G. Grey) believed it did not exist in any other of the metropolitan police courts. Mr Combe had accordingly been informed that the practice should be forthwith discontinued at the Clerkenwell Court.

BIRTHS.

On the 26th of April, at Brixton-rise, the wife of **FREDERICK CAPES**, Esq., of a son.

On the 3rd of May, at 29, Sussex-place, Kensington, the wife of **JOHN WOOLLETT**, Esq., barrister-at-law, of a daughter.

On the 7th of May, at Ince Blundell-hall, Lancashire, the lady of **THOS. WELD BLUNDELL**, Esq., of a daughter.

On the 12th of May, the Lady of the **CHEVALIER DE ZULUETA**, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

On the 23rd of April, at Oporow, in the Grand Duchy of Posen, **CHAS. DE LA BARRE BODENHAM**, only son of Charles Thomas Bodenham, Esq., of Rotherwas, Herefordshire, to **IRENA**, third daughter of Count Morowski, of Oporow, formerly Prime Minister to the King of Saxony.

On the 7th of May, at Florence, at the British Legation, by the Rev. G. Robins, and, on the following day, by the Archbishop of Florence, **GUIDO**, Marquis Mannelli Riccardi, to **CHRISTINE**, third daughter of the late William Reader, Esq. of Banghurst-house, Hants.

On the 8th of May, at St. Patrick's Chapel, by the Rev. Thomas Long, Mr. **HOLLAND TAYLOR**, of Manchester, to **CHARLOTTE**, second daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Herbert, of Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury-square.

On the 14th of May, at St. George's Church, Southwark, by the Rev. James Danell, and afterwards at St. Giles's, Camberwell, by the Rev. Charles Howes, R. T. **DUARTE**, Esq., of Liverpool, to **LOUISA**, youngest daughter of the late Henry Withington, Esq., of Pendleton.

On the 16th instant, at St. George's Catholic Church, Southwark, by the Rev. Mr. Cotter, and at St. James's, Sussex-gardens, Hyde-park, **FREDERICK RANDALL**, Esq., of Highbury, to **DAME SARAH BLENNERHASSETT**, relict of the late Sir Arthur Blennerhasset, of Churchtown, county of Kerry, Bart.

DEATHS.

On the 20th of April, the Rev. J. KIRK, for many years Procurator of Ushaw College.

On the 4th of May, at the residence of his father, at Grenagh, the Rev. **CORNELIUS HORGAN**, M.C.C., aged 36.

On the 4th of May, at his residence, George-street, Portman-square, **MATTHEW D'ARCY TALBOT**, Esq., aged 63.

On the 9th of May, at 13, Garnault-place, Clerkenwell, the Rev. **PATRICK M'CLEAN**, of Rosoman-street; a man of exemplary piety and benevolence, and loved and respected by all who knew him.

On the 9th of May, at his residence, Oxford-street, Liverpool, **JOHN LUPTON**, Esq., in his 79th year.

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VOL. XI.

A GLIMPSE OF AMERICA.

How often the affectionate entreaties of friends come pleasantly to second our own wishes ! So it was with me ; the winter months passed in planning a visit to America ; and, with true woman's fears, in changing my mind with the alternate changes from rough to calm, from wet to dry weather. But early spring found me resolved to cross the Atlantic for the third time, and to take a glimpse of the happiness of dearly loved relatives enjoying the cheering prosperity of prosperous New York. In the bright sunshine of a March forenoon, I went on board a splendid packet-ship bound from a southern port in Ireland to Baltimore. Our accommodations as cabin passengers were really excellent. I could not help wishing that the poor emigrants who crowded the steerage could have even one-fourth of the comforts that surrounded us. Poor creatures ! how many among them are leaving the old country with aching hearts and yet sanguine hopes, their little all scraped together to take them to the land of plenty ! Good byes are soon said, and the captain and pilot come on board, and all is bustle preparing for immediate departure. From our deck, we perceive some commotion going on amongst the emigrants. One of our fellow passengers is a regular Paul Pry, and finds out that there are policemen and bailiffs on board, who are actively searching for two men supposed to be running off with money of their employer. Their search was unavailing, and they applied to the captain for his interference. He neither knowing nor caring for the merits of the case, coolly replied " Stop till the anchor is up, and the topsail set : I am too busy now." The ship being instantly put under weigh, the policemen were obliged to retreat,

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and were saluted by a general shout of laughter from the emigrants as they clambered into their boat. I shall not discuss the justice of the feeling which made some amongst us not regret the poor men's escape, for they were actually secreted on board. Short as had been our dwelling on the bosom of old ocean, we had imbibed an idea of our liberty which this search seemed to affect!

And now we are off with a steady breeze filling our topsails; we pace the deck in high spirits, free from all fear of channel fogs; we admire the bold headlands, the waves now breaking on the steep rocks at their base, and now throwing up showers of dazzling spray. And how the emigrants cluster to the ship's side to gaze eagerly on the loved Isle they are leaving for ever! Sickness has yet affected few amongst them: and the bonnets and caps in their particularly showy fresh trimmings, and the gay looking plaid cloaks, for which the young girls have given up the homely serviceable country cloak of stout cloth, are still uninjured. What a different picture they will present when they land in their new home!

The twilight is deepening around us, and the land is gradually fading away. The wind, too, is freshening and whistles aloft among the ship's tackling. But loud above the noises of the wind or the seething waters around us, rises the farewell of the emigrants; three or four manly voices first take up a mournful chaunt; it is to a familiar old Irish melody; their many voices join, and the harmony spreads o'er the waters—they raise a cheer—I hope I shall never hear such another—so strong in its love for the land they are leaving, so saddening! At that hour, there seemed no hope in its wailing sound; but it told to my ears of years of misery, as it rose in the evening air. All night that sorrowful adieu was in my ears; and yet I looked next morning in vain for sad faces among the emigrants. The day was bright and warm, and we sailed with a favouring breeze, and all appeared hope and content. The third day at sea opens upon us with still fair weather. We cabin passengers look on each other now as quite old acquaintances; we have a young poet with abundance of talent and a superabundance of romance amongst us; he is going out as a settler to a flourishing Western city of the States; but he owns to have left his heart behind him in the guardianship of a pair of lovely blue eyes.

In the afternoon, all the steerage passengers, amounting to 158, were ordered on deck, and their berths below were examined, the captain expecting to find 12 or 15 "stowaways." "What is a stowaway?" I asked: he pointed to a very fine-looking sailor, and told me that he had been a stowaway; that when he had

been five days at sea from Liverpool, a sailor had heard some one cough among the cargo. "Who is there?" asked he. "I'm a stowaway," was the reply; and there, regularly packed up in a flour barrel, was a fine stout boy. "I liked his independent look," said the captain, "so I gave him his passage to America. He has remained with me ever since, and I find him a most useful sailor."

When all the emigrants were on deck, their names were called separately; and as each showed their receipts, they were let down. At length the deck was cleared to about six. These were stowaways. A very fat woman with three children the captain most kindly sent down at once; and then came a most miserably squalid man, looking indeed as if he had eaten nothing since he came on board, and not enough for a very long time before. The captain walked away and left him to the mate. "So you are a stowaway," said he. "I am, that's true for you," answered the poor man. "Well, prepare to die like a man," said the mate, "for you shall be hanged." "There's not much left me that's worth living for, anyway," replied the stowaway. "I had no money, nor no one to pay my passage. I couldn't live in the poor-house, into which my poor wife and children had to go." The mate had prepared a rope, tried it on himself, then had the poor man's eyes bandaged. He seemed too much stunned to utter a word. The rope was put over his head, but carefully slipped under his arms; the mate gave the word, and away went the poor fellow to the top mast, amidst the loud laughter of the sailors. I thought the joke far too strong. He was immediately brought down, and stood on deck. "Well, instead of being hanged you shall marry that fat lady stowaway," said the mate. "Marry her!" exclaimed Paddy, with a comical look; "sure I'm no Turk, that I'd have two wives. What would I do with Biddy and the childer?" "Don't you mind Biddy," replied the mate; and he called up the fat woman; dressed himself something like a parson; and read a mock ceremony, joining their hands together, notwithstanding the violent resistance the bride offered. Paddy took the whole in good humour, which was not lost upon the mate, who made a collection among the crew for him and generously gave it all to the poor fellow. We were told that he fared right well among his countrymen, and that he made himself actively useful, and that his *bride* being dreadfully ill during the passage, he took the greatest care of her helpless children.

The monotony of a life at sea must be felt to be understood. The 17th, St. Patrick's, our national fête, should be of course

stormy, and so it was; but now and then above the gale rose the sound of song from the emigrants. They were trying to keep their festival, poor creatures. Towards evening we sat on deck, as the wind lulled, and we had our music, for several amongst us sang prettily. Our first Sunday on sea shone in summer brightness, and we were all early on deck, enjoying a delicious breeze, which we would have greatly preferred had it come from the glorious east, instead of west by south. No one that has not made a long passage in a sailing vessel can fully understand how the changes of the wind change our looks, so anxiously do we all speak of them and give each other entire sympathy. Our steerage passengers were all in holiday attire, doing honour to the Sabbath, and after their morning meal I saw numbers of them kneeling, some with prayer books, some without, all apparently praying with deep fervour to the "Lord of all."

The night that followed that glorious day was indeed awful; even our stolid American captain owned that it was "A very considerable storm." For a time the vessel was allowed to go with the wind for the purpose of taking down the sails. Oh! the terrors of that long, long night. When daylight appeared it was such a relief! Two rough days followed, and the captain comforted us by saying, "We have made great way, being more than one-third of the passage."

What trifling incidents interest in the monotony of a sea life! A newly discovered romance among our poor emigrants has created quite a sensation. There is a "happy couple" who were made one some days before we left Ireland. The bride is elderly and plain, but having a good fortune, the bridegroom, a very handsome young man, chose her as his wife, and with her money they are enabled to emigrate. Though still in the month of honey, he so far exerted his conjugal authority as to beat her cruelly last night. The mate separated them, and declared the bridegroom should be instantly put into irons, when the poor wife rushed forward, threw herself on her knees, saying, as she wept bitterly, "Oh! sir, pray don't hurt poor James; he'll never do it again, I'm sure:" and the romance of the tale is, that *he* was converted, and tried his best to make his wife happy. Another stowaway was found; a baby was born in the steerage to a life of hardship; and another far more fortunate baby died, and was buried in the deep sea, to the heart-rending grief of a wretched-looking mother: such are my entries in this day's diary.

On fine days, we sit on deck and read and work, and in the evenings we have music. Then most glorious is a fine sunset at sea; then the bright stars succeed so rapidly, and above them

all, lovely Venus descends apparently into the ocean. On rough days, we are ill, in different degrees of comparison, and we lie on our sofas, and try to think the wind is sending us ahead. I am writing this in our general saloon, and some of my travelling companions are writing opposite me; and as the ship leans to my side, their portfolios, journals, letters, pay me a visit. Could any of my friends on terra firma see the vessel now rising to an immense height, now sinking in the deep waves, how terrified they would be! and still this scene, fearful as it is to many around us, is not without a little set-off in the way of amusement. A crowd of emigrants had collected outside the cabin door, and one among them slipped and gave the impetus to the others who all tumbled down together like a pack of cards set up by a child. As they lay sprawling, an immense wave broke high over the side of the vessel and saturated them. A loud peal of laughter was the poor creatures' reply to it. Our 24th day at sea was quite an era in our maritime life, for we had entered the Gulf of Florida; the captain, by testing the heat of the sea water, found what part of it we were in, as the water in the centre of the gulf is ten degrees warmer than the air. I put my hand into some freshly hauled up and found it more than tepid; the air at the same time was very cool. We had been hoping to see land, but a calm delayed us three days. It is amusing how often we express to each other our wish to have our voyage over, and though we all get on together in the most friendly social manner, we echo the wish to part in perfect sincerity and good humour.

Land, land, came at last, and was welcomed with a joyous shout. To us, with all our cabin comforts, and the unwearying attentions of the captain, how pleasant was the cry, and how much more so, to our poorer companions! Our pilot appeared in due time; a huge mass of yellow oil-cloth. The meeting between him and the captain was most characteristic. A hearty shake hands, and "Captain—how d'ye do *sa*?" and "Mr. T.—how d'ye do *sa*?"—not a word more, and they parted. Now that we are in smooth water with the city in view, the captain tells us of dreadful gales we have encountered, and says he never had a finer passage, taking ice and wind into account, than that just passed. Baltimore harbour is very commodious, with a narrow entrance defended by a fort. Here sailed by us ships to all parts of the world, carrying for the most part flour and tobacco. Our last evening on board, was a very gay, delightful one; we had music and of course abundance of conversation. Talking of pretty women, our captain said, "The Baltimore ladies beat the world for beauty." I added that the American

ladies age sooner than those of Europe, owing to the climate which fades them so soon. The young poet looked quite sadly at me, and with a sigh asked in a low melancholy voice, "And do beautiful young girls who go out there from Europe fade quickly, too?" My reply was a laugh, in which all around heartily joined, and which brought a very becoming blush to the rather sallow cheek of the lover.

The 28th day after we left Ireland smiled a welcome on us landing in Baltimore; and we parted with our good captain heartily wishing that we might meet him again. Coming from the quays to our hotel, I was forcibly struck with the effect of the very bright sunshine, on the fresh-looking houses. I remembered once coming to London up the Thames after a stay on the Continent and being overwhelmed with the peculiar dingy look of the houses on the wharves, and with the heavy air: here, all seemed free from smoke or dirt. And oh! the luxury of the "Exchange" after the long ship confinement, and the comfort of sleeping in a bed that you can stretch in without being afraid of hurting yourself, and can turn about in without fear of tumbling out, as I did many times during our voyage! Baltimore is a very pretty town, and so rapid has been its increase that the population, which in 1792 was scarcely 13,000, is now more than 62,000; founded in 1729, it played a considerable part in the war of independence, and in 1814 repulsed the English from its walls, killing General Ross. I admired the monument erected in honour of this success, but far more that in memory of the great Washington.

I attended a very brilliant soirée at the house of an acquaintance, and here I was introduced to Mdme. Bonaparte, the wife of Jerome Bonaparte who was forced to divorce her by his arbitrary brother; she might have been a queen, and I fancied she would have had no objection to the honour. She still retains great traces of beauty in her face, but her figure is low and broad. She gave me rather curious and amusing accounts of society in Baltimore, all coloured by her peculiar views. This was my re-introduction, if I may use the term, to American society, and what struck on my ear, was the very disagreeable accent, even coming as I just did from the "brogues" of Old Ireland. The egregious faults in grammar, and the horrid nasal twang, among persons of good education, were to me most amazing and unpleasant.

My transit from Baltimore to New York took only thirteen and a half hours. On reaching the railway terminus, I opened wide my eyes to look for something uncommon (railways had sprung up since I left America), and all I observed peculiar was

the republican mixture of all classes, in the enormous *car*, not carriage, in which all classes sat and paid the same fare. The journey to Philadelphia was through an uninteresting country, through long cuttings of fresh looking red sand. I was not geologist enough to examine the strata. At five o'clock, the change into a steamer at Philadelphia and the passage across the Delaware, here a very fine river, to Trenton, was most delightful. Here we again fraternised in the railway car to Jersey city, and crossed from this to New York in a ferry steamer in three minutes. "Oh, the blessings of steam!" I gratefully exclaimed when I found myself after so many years in the home of my childhood, with the dear old familiar faces smiling around me, and the new faces since added to the fire-side circle beaming a not less kind welcome! And I felt proud of the city of my youth as we drove next day through the magnificent streets, so beautifully clean, and so straight. More than once, I began to fancy I was looking on a highly-finished picture, the colours were so bright and the shadows so well defined. "Think how few are the years this great city has seen," said my companion addressing me; "here on this very spot probably the Indian had his forest sanctuary. And now in its fresh beauty and rapid progress, allow it is a fit capital for our new world." Several mornings saw me going over the noble monuments of this great city. I must particularize the City Hall, built in pure white marble; the Museums, and the delightful Deaf and Dumb Institute. I ended my sight-seeing by a visit to the Federal Hall, where Washington took the oath of office in 1789 at the foundation of the federal constitution. Having seen the "lions," in true lady-fashion we would have a day's shopping, a supposed necessity in woman's life; a "shurred hat" at least sounds something new, but it soon Anglicised itself into a drawn-in silk bonnet. "Well, a pretty fancy straw bonnet, must be native manufacture: I'll take it," thought I. But our fashionable milliner with quite an affronted air, assured me "it had just come from Paris." So had shawls and caps and dresses, ad infinitum, with their prices somewhat added to by their trip "across the Atlantic." An American toilette, however, would be forthcoming at a dinner party at the house of one of the élite of New York to which we were invited; and here I thought I should see something very new. But no: I might have been dining in London, except that in French style the gentlemen left the table with the ladies, and that the hours were very dissimilar, for we bid good-night at eight o'clock. "An evening party must show me something more American;" and with this hope, I entered the brilliantly-

lighted saloons of Mrs. B. There was neither music nor dancing, nor card-playing; nothing but conversation; and abundance of that in no dulcet tones. The lady and gentleman of the house walked about incessantly introducing persons to each other, and I, as a stranger, was presented to several. My *débüt* was a presentation to a gentleman, one that was evidently thought a great deal of—he had been to Europe; that is, he had passed a few weeks in London, “where,” he said, “a lady remarked to him with surprise, ‘that he spoke English as plainly as an Englishman;’”—with not quite so agreeable a tone of voice, thought I. He asked me about fifty questions, and corrected me several times on matters of fact in English and Irish politics; I being right, he wrong; and he ended the conference by coolly assuring me “he did not think at all the worse of me, or of people, for being Irish.” A lady next, *en passant*, complained of the heat of the weather: “It was so hot all day,” said she, “I could not *set* or lay anywheres;” then she added, she suffered dreadfully from *neuralgia*—she had the appearance of robust health—and that she generally dined on a “*cookey* :” *neuralgia* being a kind of nervous disease of which I heard numbers complain; “*cookey*” is a cake. This evening, I was forcibly struck with the accent. I had been admiring a very beautiful young girl: her face was lovely, perfectly faultless; but I forgot all this when she spoke strongly through her nose, and asked me, “*Was* you ever in Paris?” on my replying in the affirmative, she exclaimed, “I expect I’ll have a spell of talk with you;” and of course questions followed questions. We left at the rational hour of eleven, having had an excellent supper comprising every delicacy of the season, as the newspapers would say.

My next appearance in public was at a fashionable wedding and reception afterwards. The bride, she was not lovely, wore a white figured satin dress, with innumerable lace flounces, and the usual supply of orange flowers in her hair; and her four bridesmaids wore white muslin dresses, and wreaths of woodbine in their hair. But I greatly disliked the style of dress, for all wore their necks bare and short sleeves, and gave one the idea of a ball costume, more than that of a sacred ceremony in a sacred edifice. To the reception, we had all been invited some days previously by cards from the mother and bride, naming the wedding day, and saying “at home from two to five.” The bridegroom took every lady to the bride and mentioned her name, and then there was a kiss, or a shake hands, or a curtsy, according to the degree of intimacy. The gentlemen I saw walking up, bowing, and then retiring. A little

romance was told me at this reception of one of the company whom I had remarked for her peculiarly fascinating expression of face:—in one of the states lived a very rich couple, wanting nothing to make them happy but children to inherit their fortune. The lady's health was very delicate, so much so that three children born all died in early infancy. Doctors were vainly consulted, when a simple country M. D. recommended her an easy remedy, though she thought a very troublesome one. It was to suckle a baby for six months. The wife of a poor Irish mechanic with, of course, a large family, readily furnished the infant; it grew in beauty and was loved and adopted in its new home, and it had not reached its second year when its foster-mother was blessed with a son, who did not die; several other children followed, and all grew up in health and strength; the little Irish nursling being carefully reared among them and educated as one of the family; and in her 23rd year really became one of them by marrying her foster-brother.

From a wedding to the grave is but a step. We drove next day to Greenwood Cemetery, which is more like a *démesne* than a burial ground. I was told the circumference was fully six miles. There are hills and valleys, and woods and lakes, and the whole intersected by several avenues; and then monuments and vaults scattered at distances. One very magnificent tomb, which cost 820,000 dollars, was shown to me; it was the last home of a sweet young girl and only child, Charlotte C——, who, on her 17th birth-day, met a fearful death. A party was given by a friend to compliment her. She drove with a young friend and her own father to the house; and as he was ascending the hall door steps, this young lady, his daughter, remained in the carriage; the horses took fright, ran away, and she was found senseless in the street and was taken into an hotel, where the unfortunate parents only arrived in time to hear her last sigh. They find vent for their feelings in adding ornaments to this costly monument.

One lovely June afternoon, we started, a large merry party, for Westpoint. The steamer left at five o'clock, and certainly the sail up the Hudson is most beautiful, the Palisades now rising abruptly from the water, now deep in shade, and now glowing in the bright sunshine. I was quite sorry when we landed at Westpoint. We drove in an enormous omnibus about a mile up hill to Coyzen's new and magnificent hotel. The immense drawing room of it, sixty feet square, handsomely furnished, and with a superb lustre, lighted with gas, seemed a blaze of light as we entered. There were groups of ladies, over-dressed I thought, sitting about, and all apparent gaiety,

and indeed long after we retired to our bed-rooms we heard the "sounds of revelry by night," and I fell asleep with a familiar polka sounding in my ears. The military college here is celebrated through America; one of the professors insinuated that it was so over the whole known world. Kosciusko's monument was of course visited, and that likewise to Major Dade and comrades, who were killed by a party of Mexican Indians. The Americans on the occasion were 108, and were all slaughtered except three men. In the evening we had music and dancing, and I saw among the gayest dancers the young bride. Her vis-à-vis in the quadrille one time attracted my attention, for I thought I had never seen such loveliness, such grace, and such an expression of intellect combined; but she was, like all American women, too much dressed and loaded with jewels. Next day, we bade adieu to Westpoint and embarked in the "New World," said to be the largest steamer in the world. The sail to Albany was delightful, varied by exquisite music from German musicians and by a very agreeable reunion at a French dinner, attended by servants speaking French, so many nations met round that table that day. Albany is now a thriving well built town, with some fine buildings, especially the Capitol, or palace of the state, some noble quays, and a museum and literary establishment, even in this "far West." And charity has not been forgotten, for we visited a delightful establishment for two hundred poor children and forty orphans, conducted by seven Sisters of Charity. It was pleasant to see the feeling of perfect confidence with which the little ones came to the mother superioress and the other sisters, the very youngest clinging to their dresses, fearing the strangers. We quitted Albany at nine o'clock in the rail car for Utica, where we arrived at two o'clock, having passed through a most lovely country, blessed with promise of an abundant harvest, and the great Erie canal close by to carry it to other markets. The sight once more of real forests in our drive from Utica to the falls was to me an old familiar sight and very delightful, so many city folks at New York had laughed at my love of these primeval woods, and talked of the sameness of the lank tall trees. I still think them beautiful specimens of nature's handiwork. The hotel near the falls is sweetly situated, and the falls themselves much visited and thought of by Americans. What in their country is not? I may ask. Passing a thickly wooded hill on one side and steep precipitous rocks on the other, and with a great amount of clambering and slipping, and the accompaniments of ladies' screams and exclamations, we reached the falls and admired

them with nervousness, gazing on the rush of waters. Our homeward drive, with the evening sun gilding our forest way, I thought better than all.

We were again at home in New York just in time to welcome Father Mathew, who had a public reception on the 2nd July. The principal streets were crowded to excess, and there was a very long procession, with banners and music. I could have imagined myself in old Ireland. The apostle of temperance passed through in an open carriage, and bouquets were showered upon him from all sides. He replied to the address with fulness of voice and eloquence of language. I had often heard him speak in Ireland and liked his earnest but simple manner; but New York seemed to have inspired him, for he spoke with enthusiasm, modestly giving all merit to the praiseworthy cause he is engaged in.

There is so much variety of face and manner to be met with on an American railway, that I always find excursions pleasant. One to Fordham was my last in America. Here we met an Irish clergyman, a very talented superior man, whose zeal in the arduous duties of his mission is above all human praise. In our rambles round the place, he pointed our attention to a wretched looking old man, who was mowing in a little pleasure ground. "There is something of the romance of life about him," said he. "He was one of Wellington's invincibles, and fought with him through all the battles of the Peninsula."

I have fixed the 11th July for my departure, and I have taken my passage in the *Hibernia* for Liverpool; and as the hour for bidding good-bye draws nearer, I fully feel how much I value the picture of perfect home-happiness I am leaving—not for ever I heartily hope; for what are a few days on the Atlantic to loving hearts? Great indeed has been my enjoyment, and great my admiration of much I have seen, and greater still the kindness I have experienced in this "Glimpse of America." In comparing the old and the new world, let us mutually view the excellencies, rather than the faults, of each, and cordially wish that, in our days at least, they may continue to be bound together in peace and prosperity.

CHANGED.*

1

They say that the light of her eyes is gone,
That her voice is low, and her cheek is wan;
That her looks are sad, and strange, and wild,
Yet meek as the looks of a sinless child.

2

For the melting glance of her soft blue eye
Is chilled by cold Insanity;
And the beauty, that her light form wore,
Is the shrine of a living soul no more.

3

And her words discourse not music sent
From reason's govern'd instrument;
But borne by her troubled fancies, stray
Like notes of the harp which the wild winds play.

4

I would not look on her altered brow,
Nor her eye so dim and soulless now,
I would not view her pale, pale cheek,
Nor hear her, in her madness, speak,—

5

Nor see her smile, she knows not why,
While her tears flow down unmeaningly,
Nor her vacant gaze, the piteous token
Of a brain o'erwrought, and a young heart broken;—

6

No—on these things I would not look,
For the brightest gift in Fortune's book;
For she was join'd with the fairest things
That rose in my youth's imaginings.

7

And oh! how oft have I turned away,
From a brighter eye, and a cheek more gay,
That my soul might drink to sweet excess,
The light of her pensive loveliness.

8

But her languid eye shall charm no more;
Her smiles and her tears—they are nearly o'er;
For fond hopes lost and a heart o'erladen
Have crush'd in her bloom, the guiltless maiden.

J. M.

* These beautiful lines were given in MS. years ago to the Editor of the Catholic Magazine: he is not aware that they have ever been published.

THE HOUR AND THE MOTIVE.

(Continued from page 230.)

CHAP VI.

The Lady Ada Agincourt was the youngest child of the Marquis and Marchioness of Axminster.

Lady Ada was many years the junior of the youngest daughter of the Marchioness, and approaching nearer Lord Roland's age, was thrown more into her brother's society than into that of any of the female portion of her family.

The result of this was a similarity of studies, a similarity of dispositions, and a strong love between the brother and sister. With Lord Roland, Ada travelled through the vast field of antiquarian lore which her brother spread out; with him, too, she pored over illegible manuscripts and rough antique brasses; with him she bent over the pages of Froissart, Chaucer, Bacon (the Friar), and the blacke letter writers of the early times; and like him, also, she had great admiration for all that told of the ancient and, spite of their bloody doings, the happy times. But while Lord Roland attached himself to the rude and vulgar antique fashions; while he strenuously supported morris dancing, bull baiting, and maypole dancing; nay, while he advocated quarter staff and tournaments, his sister's love was fixed on the quietude of the ancient history, on the holiness and sanctity of the times, on the good the Church in other days performed, on the power she possessed, on the benefit society derived from the existence of monastic establishments. Lord Roland admired the monasteries, but not the monks. In short, he liked every thing connected with Rome but Rome itself; admired the authority exercised by the Church, but denied her authority; and, as we have before mentioned, was inconsistent in almost every thing.

They had been, the brother and sister, working one morning upon some charter of a very early date, deciphering its rough seal and commenting with learned criticism on its varied spelling, when, Roland enunciating some opinion as inconsistent as usual,

"I cannot understand you, Roland," said Ada; "you admit and deny in the same breath; admire and despise the same thing; work hard to prove, and reject all the proof you discover. How very silly!"

"Silly, Ada? How can I refrain from admiring the monasteries as they were established? Have we not proof, ample, unanswerable, undeniable proof, that the monks were really the poor man's best friend? They nourished him, succoured him. If he could labour, they found work for him; if he could not, they gave him alms. Nay more, they gave him spiritual assistance, thus supporting soul and body. When I see such a system, whereby the corrupt and dissolute were alone sacrificed, can I refrain from expressing admiration of the system?"

"No; but you object, you just told me, to monks as religious bodies."

"As religious bodies—yes."

"But yet you admire monastic institutions. Well, Roland, I cannot understand the difference."

"Ada, have you not heard me express my admiration of the acts of the early Church? Yet I rank not among its members."

"But you have told me if the early Church and the primitive Church—and by early, Roland, I mean the Church of the tenth century—could be proved to be one and the same, you would admit all its claims."

"Yes, I have said so; but it can never be so proven, Ada."

"Pardon me, Roland, I think it can."

"Ada!"

"I have been reading about the early Church history lately, partly from what you said and partly from what the Bishop of D—— told Papa. I find the primitive Church, or rather the Church of the primitive Christians, almost identical with the Church of the tenth and fifteenth centuries; of course, Roland, without its splendour or its power, but still the self same Church."

Lord Roland seemed astonished, and, to the surprise of his sister, left his employment and said he should go out for a walk. That evening he had a long consultation with the Marchioness, and the next morning the Marchioness with her daughter. In that interview the fond parent found that Lord Roland's instructions had taken deeper root in the Lady Ada's breast than the instructor had desired. That while he had prated of baronial tournaments, Papal bulls, and Jacquerie rebellions, his sister had considered attentively the devotion of the period, and had made some way in meditation as to "which was the primitive Church," which "the true one," which was Christ's Church.

Both the Marquis and Marchioness were kind and loving parents. They did not rave and rage at their daughter, nor

utter threats of vengeance if she did not renounce her notions ; but they attempted to reason with her, pressed upon her notice the *easiness* of the Established Church, the figure she would hereafter make in society, and the impropriety in any one of her rank changing their faith and so preventing a suitable alliance. Lady Ada listened to all these politic remonstrances without at all relinquishing her opinions, although she had no present intention, as she informed her noble parents, of changing her faith ; indeed, she had not yet considered or meditated on the change, but had merely given utterance to her own thoughts as to her brother's want of consistency.

With this avowal, her parents were perfectly satisfied, but Lady Ada was no longer the companion of her brother. Lord Roland's studio, that "den of antique horrors," as it was styled, was fast closed against her, and no allusion was ever made in her presence to early literature, or anything connected with the ages gone by ; and, as an extra caution, Lord Roland after a short time removed himself and his collection to private apartments.

These very measures, the restraint that all seemed to labour under in her presence, and the remarkable care with which conversation was managed, set Lady Ada to meditate upon that very subject that horrified her family. This is often the case. Had Lord Roland not told his mother, had the Marchioness of Axminster not cautioned her daughter, in all probability Lady Ada would never have inquired deeper into the acts of the Church. It was only when she was entreated not to seek for knowledge on the subject, when she was told the path to which it was presumed her opinions led ; that she determined on seriously seeking that path and satisfying herself if her parent's anxiety of mind was founded on real fears, or on fancied improbabilities.

The Marchioness of Axminster, while with her daughter, kept a strict watch upon her movements, and it was therefore with no small disappointment that she one day found Mr. Berrington and Captain Harcourt in her son's apartments when, in company with her daughter, she called on him. To make matters worse, Harcourt was an old acquaintance of hers, had spent some time with the family in the country, and had always been highly esteemed both by the Marquis and Marchioness. Her ladyship was thus prevented from beating an immediate retreat, and Harcourt, claiming the privilege of a friend, introduced his brother-in-law to both of the ladies, and they were all speedily engaged in an animating conversation.

Lord Roland had too much tact easily to let the discourse

pass to the forbidden subject, but it required more than his Lordship's earnest endeavours to prevent Villars every now and then obtruding a sentence which Lord Roland knew would lead to the proscribed subject. Whether Villars had heard of Lady Ada's fancies, and through a love of mischief wished to bring on the subject, or whether he only spoke at random, no one knew; but he was particularly zealous in trying to introduce the subject; and beaten by Lord Roland from one point and turned by the dexterous tongue of the Marchioness from another, he still ran from one subject to another with unwonted agility. Church architecture, lights, copes, ancient pixes, recent secessions, oaths in Parliament, sermons, decisions, charges of archdeacons, travels, all were touched upon by him and replied to as speedily as possible by mother and son.

Meanwhile Harcourt had been describing a tour he had made through the Lakes to Lady Ada; and Berrington, listening to Arthur's tale and Lady Ada's remarks, heard little or nothing of the conversation Villars endeavoured to introduce.

"Apropos to your travelling, Mr. Harcourt—" said Lady Ada.

"*Captain Harcourt, Ada,*" interrupted her brother.

"A thousand pardons, Captain Harcourt; but, apropos to your excursion, how is it that we in Belgrave Square have not been honoured with cards?"

"Ada!" said the Marchioness reprovingly.

"You know, mama, I said if ever I met Mr.—no, Captain—I beg his pardon again—I should put the question to him. Remember I met Mrs. Harcourt at Lady Thornton's, and may, as a friend of both of you, demand an explanation."

"An explanation is easily given," said Villars. "Captain Harcourt and his lady declined the acquaintance of the Lady Ada Agincourt."

"And of mama too?" said Lady Ada.

"Captain Harcourt ought to have considered us," remarked the Marchioness. "But I do not see how we can reprove him."

"I will tell your ladyship how you can, pardon me:—by honouring me with a visit at Putney. I told Roland, who knew all and everything, my reasons. Our weddings, you know, are not so full of state and ceremony as yours are; and your ladyship must pardon me for neglecting you when I assure you I issued no cards at all."

"Gothic wedding!" pouted Lady Ada.

"Well, I confess the custom is an odious one," said Lord Roland. "If ever I'm married—"

"A very unlikely thing," remarked Villars.

"Very indeed," said Berrington; "for the chances would be that at the altar Lord Roland would—change his mind."

There was some laughter at this, and after a little more conversation the gentlemen took their leave.

Now it so happened that Frank Berrington had listened attentively to all that had fallen from Lady Ada's lips, had marked and noted every look, and in short, was "captivated" by her ladyship. It was not exactly love at first sight, but it was the sort of something, the precursor of love, that had entered his heart and made Frank think the possession of the pretty Lady Ada was something to be wished for.

Of course with such a desire Berrington soon found means to visit Belgrave Square. Lord Roland introduced Frank to the Marquis. By a strange coincidence, which, however, in life oftentimes occur, the Marquis had been in correspondence with Mr. Berrington's father respecting a small property which the Marquis wished to get rid of, and of which Mr. Berrington was disposed to become the purchaser. There was a slight difference about price, and the noble was rather more close in his dealing than the commoner would have imagined; but Frank, learning all this, wrote a judicious and an affectionate letter to his mama, who upon its receipt persuaded Mr. Berrington to accede to the Marquis's demands, which was accordingly done, solely, as Messrs. Bobb and Bulberry, the Marquis's solicitors, informed their patron, through the intervention of Mr. Francis Berrington.

The peer, of course, was all gratitude, the expression of which cost him nothing, and Frank Berrington became a welcome visitor in Belgrave Square.

To be there, to be with Lady Ada, and not to go deeper into the mysteries of love was impossible; so Frank gave way to his heart and became Lady Ada's "devoted slave." In this capacity, he performed all those acts "devoted slaves" perform; turned over her music when she played, wrote in her album, brought her flowers, held her shawl at the opera, walked and rode with her, began to scribble sonnets in her praise, and to practise duets which they sang together. When they had got so far in their new friendship, other matters came on the tapis, and Frank found that, where he expected a difficulty the ground was almost cleared for him. Lady Ada paid more attention to him because he was a convert to the Church, and because, as she argued, he knew both sides of the question, and was perfectly aware of the objections made by Protestants. She found from Berrington, too, that the Church of Rome—Christ's Church—was not that life of indolence and luxury that so many persons proclaim it. That there were days and

weeks of mortification when its followers suffered much, but these sufferings were as nothing compared to what for man Christ suffered; and readily did she believe that to rest with Him who for us had done so much, something must indeed be done.

The mere fact of going from eleven to one once in the week to church; thinking for six days little or nothing of the soul, and on the seventh devoting but two hours to one's God, was in her opinion, as it should be in that of every one, but a poor way of returning that love which our Saviour bore to us. And when she had listened to Frank's explanation on various subjects, and to his replies to the various questions she had put to him, she could not help expressing her belief in all that he believed.

Her earlier studies with her brother had impressed her with a reverence for many of the most difficult things for Protestants to believe, and her researches into the decrees and doctrine of the Church had, before she met with Mr. Berrington, almost confirmed her in the true belief. Frank stepped in at a critical period and settled all doubt.

It may be said, what were the parents of the young lady about all this time?

Like wise people, they saw through the affair and resolved to let things take their course. It was clear to them that Ada held these opinions; it was equally clear that, despite of their persuasion, she held them more firmly than ever. It was also certain that, having made such progress, it was next to an impossibility to eradicate them from her mind. The Marquis had spoken to his chaplain on the subject, but, to his horror, he found the good man almost inclined to follow his daughter. He also spoke to his old friend the Bishop of D——, but that learned prelate declined to interfere, on the ground that it would be of no use; and under these circumstances, and considering it next to an impossibility to remove her notions or to marry the young lady while holding them, her parents had taken the prudent view of the case, and made up their minds to accept Frank Berrington as their son-in-law. It was after all no such bad match; indeed, barring the want of a title, it was rather an eligible one. Mr. Berrington, senior, was a rich man, Frank was his only son, money was plentiful, and Frank's knowledge and accomplishments, appearance and disposition, were all that could be desired. So the wise parents left every thing to fate.

Of course, unchecked as Frank was, a declaration to the young lady came in due course; and, as might be expected, was by the Lady Ada received, with the usual important stipu-

lations; and here Berrington was agreeably disappointed, for where he expected at least some slight opposition, the utmost approval was obtained, and within a very short time Francis Berrington became the affianced husband of Lady Ada Agincourt.

Of course Frank had to endure his mother's and his sister's raillery; there was a great deal to be said about his early fancy, Miss Taunton, and a great deal to be said about his noble relatives; but this he cared little or nothing about; he was too happy to care about these trifles. Moreover, the ridicule sprang not from the heart, and "lip ridicule" is forgotten as soon as made.

It was determined that Lady Ada Agincourt's entrance into the Catholic Church should be made prior to her marriage, and in the same quiet and unobtrusive way that Berrington's had been. Her parents strove hard to persuade her to postpone her entry until after marriage, for the ceremony was painful to them, and they wished it to be delayed until the latest possible moment. But here Lady Ada was firm. Her reception should take place first, and as Frank rather wished this, the Marquis and his lady at last gave way.

Lord Roland was extremely annoyed at the match. He belonged to one or two of the ultra Protestant bodies, whose speeches every now and then fill the columns of the *Morning Herald*. In the first place he felt he would be injured in the estimation of the members of those societies, and his usual indecision and love of halting at the threshold caused him still more to regret the matter; but the affair was settled. His objections were now useless, and all he could do was to make a No Popery speech at Exeter Hall of so acceptable (i. e. virulent and scurrilous) a character, that he entirely regained the regards of his religious brethren.

Villars was particularly happy on the subject, and reviewing Lord Roland's speech, proved that the opinions held by his lordship were those entertained by all gifted noblemen whose sisters married Catholics without their permission; and that had his lordship's sister espoused, under similar circumstances a Protestant, the only course left for Lord Roland would have been to have entered the Catholic Church himself.

It was a happy hit at his lordship's inconsistency, and the reviewer sent the reviewed a copy with his compliments.

And during this time Cyril Derrington was wandering an outcast from his native land, almost forgotten by all who knew him here.

(To be concluded in our next.)

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF STAINED GLASS IN ENGLAND.

THERE is no reflection more likely to incite in the mind of a Catholic, a virtuous pride and exalted reverence for the One Church, than that which arises from a contemplation of the works of ecclesiastical antiquity. Few things are more gratifying to the feelings of a zealous member of that religion, than the knowledge that of all the creeds which schism and heresy have disseminated throughout the world, not one, if despoiled of its professed belief, possesses one symbolical reminiscence by which the sacredness of its doctrines may be recorded,—not one but if traced to its originator, is found to arise from the ambition and cupidity of man, or from the misguided judgment of some deluded fanatic. To an English Catholic, more especially, though compelled to see the proudest works of his ancestors, and the most glorious temples of his divine religion, in the hands of those who have no kindred to his faith, to study and ponder over the classic beauty revealed in their elaborate designs, to wander amid the solemn ruins of those once stupendous edifices, to recall to the memory the days when that Church was not a persecuted, hated name, but a god-like impersonation of her doctrines, according peace and joy to her faithful children, and thundering her denunciations to her enemies—such a study must inspire awe and enthusiasm, which while shaded by many melancholy reflections, will tend to increase his adoration to that God whose omniscience is inscrutable, to etherealize his devotion to all appertaining to his faith, and in the strength of his conviction and the zeal of admiration, to show indulgence to the prejudices of others,—charity and amiability to all; that the dawn of Catholicity which has tinted the religious horizon of our happy Island, may be fanned into glorious sunshine, and ultimately reign again in the zenith of her effulgence. We believe that the majority of our Catholic readers have been rendered familiar with the remnants of Catholic architecture, from the works of some of our talented Churchmen; but as every Catholic must wish to diffuse throughout all classes, a spirit of admiration for the One Faith, whose beauties are displayed no less in the Gothic columns and cancellated roofs of her Cathedrals, than in the sublime and awe-striking mysteries of her doc-

trines, a faint outline of the history of the "storied window," which constitutes so prominent a feature in our ancient Churches, will promote that object, and afford pleasure to those who have not had any opportunity of perusing more lengthened dissertations. It is difficult to ascertain with any degree of certainty the exact period of the introduction of stained glass into England; but from the early specimens of the art which are still extant, and from the records of some of the old chronicles, it may be assumed that it first became generally known towards the middle of the thirteenth century. The greater portion however of that which exists in our Churches previous to the reign of Henry IV., was imported from the Continent, as for instance, the windows of the Exeter and Salisbury Cathedrals, the greater part of which came from Rouen.

Among the earliest productions of our native artists still remaining from the wreck of art that was splendid during the Reformation, we may mention portraits of the founders and benefactors of the Church, most frequently met with in edifices possessed of no other attraction in point of architectural design, by which they escaped destruction; likewise imaginary likenesses of the Edwards and Henrys to be recognised by the forked beards and hair resembling that which characterises their coins, but presented in a hundred varied countenances bearing not the least resemblance to each other, and rude and harsh in both design and execution. Little improvement is observable until the production of that most beautiful painting in the eastern window of York Minster, which in brilliancy of colour and delicacy of design, affords proof of the genius which occasionally enlightened the world even in those rude times, and immortalised an otherwise obscure name. The artist was Thompson of Coventry, and the execution of the work dates as far back as the year 1390. The rise of the art encouraged by the clergy, but more especially the monasteries, subsequently became more decided, and though its progress could not compete with the rapidity of modern days, great exertions and indefatigable perseverance were not spared to render the subjects as perfect as their limited knowledge in the art would allow. The result of this liberal encouragement has been presented to us in the stained glass in the Church at Fairford, in Gloucestershire, erected by the munificent piety of one individual in the year 1492. In it are twenty-five windows all highly enriched with this most beautiful art, the sole production of native talent; and among the subjects possessed of greater merit are those of the Salutation of the Blessed Virgin, in the north aisle, the Entry into Jerusalem, and the Last Day, which are in a state of excellent preservation, and constitute the east and west windows.

In this edifice we discover the finest known specimens of the ancient art, either at home or abroad; and had it not been for the prudent foresight evinced by the adherents of the old religion when the Reformation broke out, this magnificent specimen would have shared the same fate as did others equally splendid. The extraordinary depth and richness of the colours, the gorgeous effect of the crimson velvet and gilding, which are so tastefully arranged, and the delicacy and brilliancy of the drapery in the minuter figures, added to the quaint conceits of Gothic imagination with which the subject abounds, render it a matter of astonishment, as much as of admiration, that at so remote a period the art should have reached to so eminent a degree of refinement; the only requisite being the modern method of amalgamating the colours, and a less rigid adherence to the Florentine school of painting, to render it unsurpassed by any modern production.

This appears to be the last work of any note, which may fairly lay claim to be the design of the artists of the *old school*: the Reformation breaking out shortly after its completion, the art was effectually doomed to obscurity. The monasteries which had been, hitherto, the schools where science and the refined arts had alone found liberal patrons and zealous encouragement, more particularly one which constituted so beautiful an embellishment to their Churches, were the first to experience the shock of the coming storm; for ignorance is ever found to stigmatise what surpasses its comprehension, as pregnant with evil or akin to legerdemain. With the pillage of the Convents and demolition in the Churches of all that bore the faintest resemblance to the old religion, those splendid windows which would have recorded the progress of the art to all ages, and become gems of ecclesiastical antiquity, were fractured in a thousand pieces and strewn over the deserted aisles. The faithful, panic-stricken with horror, were too much occupied in the preservation of their own lives to save the Church ornaments; then ensued the wreck of art. "The stage was darkened ere the curtain fell," and with the extinction of religious magnificence and the lights of the refined arts, Catholicity almost ceased to exist in the Island.

In the age which immediately succeeded, well denominated the age of Cant, all that was refined and artistic became in the eyes of the Reformers incense offered to Satan; and in a religion whose spirit was a blasphemous application of scripture, and whose outward form bore no greater evidence of sanctity than that which a demure countenance and a hypocritical tongue afforded, it may easily be supposed that it was the most ungenial period the arts ever endured since their introduction into

England. But the cord of fanatical hatred for the internal splendour of Churches, had suffered a tension beyond the natural inclination of even the Puritans to endure, and it gradually relaxed into a desire to see those magnificent structures restored to their pristine beauty, and decorated with an ornament so congenial to their architectural order. The coarse and illiterate minds of the Puritans were, however, but ill adapted to execute a task which required great ingenuity, and an equal degree of artistic skill, in order to replace the fractured pieces in conformity to the subject they represented; and disgusted with a work so little according to their taste, they finished it much as they had begun—in haste—fitting the pieces together as came the readiest to hand, wholly destitute of arrangement, and presenting their handiwork to the admiring gaze of their employers, bearing a stronger resemblance to a patchwork quilt, than to the choice design of a stained glass window. The chronological history of our art from this period, though not absolutely broken, becomes so faint that it may be conjectured it lay dormant until the middle of the reign of Elizabeth, when it is again in the ascendant. The encouragement which this princess afforded to literature and the development of the arts, though trammelled by her persecution of Catholicity, the increased intercourse with foreign countries, more especially the Netherlands, gave rise to a new era of stained glass, which takes its date from the seventeenth century. The rudeness and irregularity of design which had prevailed to a great degree among the earlier artists, gave way to a more accurate taste and bolder display of the appliances of the art, first observable in the well executed portraits usually decorating the bay windows of edifices in the Elizabethan style of architecture, and afterwards extended to complete scriptural illustrations in the private Chapels of the nobility. The public Churches still retained the grotesque formations produced by the repairs of the Reformers, and so tenacious was Elizabeth of any encouragement the old religion might have received from an open adoption of this ancient decoration, that nothing could induce her to sanction their renovation, though a professed patron of the art. Bernard Van Linge, an Englishman of Flemish extraction, who lived about the year 1615, was the first celebrated artist of the new school in painting upon glass; but his life was too short to carry out the great design of perfecting the English in this study. The civil wars of Charles I. again brought ruin and destruction upon this fragile subject; the brutal rage of Cromwell's soldiery, whose hatred to stained windows was insatiable, completing the wreck of whatever may have been saved from the sacrilegious hands of the early Reformers, with but very few exceptions.

After the Restoration, the history of painted glass takes its place among that of the refined arts, never to be again despoiled by the fanaticism of religious contentions or the broils of a civil commotion. The mutilated windows of the Churches were directed to be repaired, but again those who were employed were found sadly incompetent to produce any originality in the works, and the whole has of latter years been taken down and restored under the eye and direction of connoisseurs. The first school which was established after the Restoration, was at York, under Henry Gyles, which gained high reputation for its productions, and ultimately gave to the kingdom those admirable artists William and Joshua Price. The former has acquired immortal fame by his great work, the Nativity, after Thornhill, at Christ Church, which he completed in 1696. The latter by his not less successful reparation of the windows of Queen's College, which the Puritans had nearly annihilated.

To William Price, the son of the first-mentioned artist, we are indebted for the beautiful windows in Westminster Abbey, he having been employed by parliament to decorate this ancient structure in 1722; likewise for his elaborate designs of Mosaic.

In more modern times, the original style of staining or painting upon glass has been completely abandoned, and has given place to a more finished invention, better adapted to the refined taste of the age. The hard outline which characterises the Florentine and Flemish schools, the harsh and disfiguring effect caused by the necessity of surrounding the various colours in a figure with lead, which constitutes the greatest deficiency of the old artist, have given way to the unrivalled contour of a Michael Angelo, the glorious colouring of a Reubens, with that delicacy of design and finish in the execution, so remarkable in the works of Van Linge, the Prices, and still more superlative performances of Jarvis.

The most illustrious of modern artists are Forrest and Eginton, the former a pupil of the celebrated Jarvis, and the designer of some of the finest works in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. Eginton, of Handsworth, has long since been renowned for some of the most exquisite productions of this most exquisite art. His excellence it is unnecessary to expatiate upon, and his industry is sufficiently recorded by the existence of fifty considerable works by his hand.

Before concluding this paper, we would express a hope that the faint outline we have endeavoured to sketch of the rise and progress of an art in our native land, deserving as much our admiration as a refined and splendid study as from its close alliance with that religion which possesses such a paramount

interest in the heart of every Catholic, will be an inducement to our readers to encourage its development, and rival the liberal piety of former days in decorating our churches with it. We could mention several beautiful edifices that have lately arisen in this once "Isle of Saints," which, though perfect in point of architectural design, are wanting in that solemn richness within, diffused by the light from a stained glass window. Each week records some fresh proselyte received into the bosom

" ——— of that most faithful lady,
Forsaken, woeful, solitary maid,"

and as their numbers increase, so ought the religious fervour of those whose proud privilege it has been to claim her faith from inheritance, that the world may see that the spirit of Catholicity pure and undefiled, is again spreading her wings of peace and joy over this favoured Island: and that her children are animated by the same spirit of reverence and devotion which beat in the bosom of her Crusaders, or spoke in the tears of her martyrs.

RECOLLECTIONS OF EMINENT MEN.

SIR WILLIAM DRUMMOND.—SIR WILLIAM GELL.—BISHOP BAINES.

A CERTAIN journalist who, as a Catholic, considers himself licensed to spit forth the venom which, as a Quaker, he was compelled to contain within himself—one who, since he joined us, has at different times, by slander, misrepresentation, and equivocation, endeavoured to divide and rule both clergy and people—complains, of these “Recollections,” that they only record the doings of “good society.” I admit the truth of the charge; but I know not how to avoid the fault, if fault it be; since those with whom I associated happened to be in the class of gentlemen. I can only promise my accuser that, if ever he himself should become eminent, and if ever (which heaven avert!) I should have personal intercourse with him—I will record his own sayings and doings as a counterbalance or contrast to those of the class to which he objects.

At the time when, after three years’ quiet occupation of Naples, the Austrians still kept loaded cannon pointed down the great street of Toledo, I sauntered into the Villa Reale, that beautiful garden that fringes the waters of the bay and lies between them and the row of houses on the far-famed Chiaja. I will not tarry to describe that lovely scenery:—the smooth waters rippling on the pebbly beach; Monte Posilipo, with Virgil’s Tomb, on the right hand; the Castle dell’ uovo jutting out on the left, before Vesuvius and the mountain ridge of Sorrento; nor the rocky island of Caprea in front, still changing its colour and, apparently, its form with every change in that brilliant atmosphere. I will not tarry to revel once more in the delights of this “pezzo del ciel caduto in terra—piece of heaven dropt upon earth,” as the Neapolitans call it; but will wend my way back from the jetty, past the marble group of the Toro Farnese and the beds of sweet-smelling double violets, into the broad avenue that runs from one to the other end of the gardens. There I sauntered anxiously about, looking for her who first taught my young boyish heart “i palpiti d’amor,” or what, in its inexperience, it then mistook for them. Soon I descried her and her widowed aunt, Mrs. Shedden, coming up from the western entrance of the gardens; and hastened to meet that beautiful figure and face that smiled a joyous and half-

tender welcome. How English thou wert in the fashion of thy dress, my gentle Helen Stuart! and yet how well that little black velvet spencer, and that brown silk veil, and those dark brown ringlets (so strange in that foreign land), how well they set off thy symmetrical figure, and those fresh and delicate features! Seldom, indeed, did a Neapolitan pass us who did not turn back to cast another glance at thee, while he enthusiastically exclaimed "*quant 'è bella!*" My gratified eyes and ears marked it all; and fearing no rival, rejoiced in the triumph of the little Scotch girl. She was then about seventeen—a year younger than me.

A handsome chariot drawn by four splendid horses, driven by the very small boys whom it was then the fashion to employ as postilions, stopped at the side gate of the villa. Two powdered footmen sprang down from their standing place and opened the door. A short dark man of about thirty, helped out a plain little old woman, very richly dressed and highly rouged. This was Lady, wife of Sir William Drummond, and her nephew Mr. Stewart (no relation to my young flame), who afterwards became a Catholic, a priest, and was, I believe, murdered while bathing in the Adriatic. They came into the centre walk of the garden, where we joined them; and we all chatted gaily as we walked up and down at a brisker pace.

Soon another chariot drawn by four horses like the first, and attended by the same number of servants in the same livery, pulled up at the same gate: and a gentleman, its only occupant, got out of it and came into the Villa Reale. He was a tall, thin man of about sixty-five years of age. He was wrapped in a scanty English great-coat. He wore rather a broad brimmed hat; and with his hands behind him and his head rather bent on his chest, as if his thoughts were far away, walked briskly forward as to take needful exercise before he should hurry back to studies on which his mind was still engaged. He was about to pass us without seeing us, when a hesitating movement of our party towards him attracted his attention, and he crossed to our side of the avenue.

"How do you do to-day, Sir William!" exclaimed Lady Drummond: and he replied to his wife's greeting in the same tone of friendly indifference, showing plainly that they had not met since the preceding day.

He took one turn with us, joining only occasionally in our chat; and then, complaining of the cold, returned to his carriage. As he turned away he said to me,

"If you are not engaged, will you come and play at chess this evening? It is likely to be a wet night; but I will send the carriage for you."

Shortly afterwards, the little son of Mrs. Shedden (a fine boy of six years old, who had run alongside us in Highland costume, Scotch cap, and with a large tin sword dangling at his side) asked to go home ; and parting from Lady Drummond and her nephew, I escorted my Helen and her aunt across the street to their own house on the Chiaja.

In the evening, the rain came down, as it does at Naples : " cats and dogs " would have been nothing to it. Sir William Drummond's carriage came for me about eight o'clock. The apartment I had was also on the Chiaja, only a few hundred yards from his own house ; but it certainly would not have been pleasant to walk even that distance through the mud of the street. There was no cabriolet stand near : and, moreover, Sir William always seemed to have something of a malicious pleasure in sending out his carriage and servants with me in the rain, justifying himself by saying that " It would do them good ; that they had nothing else to do." The house he occupied now was in the centre of the Chiaja, overlooking the gardens and the bay : an excellent hotel. In the Porte Cochère, stood always a burly porter in livery, leaning upon a long stout cane, the gold head of which was as large as the skull of an infant, and excited the wonder and admiration of all Naples.

Lady Drummond was seated in the drawing-room on one side of the fireplace, at an écarté table, around which sat or played Mr. Stewart, a certain Dr. Quin, (an English physician without practice, who made himself very entertaining by laughing at every thing and every body, and at himself more than all the rest), and two or three other gentlemen. Her ladyship sat at the table with a pile of about a dozen piastres at her side, which had been carefully washed and polished for her handling. One piastre was her constant stake. At the other side of the fire, was a table with chessmen set out upon it. Sir William himself was walking up and down the room absorbed in thought, or, as he called it himself, in " a brown study : " but he dismissed it cheerfully when he saw me, and began conversing on the subject of his meditation.

He had lately published his " Origines," a most interesting work on the origin of Eastern Empires ; and was much engaged in considering the opinions of reviewers, and in going over again the ground of his own convictions. His work entitled " Academical Questions " had before roused the orthodoxy of England against him ; and although the " Origines " was more moderate, it certainly contained evidence of the " free-thinking " of its writer. In fact, the opinions of Sir William Drummond were sufficiently well known as those of a *philosophe* who would base his disbelief of Revelation and his own system upon the

Holy Scripture itself:—and I see not how those who admit the right of private judgment could object to his will to do so. But he was like all unbelievers favourably inclined towards the Catholic faith—if any was to be admitted. There was then living at Naples an Abbé Campbell, whose burly figure and large head covered with close-cropped red hair I well remember. All the English in Naples believed him to be employed by the local government to open their letters in the post-office, and to report their contents to the Neapolitan authorities. He was not one of our evening écarté and chess parties; but I often met him at small dinner parties at Sir William Drummond's. We were walking in to one of these when he said to me, turning round to our host, "Oh, Sir William is very often inclined to become a Catholic, whenever he is unwell. It is the old saying—

'When the devil was sick, the devil a monk would be,
But when the devil got well, the devil a monk was he.'

"Nay," replied Sir William, "I only listen to your preachments, and admit that you have as much or more to say for yourselves than any one else."

"But, unfortunately," I observed, with the petulant forwardness of a lad, "unfortunately, Sir William, you cannot believe in any Christian system."

"Nay; why should you say that?" he rejoined, rather moved: "I am sure that I have never given any one a right to assert that I was not orthodox."

"In the name of reason," exclaimed one, interposing between us, "let us not be afraid of church-and-statory here! At this distance from the incubus, surely an Englishman may venture to avow his opinions, whatever they may be."

He was pacified, and we went on to the dining-room.

But I must return to the evening to which I have before alluded. Our conversation was soon silenced at the chess-table. Sir William Drummond was a fair player,—a third-rate player; which is a high rank at chess. But I was in practice then, and I generally beat him. I did so on this occasion. His head seemed to be indefatigable; at least, it was never tired at chess, though he played rather slow and studied every move. He began setting the men again, and asked for his revenge. I told him that I must rest awhile, and another took my place at the chess-table while I went and chatted with the écarté party. Half an hour afterwards, Sir William, who had beaten my successor, and was, therefore, like every successful chess-player, rather elated, called to me again. He had set the men and we began. Again I won the game.

"Lady Drummond," he exclaimed, in a tone of some little vexation, "why is not Miss Stuart here to-night? I can never win a game of Mr. ——— unless she is here. I wish you would always ask her and her aunt."

After that, the then queen of my affections was a more constant visitor at these evening parties; and two or three times a week, Sir William got the better of me at chess. But pleasant as were those little social reunions, and pleasant as were the dinner parties at this house, where I met all that was most distinguished amongst the natives or the travelling English, Lady Drummond was celebrated to the Neapolitan world at large for the magnificence of her balls, which collected all the élite of the society of the place. At these, some of the royal family were generally present; for as Sir William Drummond had been ambassador of England to the King of Naples during his exile in Sicily, he was still looked upon as an old friend and member of the *corps diplomatique*. And yet he told me that he had more than once been in temporary disgrace for refusing to participate in King Ferdinand's all engrossing passion for the chase.

"At my first visit to one of his country houses in Sicily," he said, "all the court went to bed at ten o'clock. I could not go to bed at ten; so I sat in my apartment reading till long after midnight. At five o'clock on the following morning, in rushed my valet with his Majesty following at his heels, ready booted, and calling upon me to come out and shoot wild boars. I was obliged to dress in a hurry, and, unshaved and almost unwashed, to stand near him in a wood all day shooting black pigs! I took care to receive despatches from England in the evening which recalled me to Palermo."

With a feeling of "Auld lang syne," the Duke of Salerno, or the Duchess of Florida, or some other member of the royal family, was often a guest at the Lady Drummond's balls. On these occasions, my Helen being in the dancing-room, I need scarcely say that I generally shirked the chess-board, which was always set out in a quiet corner; unless, indeed, some person of eminence was hovering near whom my little vanity would like to have a witness of the conflict and, as I hoped, of my triumph. Thus the Duc de Blacas, late Minister of Louis XVIII., came often to sit beside us, and told how he used to play, and of the moves he made with "le roi, mon maitre—the king my master."

Sir William Gell, also, the author of the topographical inquiries into ancient Rome and Pompeii, would sometimes come and sit near us. What a pleasant man I thought him! He used to attend our little social parties as well as these balls, and always brought life and animation with him. And yet he was,

or said he was, generally ill of the gout, and used to drop into an easy chair, and call upon some one of the party to come and sit by him, and say, "*qualche cosa d'amabile*—something pleasant" to him. He used to complain of the sufferings his gouty feet had undergone when he was in attendance on our English Queen Caroline, and had to stand for hours behind her seat at the opera or elsewhere. He was a tall, square-built man of about fifty-five years of age, with a handsome face, bushy whiskers, and easy and most agreeable manners.

Sir William Gell saw more in Pompeii than any one else. All antiquaries in the pursuit of their favourite study are apt to run after Edri Ochilltree's ladle.* Pompeii, after all, was but a small provincial town, although the beauty of its situation was such as to induce wealthy Romans to have villas near it. But it must always have been considered a place of danger, as nearly a century before the first recorded eruption, both Vetrivius and Strabo mention Vesuvius as an extinct volcano, and the very buildings themselves are composed of ancient lava. This fact is as completely overlooked by our tourists and bookmakers as was the buried town itself by the Norman and Spanish sovereigns; for it was never excavated until the reign of Murat—although parts of it had always cropt out above the superincumbent ashes.

Lady Drummond had always two bands of music at her balls: a Neapolitan and a German band; the latter for us waltzers. I do not think that the Neapolitans considered their military music any compensation for the occupation of their country by the Austrians: but it was very delightful: and although my adored refused to waltz, (and I adored her the more for it), I myself loved to rush from the chess-table to the magic circle and to spin round amid the square elbows of the white-jacketted Austrian officers, or the more loose and *degagés élégants* of Italy or France, or the blundering automatons from England.

Across the supper-table at one of these balls (it was on Easter Sunday: English Protestants do not object to balls on Sunday *abroad*), across the supper-table at one of these balls, I saw Sir William Gell lean and address an elderly lady on the opposite side of the table, whom we all knew to be as deaf as a post. He held in his hand a decanter of Madeira, and motioned as though he would help her from it while he exclaimed, "Lady Douglass, will you marry me?"

"No, thank you," quietly replied the poor deaf old woman,

* See Scott's Antiquary.

quite innocent of the question addressed to her: "No, thank you. I would rather take champagne."

Could she have given a better answer?

Sir William Drummond considered that he had a claim to be Duke of Perth, and that the title was withheld from him on account of his heterodox religious principles. It is well known that *all* dukes are orthodox. English orthodoxy for English dukes and Scotch orthodoxy for Scotch dukes. Church and state knows no heterodoxy, excepting that which is not by law established.

About this time the old King Ferdinand—the hero of the "black pigs"—il nasone che ci dona maccheroni, as the Lazzari say of him—died, amid the execration of his subjects. Sir William Drummond, whose connexion with the court would not allow him to join in the opinions uttered around, attempted to justify him by the excuse always made in England for fools:—"He was so very good natured!" Good nature is a poor palliative for perfidy, cruelty, revenge, unwarranted despotism, and the neglect of all the duties of a sovereign. However he died; and I saw him embalmed and lying in state and buried, after a grand procession to which the managers of it had forgotten to invite the clergy! But I saw a more curious sight still. I saw the coronation of his son Francis and of his Queen, on the stage of the theatre of San Carlo. It was managed thus: they all went in state to the Royal Box; we, the audience, were in court dresses: the actors sang a poem in honour of their Majesties; and then a curtain was drawn up and showed pasteboard figures of their said majesties and royal family, painted in the exact resemblance of each one, sitting on thrones on the stage, while actresses, personating the different towns of the kingdom, knelt around and presented their homage and the keys of their gates. Then, from the heavens above, descended two pasteboard angels, and held a wreath of laurel over the head of the painted sovereign; while the audience applauded with rapture and the King and Queen (the real ones) looked through their opera glasses from the box to see how their representatives on the stage bore their blushing honours!

The gentle reader may be still more astonished when I inform him that all this ceremony was enacted because (since the conquest of the kingdom of Naples by the Normans) the country has been held by its sovereigns as a fief under the Pope, and because when crowned they have to own themselves to be vassals of his Holiness. Hence are they only crowned in pasteboard, and the humiliation, as they deem it, is avoided. I thought that King Francis looked as though he would be like his father, which my friend called—"very good-natured."

Sir William Drummond died at Rome in the spring of 1829.

In the autumn of that year, I was again in the Villa Reale at Naples. Lady Drummond was still there on her old beat; her nephew, Stewart, at her side. Both have died since then. My youthful flame, who had dwindled down to a pleasant boyish recollection, had disappeared: married, I was told, to a German officer. I take it for granted that she, too, like most of those I have known in former years, is dead. Naples, dear to me from my youth, became more than ever endeared to me at this visit. And heedless of those who had fallen or were falling before and around me, I received from God his most choice blessing, and thought myself invulnerable in the happiness awarded to me. Happy, happy years! how swiftly have ye fled by since then! But

“She is gone—she, too, is gone.”

“How strange it is to think that it is all over!” said a dying mother to me. It is, perhaps, more strange to feel oneself gradually moving from the stage; to see the curtain gradually dropping between oneself and the outer world; while those who were actors with us before it withdraw, one by one, to that “green-room” where waves the long grass over the undulating ground and the tall nettles and thistles grow rank; where the wind whistles but the light grows dim under the spreading boughs of the old yew trees; and where the only sun that shines is the blessed cross upon the grave stone, ever proclaiming to us that

“Love and Hope and Beauty’s bloom
Are blossoms gather’d for the tomb—
There’s nothing bright but heaven.”

[We much regret that press of matter obliges us to defer, until next month, the notice and interesting correspondence of Bishop Baines.]

Our kind correspondents would very much oblige us if they would send their communications to us earlier in the month.—
EDIT. CATH. MAG. & REG.]

THE DIARY OF MARTHA BETHUNE BALIOL.

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF HER BELOVED GRANDMOTHER,
THE LADY BETHUNE OF LINCLUDEN: COMMENCED THE 1ST
DAY OF SEPTEMBER, 1758.

THE first day of September.—My beloved grandmother having left Mount Baliol at 8 o'clock a.m., to visit our good friends and cousins the Græmes of the Knowe, has requested of me to note down all that may occur during her absence, and to acquaint her of the same on her return.

At eight o'clock this morning our coach departed, carrying in it the lady of Lincluden—our pretty kinswoman Jean Cumyn, and a favourite gaze-hound of the name of Speed! Her own woman also accompanied her; Roger drove the four black Flanders mares, and his son John, and a groom of my brother were the outriders; my brother praised Roger for the sleek appearance of his horses, but whispered to me he would have the coach newly painted for me ere we go to Edinburgh, where we are to pass the winter. I assured him that the coach that did for my grandmother, would suffice for me, whereat he laughed, and called me “a demure mouse.” Truly he is an excellent brother! Ere my dear grandmother departed, she gave me a beautiful piece of rose-coloured taffetas. She has also installed Alice Lambskin to be my woman, and to have the charge of my laces; and expressed a hope that she would prove as faithful as her mother was, who served in our family upwards of forty years.

Alice tells me that there is sufficient taffetas to make me a sacque and negligé, which, with my cap of Flanders lace which my brother gave me, will, I am told, be a very becoming dress to appear in on my birth-day, the 17th.

The henwife came to tell me that the *tod* had taken two fat hens and a green goose. I ordered her to tell the keeper and ranger to come to me, and told them that I marvelled how this might be, if they attended to their master's interest; whereat the ranger muttered, “That if Tib would not go sae aften to the Clachan, the *tod* would not get her beasts;” but I sharply desired him not to prate, but to attend to his own affairs.

Memorandum.—To tell my grandmother this matter on her return, and also what Ringwood said about Tib.

My brother went out hunting soon after the departure of my grandmother, and brought home two fine stags; one was a stag royal. I ordered Ringwood to preserve the horns of it for the

hall ; and my heart smiting me for having spoken somewhat sharply to him about Tib, I sent a fine haunch to his wife (my nurse), and told him to send my fosterer to fetch the same. He came and brought me a young eaglet, which he had taken from its nest in the Devil's Chair. He had got sadly wounded by the mother's beak and claws ; but he said he did not care about it, he was so proud in having at length procured me an eaglet, which I have long desired. I dressed his wounds with some celebrated salve of my grandmother, and desired him to get his dinner in the kitchen. I gave him twelve shillings (Scots) and he departed in great glee. He is a brave lad.

At dinner, my brother made merrie with me ; and we being the only two at table, he several times addressed me as Lady Baliol, his wife ! Alice Lambskin was sorry when I told her his jest, as she holds that it is not lucky ; so I laughed, and told her that I had no fear : moreover, that I was too proud of my own name to mourn if I never had another. In the evening I sang a little to my lute, my brother joining with me. In jest he condoled with me for not having gone to the Knowe with my grandmother, who considers me yet too young for company ; and he told me that one of the beauties of a ball he was at the other week was only sixteen, Mistress Isobel More by name ; and that soon my hair would be gray, I being nearly seventeen years of age. At nine o'clock, we retired ; and I went, as is my custom, to visit the chamber of my dear grandmother, and felt a sore pang in seeing it empty, for never before since I can remember have we been separated. Alice waited on me, and begged to leave open the door which separates her chamber from mine. I soon fell asleep, and dreamt that I was Miss Isobel More, the beauty, and that I was going to tread a measure with my fosterer, Ringwood ; and that the viols were playing "Up in the mornin's no for me." I awoke (*September 2,*) suddenly, and the music still ringing in my ears, I threw my robe-de-chambre around me, and going to the window I saw my brother standing and giving directions to the ranger to sound a *reveille* ! He called me slug-a-bed, and warned me that already it was past six o'clock ; that he was going to visit the Deep-den-chase, and hoped that I would wait breakfast till he returned.

I went to the dairy to see the milk sythed ; and heard from Marjory, the dairywoman, that she thought Old Peg had bewitched our cow Crummie, as she could get no milk from her. I went to look at the poor beast, but could perceive no difference in her ; but I ordered Marjorie to take her to the byre. Marjorie said that she thought that Peg had done it, out of spite for somewhat that she (Marjorie) had said of her pretty

daughter Peggie; but I, having heard from others that Marjorie is jealous of Peggie, did not altogether believe the story, but I took care not to say this to Marjorie, as she is a good and honest servant; and I find that we have *six* cheeses more this half-year than formerly, and have reared two additional calves. I ordered a *ewe* milk rebbuck to be sent for the table; also to send two pints of sweet milk to old Dame Durden, at the Clachan, who has two sick grandchildren now with her. I met pretty Peggie, who was coming to the Mount for something for her mother, who had been ailing all the night. I mentioned what had befallen Crummie; she was grieved and amazed, but in no way took guilt to her. She accompanied me to the house, and I desired the cook to give her some soup and broken-meat for her mother. I also gave her a bottle of my grandmother's cordial.

At our breakfast, my brother told me that, in the Deep-den-chase, he found a troupe of gipsies, tinklers, and cairds, and that he had warned them off his ground; and told me to caution the maids that they must be doubly careful of all committed to their charge, whilst we have such neighbours. I told him of the loss of the fowls, and how Marjorie declared that Old Peg had bewitched Crummie. He laughed, and said, he thought the gipsies knew the taste of the fowls better than the *tod*, and that most likely poor Crummie had been frightened by the sight of Marjorie's ugly face; she being exceedingly homely in appearance, though a good servant.

I was seated at my wheel, and had well nigh finished my allotted task of a cut, when hearing the trampling of horses in the court, I went to the window to see whom it might be, and saw mine honoured uncle and a stranger gentleman alighting at the door. I desired Alice to bring me my lace pinners, and to follow me whilst I went to the door to bid them welcome. My uncle saluted me, and named the stranger to me: it was Mr. Garden, from the North. My uncle said, he was uncertain what day my grandmother meant to go to the Knowe, and had ridden over to present his young friend to her. My brother now joined us, and pressed my uncle to remain, which he at once consented to do; and, in truth, I believe he made this visit on purpose to inspect my housekeeping. I had with my own hands made a large pastie of the venison, and had ordered soup of the same; also a leg of mutton to be roasted; a stoved how-towdie, with drappit eggs and force-meat stuffing, a dish my dear brother does like well: so now I ordered the cook to give us a sirloin of beef, a jugged hare, and what else she could for the strangers. I found the keeper below with a fine salmon, weighing near 28lbs, and a pike. I told the cook to boil the salmon whole, and

with my own hands I made a good pudding for the stomach of the pike; and sending the keeper for some moor-game, I determined to do the best we could, since better might not be.

At two o'clock, for my brother likes late hours the best, at two o'clock the dinner was served, and Sir Richard asked Mr. Garden to lead me to the dining room, I being the only lady present. I observed that Mr. Garden seemed amused by the signal which we ever use to announce that dinner is served—the cook chappin with his rolling pin—and he told me that a bell is now rung to call people to their meals; but I answered that it seemed to me that a bell was more suitable for calling folk to prayer and fasting, rather than drinking and feasting.

My uncle was pleased to commend the pike, and Mr. Garden avowed that he had never tasted such a pasty.

I wore my dames-plum coloured satin negligée and my second best lace ruffles, but I felt very shy, and was, I fear, very awkward, for this was the first time I had ever sat at the head of the table, and in carving the how-towdie, I could not for some time hit the joint, whereat my uncle appeared distressed; but my brother by his lively conversation attracted the attention of Mr. Garden, so that I think he perceived not my awkwardness.

Memorandum.—To practise carving till I be more perfect at it.

During dinner Mr. Garden and my brother conversed much on the subject of a gay wedding they had been at lately, and who was the beauty at the dance in the evening. Mr. Garden held that one of the bridesmaids surpassed all; my brother said nay, but mentioned no name.

My uncle and Mr. Garden propose going to the Knowe, where a large party is assembled, and, they say, some strangers from England, but much I doubt that fact.

After dinner I took a walk in the pleasaunce, and then, attended by Alice and my valet, I went to the Clachan, to see how some poor bodies fared, and if they lacked aught that I could send them. I found them all mending.

In the evening, in order that Mr. Garden might not deem us utterly ignorant of new fashions, I invited him along with the others to partake of a dish of tea in my own appartement; but he tells me that tea is now no rarity, for that at a drum the other evening at my Lady Foulis, the very servants had each a dish of it. I marvel how he comes to know this. He then attempted a song, but his voice pleased me not; and did make me some fine speeches, but I told him I was too country in my breeding to care to hear more of them, whereat he appeared not over well pleased.

My uncle expressed himself well pleased with my deportment, and gave me his blessing when I retired for the night; but before going to my bed chamber, I first went to see that the maids had properly prepared the rooms which my uncle and Mr. Garden were to occupy, and also told Howison to serve them with some good posset when they retired.

September 3.—Being resolved that my brother should not again call me slug-a-bed I desired my woman Alice to call me at five o'clock, so that I might have every thing in fitting order for the breakfast of my uncle and Mr. Garden. The pasty still looked well, so I ordered it to be served, and a dish of hot collops and some moor game, and bid the boy run and tell Ringwood to draw one of the ponds, and send me up a dozen caller trouts; which I dressed myself after a receipt of my dear grandmother's—to the approval of my uncle. I also ordered the sirloin to be sent in, and told the butler not to spare the best wine, but to draw a jug of claret from a butt lately sent us from France by a good and dear friend now there with our White Rose, which I pray may yet bloom once more in Auld Scotland.

At parting, my dear uncle again commended me, and Mr. Garden expressed a hope that we might meet in Edinburgh, where he does reside, and where we purpose, God willing, to spend this coming winter. My brother gave them a convoy the matter of three miles. He was mounted on his favourite black horse, Soldan; and in my eyes there is none that can compare with him. When they had left us I went about my household duties. Marjorie told me that Crummie was now herself again. I reproved her anent the matter of Old Peg, and I myself do blame the gipsies; but she maintained she had tied a bit of rowan tree to her tail, and had put a silver sixpence she got from my brother to buy a fairing into her drinking trough. I do marvel if that could have done good!

Memorandum.—To ask my brother his opinion anent witches and the gude folk.

I then read the space of half-an-hour, and was doing so when Alice Lambskin came to me to consult me on the making of my rose-coloured taffetas. My brother did return in the midst thereof, and having good knowledge of what is suitable, and having moreover much observation in these matters; he did advise that I should not have a sacque made of it, but instead a fardingale, or a hoop. I like not the notion of a hoop, so am determined to have a fardingale, and my kind brother has himself written to Mrs. Needlework, the first mantua-maker in Edinburgh, to send me a capuchin, and the newest modes in muffs and aprons. In truth, I am not worthy of such a brother, yet do I love him tenderly.

Sir Richard did purpose going a shooting. I therefore ordered the cook to serve dinner at twelve, noon. During our repast we conversed on the merits of Mr. Garden. My brother said that he seemed to have ability. I replied that I was no judge; but, to me, it seemed that he was more learned in cooking than in aught else; and that I thought he esteemed me a silly maiden who would be flattered by a few fine speeches; and that, in truth, I cared not if I saw him again no more.

My brother has been so little in Scotland of late that he is unacquainted with our cousins and neighbours, and Mr. Garden, who resides in Edinburgh, has offered to name him to his friends; but I trow Sir Richard Baliol will make his own way, without the aid of Mr. Garden; and though my dear grandmother has been little in Edinburgh during the last eight years, I doubt not but she could name Sir Richard as well as Mr. Garden could. I made so bold as to say this to my brother; he laughed heartily thereat, and said I was a little know-nothing! but seeing the tears in my eyes, he saluted me tenderly, and said that he meant not to distress me, but that Mr. Garden's acquaintances are the young wits of the day, and such as my grandmother knows not. He proposed that I should accompany him as far as the Spring-well-muir; and desiring my page to go and attend me there, I hastened to get my hat and muff, and accompanied him. On the way he told me that after the 17th, he purposed visiting his dear friend and comrade, Murray of Kilmaine.

"Murray is one whom you will much esteem, Martha," said he; "for he is as fond of the White Rose as you are:" and then he did regret that in the '45, instead of wielding his sword for his lawful king, he had shed his blood in the service of the elector at Fontenoy. I comforted him as best I could, and assured him that that matter had been well redd up to the prince by our grandmother; and that he, in his own courtly manner, had assured her that he knew that no Baliol or Bethune would have drawn his sword against his lawful king, or left it sheathed when his country required it. He seemed pleased to hear this.

On my return, I amused myself singing to my lute, and three several times did I sing over "He's owre the hills that I loe weel."

Memorandum.—To ask my grandmother to narrate to my brother her recollections of the month of September, '45.

I did inspect the pickling of a fine porker; and assisted by Alice, and May Ketley, I did preserve some pints of plums—and made some candied Angelica, which Alice assures me is a fine thing for keeping off witches and infection.

When my brother returned, he brought with him some fine black cocks, and muir game, which I saw put carefully into the larder, and then, wearied with my long walk, I retired before nine.

September 4.—I rose early in order to see that every thing might be well in call on the return of my dear grandmother, but the Knowe is at such a distance from this, that I expect not her return till afternoon.

I found all going well in the dairy, and told Marjorie that Mr. Garden (but I mentioned no name to her, merely said a gentlemen) had told me that buttermilk was one of the finest things for fattening pigs, and that she might take a young porker and try. It can do no harm. I told the cook that as we had killed a sheep, to see that we had a good haggis to dinner, as my grandmother likes that dish well.

I could not settle to my spinning, but broke my thread so often in rising hastily to look for the coach, that I put aside my wheel, and tried to read, but came no better speed. I went to look for my brother, but found he had gone out with two gaze hounds which my uncle had brought him. I then went to see how Alice progressed with my fardingale, but just as she proceeded to let me see it, I heard the sound of wheels, and ran hastily to welcome my dear grandmother. She had alighted ere I reached the door, and running towards towards her I flung my arms round her, and she embraced me tenderly. I then perceived that she was not alone, but was accompanied by a gentleman. I felt ashamed that he should have seen me running and knew not where to look, or what to do, but he appeared to be assisting my grandmother's woman Elspet to keep Speed quiet, and saw not my confusion. "Come hither, Master Edwardes," said my grandmother, "this is a young mayden I hope to see you well acquainted with: this is my granddaughter, Martha Baliol." Mr. Edwardes bowed low, and did express himself to the effect that he should be well pleased if I would rank him amongst my acquaintance. He then, my brother being absent, offered his arm to my grandmother to assist her up stairs, whilst Elspet and I followed.

On our way to the oak chamber, where my grandmother always sits, Elspet told me that she was both tired and hungry, Speed having eat all the luncheon that the lady of the Knowe had put into a basket for her. I ordered her, therefore, to hasten to the cook and get her dinner, whilst I went to attend my grandmother.

On entering the oak chamber, Mr. Edwardes handed me a chair, but he remained standing till both my grandmother and myself did entreat that he would be seated.

At her request I then told her what had occurred during her absence, and mentioned the visit of my uncle and Mr. Garden.

"What Garden is he?" she inquired.

"He is from the North, I believe," I replied, "but does reside in Edinburgh."

"Nay, then," quoth she, "it is just Francie Garden: but how comes Bernard to know him, still less to fancy that the sight of him would be a pleasure, the naming of him an honour to me."

"How came he to be so far from Lucky Laings at the commencement of the oyster season?" said Mr. Edwardes: whereupon my grandmother laughed heartily—but I knew not what they alluded to.

"We are honest folk here, Master Edwardes," said my grandmother, "so ye may e'en tell Martha the tale after your ain fashion:" whereupon Mr. Edwardes said,—

"On the 19th of September, '45, when all our hearts beat high with hope, and when it appeared as if Heaven was to prosper our cause, and to restore our rightful king, sixteen very valiant and loyal subjects of the *electors* volunteered to reconnoitre our army and report our position during the night, to the authorities. Some I believe did, or said they succeeded in surveying our position. They may have done so, for ours were not paid train bands, with out-posts, and pickets placed, but a handful of the bravest, truest, most loyal hearts that ever beat, following a prince whom they loved to death or victory, and each eager to help to re-establish on the throne the descendant of a hundred kings.

"Two of these valiant youths whom I have told you of—one was Francie Garden, the other Robert Cunninghame, started on their expedition, which led them towards Musselburgh, and when passing the ale-house of Luckie Laing, they found, I suppose, their courage unequal for the task, and determined to brace their nerves with stronger *spirits* than their own; and to add to the temptation, a heap of newly-opened oyster shells lay at the door of the ale-house, and Luckie Laing was celebrated for the sherry she had. Their conduct admits of no excuse, for there they sat.—Yet they were valiant servants to the usurper: and there they remained, till a young fellow from the North, who had given his master the slip to follow his king, chanced to look in at the window and recognised them. He knew that they had sat drinking till the state of the tide rendered their return by the sands impossible: accordingly he stationed himself on the narrow bridge of the Eske, and when the two attempted to pass, he made them prisoners; he a young lad scarce eighteen. He conducted them to the camp, and gave them in charge of John Roy Stuart, commander of the king's body guard, who at

once declared that they were spies, and proposed to hang them instantly. The idea of dying for their king, had never been entertained by them; you may therefore imagine their consternation. Colquhoun Grant held a commission in the body guard, and they requested to see him, and he managed either to get them off, or let them off. But imagine their agony, when good Roy Stuart declared he would hang them immediately to save time, and that he was certain that the auldest, and warst favoured (Mr. Garden) maun be a spy, or something waur."

To the best of my poor ability I have endeavoured to give this story in Master Edwardes' own words, but I cannot give it with the same spirit, and the bare narration appears exceedingly tame when I read it, and compare it to the animated manner in which he told it. It confirms my prejudice against Master Garden, which I was somewhat ashamed of, as being without reason.

Scaree had Master Edwardes finished when my brother entered. My granddame led him aside, and conversed earnestly with him; whilst Master Edwardes narrated to me the manner in which they passed the time at the Knowe, and did tell me that my cousin, Lucy Græme, is of rare and exceeding beauty, and to his mind prettier than either of her sisters. My brother did then advance, and taking Mr. Edwardes by the hand, he greeted him kindly, and expressed the pleasure it gave him to see him (Mr. E.) at Mount Baliol, and hoped he would make it his home as long as it was convenient for him to do so, and more to the same effect; to all of which Mr. Edwardes did reply in a suitable manner. My granddame told us then of our cousins, and that she had invited them all to the ball which my kind brother gives me on the 17th, and also several of their neighbours; and had promised hunting to the young men, and a merry dance to the young maidens. She did then retire to her own chamber, and I did accompany her. I brought her my diary, wherewith she was much amused, and does advise me to continue it. She says that she will not ask to see it, unless it be my wish.

At dinner we were, as Master Edwardes termed us, *une partie quarée*, to his thinking the pleasantest of all. He has been so much abroad, that he says he is a stranger to the ways and manners of this country, and has prayed me to instruct him in our customs; and in return, he promises to instruct me in the habits and head-dresses most in vogue, and to describe minutely the number of diamonds in the stomacher of the Pompadour worn at a ball at Versailles, which he was at very lately, and where he had the honour of walking a minuet with the lovely Madame de Choiseul, a countrywoman of his own.

As Master Edwardes practises the foreign fashion of accompanying the ladies to the withdrawing room, we had time for a walk, and he and my brother pressed me much to accompany them. Getting my muff and capuchin I did so, and we walked to the Deep-den-chase, where we found the gipsies encamped. My brother went to speak to Ringwood about this matter; and an old gipsy no sooner saw him leave us than she came up, and said she would spae our fortunes. I was afraid, and drew back; but Master Edwardes encouraged me, and said, the future could have no terrors for me, though I might make much woe to others: I was therefore persuaded, and held out my hand. The old woman, who was ugly and dirty, looked at my hand attentively, and then told me that I would travel far, and see many countries; but far as I would travel I would never overtake happiness and—but here Master Edwardes seeing me turn pale from terror, for in sooth I liked not to hear her, interrupted her, and told her to try his hand: “And, remember, no tricks with me,” said he; “for I had my fortune told by a celebrated necromancer in Paris; so see that you say the same.” He then laughed, and said to me: “She gave you ill luck because you gave her no money. I learnt in Paris, that they see the future more clearly when the present is covered with silver. Is it not so?” and he put some silver into her hand.

She scowled on him, and said: “Ah! French gold—little good has it brought to Scotland.”

“True, mother,” said he, “and English less.”

“Aye, lad,” she replied, “say ye so—then I’m thinking little o’t has come your way.”

He answered, laughing: “I believe I am an Englishman; so you are wrong there.”

“English, are ye! then ye come o’ an ill and a cruel kind. Little do me or mine owe them,” she muttered. And then taking his hand, she said: “Aye, an English loof—fyled wi Scotch blude. There’s blude on this hand, for as white as it looks—mony a bludie danger past, and monie mair to come.”

“They’ll be welcome,” he said; “we shall meet as old friends.”

“Friends!—aye, aye, ye say true; it’s frae your friens that ye hae maist to fear. Do you see that reid mark crossing the line o life?—sae young, and sae bonnie!—but it’s dim, and I canna see beyond it—” and she stopped.

“Well, mother, what now! I have faced most dangers—what is this one that scares you? believe me, I shall be ready.”

“To die a bludie death,” she said, solemnly.

“Aye, to die a bloodie death! It has been the fate of those

nearest and dearest to me ; why should it not be mine ? Only say, that success crowns my fall ; and then, welcome death !”

“Success ! aye, truly ; ye’re no the ane to fail in aught that a brave heart, a reddie han, or a winnin tongue can help on : but—”

“Nay,” he said, interrupting her, “I’ll hear no more. To die in the arms of victory, has ever been the lot I most envied ;” and at that moment my brother joined us.

“Hola !” he paused a moment, and looked at Master Edwardes. “Edwardes !” he said. “Well, Edwardes,” continued my brother, “are you getting a charm, or having your fortune spaed ? Is he to be a lord, and ride in a coach and six ? That, I think, is the general reward of merit accorded us here.”

“That at least—but this old lady has been trying to frighten me out of a little money by predicting battle, murder, and sudden death. Now in Paris for half the sum I gave her, my diviner promised me every kind of pleasure, and so pleased was I, that I gave the poor wretch a louis for her pains.”

Master Edwardes seemed to treat the matter as a jest, and alluded to it no more : but I could not help thinking again and again on the words I had heard. I told them to my grandmother, but she assured me that the woman was probably angry with him for laughing at her craft, and having some grudge against the English, had said it on purpose.

In the evening Master Edwardes sang sweetly to us some French romances, and did appear to have quite forgotten the fate foretold him.

(To be continued.)

REGISTER

OF

NEW PUBLICATIONS, CORRESPONDENCE, AND EVENTS.

The Editor of the CATHOLIC MAGAZINE AND REGISTER desires that his Correspondents and Contributors may alone be held responsible for the opinions and sentiments that each may express. But he invites our Venerable Clergy and all Catholics to send him information on all matters of religious interest in their several neighbourhoods.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Treatise of Albertus Magnus (1193-1280) De adhærendo Deo, of adhering to God; translated from the Latin. Pp. 65. London: Gilpin. 1850.

Albertus Magnus was a learned Dominican in the thirteenth century, sometime Bishop of Ratisbon, till he resigned his bishopric and returned to the quiet of his monastery. In his youth he is reported to have been very dull and stupid, till the Blessed Virgin appeared to him and asked him whether he would choose to excel in philosophy or divinity: he chose philosophy, and she promised him all success; but foretold that to punish him for not having selected the nobler science, he should before he died relapse into his pristine stupidity: which accordingly came upon him while he was lecturing in his old age! This story is told by Bayle who does not condescend to refute it; but merely adds that those who believe him will know that he considers it a fable, and those who believe the fable will not alter their opinion in reference to anything he may say!

Turn we now to the little book before us; which is much too grave to have recorded such an anecdote. Wherefore it was published we cannot understand. As a book on religious meditation, it contains nothing new or striking; but not knowing who the translator is, we suspect that it has been manufactured out of the original for Protestant purposes, to the exclusion of all reference to practices of Catholic piety. The result is a compound of Jansenism, Spinosism, Protestantism, and Scripture, that is repulsive. We cannot understand why the book was published.

Hungary and the Hungarian Struggle. Three Lectures delivered before the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution. By T. Grieve Clark. Twenty months resident in Hungary during 1847-8-9. 1 vol. 8vo, pp. 128. London: Groombridge.

So rapid have been revolutions and restorations during the last three years, that this book appears rather after date. All the world feels that General Georgey sold his country, and that the interest now attaching to Hungary is already either historical or anticipative: Hungary exists not at present. But the book is pleasantly written, and gives an animated account of scenes of which the writer was a witness. These are recorded in a light and easy style, the very familiarity of which is acceptable. It agreeably conveys considerable information.

A Few Words of Hope on the Present Crisis of the English Church. By the Rev. J. M. Neale, M.A., Warden of Sackville College. London: Masters. 1850.

Anything however humble, however insignificant in appearance, must, by a certain portion of our perplexed brethren, be joyfully received as coming from the pen of the learned, pious, but, alas! deluded Warden of Sackville College. Mr. Neale's zeal against the tenets of Holy Church, as also his activity in withholding souls from entering the Kingdom of Heaven, has long been a matter of notoriety; and we can only say, his *Few Words of Hope* have been read by us with considerable interest. Mr. Neale compares the "history of the Swedish with that of the English Church. The former, to all outward appearances, emerged from the Reformation with far greater likelihood of duration. It was less changed in every respect; it retained greater dignity in its offices; it was less spoiled and oppressed by the State. But every change in Sweden has been in a *downward*, every alteration in England in an *upward* direction. Without such powerful enemies, without such narrow escapes, the Swedish Establishment has lost and lost; the English Church, pressed oftentimes out of measure above strength, despairing even of life, has gained and gained."

Passing over the untenableness of our learned Warden's position, assumed in the latter portion of this paragraph, we would fain remind him of an argument which, if we mistake not, we learned from one of his earlier works, when he was more Catholically imbued than at present, viz., that the fact of the *non-promulgation* of the Bull of Excommunication against England *as a nation*, in the time of Elizabeth, was the cause of her proceeding in an upward direction; while Sweden, Geneva, and the other Protestant countries, having been formally excommunicated, were plunging themselves yet deeper into the abyss of heresy.

Mr. Neale was at that time willing to allow some spiritual efficacy to the judgments of the Holy See, and therefore saw much in this remarkable fact; but the pressing of this argument did not suit his purposes in *A Few Words of Hope*; as he well knew that "many would," happily for their souls' health, "forsake their allegiance" to a *state Establishment*, and therefore anything tending to prove the spirituality of Rome would only weaken his purpose, and perhaps accelerate the departure of many who are now only *beginning* to doubt.

We shall bring these few remarks to a conclusion by quoting Mr. Neale's advice to his doubting brethren:—"Clearly is it their duty to wait. The Church will emerge from this affliction either the better for it or the worse: if the latter, it will be time enough to leave her then; if the former, bitterly will they repent the having left her at all." If, then, our house is on fire, according to this position, we must wait until it be actually burnt down ere we leave, or rather, until the falling rafters point out our imminent danger. Verily this is a curious argument. But will Mr. Neale kindly tell us which among our converts (saving Messrs. Sibthorpe, Jephson and Conolly) have bitterly "*repented* having left the Establishment?" On the contrary, from the published writings of Messrs. Newman, Oakeley, Faber, Thompson, Northcote, Bittlestone and others, we learn that they all rejoice with joy unspeakable in having been so far favoured with the Divine grace as to be enabled to leave the Church of England, as established by law; and we sincerely believe that these gentlemen and their brother converts would rather, each and every one of them, shoulder a broom and commence the profession of street sweeping, than be raised to the highest (so called) ecclesiastical preferment in the miserable and helpless body which they have deserted, and which indeed, as Mr. Ward has truly observed, "*HAS NO DEFINITE DOCTRINE TO TEACH.*"

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CONVERSION OF ENGLAND.

To the Editor of the "Catholic Magazine and Register."

JESU CHRISTI PASSIO.

DEAR SIR.—In my last letter, I brought forward the 37th chapter of Ezekiel, in order to draw from it my answer to the question whether England will ever be Catholic again? I will now go on to some more remarks on parts of that interesting vision of the prophet. I wish to point out how it appears to illustrate what we have seen actually going on among us in these last days; so that I would almost venture to apply to it the words of our Lord, "This day is fulfilled this scripture in your ears." (Luke iv. 21.) About twenty years ago, if it had been asked, where was the spot in all England, where a Catholic movement was least likely to take place, where might Catholic life be considered most completely extinct, and some one had named the university of Oxford, I think all would have agreed he was in the right. To no place, apparently could the similitude of the plain of dry bones, as far as regarded *Catholic* life, be more appropriately applied. Yet what have we seen? There was heard no prophet's voice indeed to move the bones; but about seventeen years ago, as Mr. Newman dates it in his present course of lectures, "there was a noise and behold a commotion" in Oxford: (see v. 7) a movement commenced then, which as it proceeded attracted more and more the attention and became the topic of discourse of all this kingdom, and of Catholics in other countries. A body of the learned men of the University were setting themselves to inquire for truer, sounder doctrine by ways long disused, and to the generality of people quite unknown. By diligent researches into ecclesiastical antiquity, they were seen gradually shaking off old prejudices against the Catholic Church, embracing one after another Catholic dogmas, following Catholic practices, till at length they had become, as it were, complete Catholics, as Ezekiel saw the bones coming into order, and covered by degrees, with sinews and flesh and then with skin, in short, formed into perfect bodies, but in one case as in the other, for a time "there was no spirit in them." (v. 8.) How were they at length brought to life? The prophet was again commanded to speak; not now to the bones; but to the spirit, "to come from the four winds, and blow upon these slain, and let them live again." He did so and "they stood up upon their feet an exceeding great army." (v. 10.) And how did it happen with the Oxford divines? They also have lived again. But how? By what agency? Not by man's. At least, it was not man's wisdom, eloquence, or efforts which led them home. If man had to do with it, it was the prayer of the good through the world, which caused the great result. Towards the end of the year 1845, Bp. Wiseman visited France, and moved by the wonderful new position in which things were among so many in England, he wrote a circular letter to the bishops of that kingdom to beg the prayers of the faithful for our country. A general movement of prayer was made in answer to it, for ten days or a fortnight, and very soon after—I have not now at hand the means to say how soon—Mr. Newman and his companions at Littlemore were received into the Church. Many more followed, and may we not say, "they stand on their feet, an exceeding great army." Look only at the Fathers of the Oratory under Father Newman's command. An exceeding great army, it is true, they are not, numerically; but in point of ability and of moral influence, is not each of them individually almost a host in himself? Or will not this be the truth, when, helped by further prayers, they come into full action? Yet the prophecy was not to the spirit from the four winds. It was a great voice indeed which called, and it was a noble

Catholic people which was invoked, and which heard and responded to the call. But it was only one among the nations of the faith; and the call was made but once, and by one voice. Yet—what an effect! Oh! if the Catholics of England would but cry unanimously! Oh! if they would make their cry sound throughout all lands, and repeat and repeat it again, till the whole Christian world should ring again with its sound, and be, as it were, forced to pray for us incessantly! This has not been done: but why should it not now be done? The breath of prayer for England, has not been wholly spent and silenced. Some have persevered in England itself; many in other lands: and by the dews and sunshine of divine grace, which they have drawn upon this country, another harvest has been gradually ripening. The Lord God, merciful and good beyond our hopes, beyond our very wishes, has raised another great commotion, the noise of which is heard in every quarter of the land, and which has set many on the search for a place of rest, who have hitherto been lying at ease in their old state of insensibility and slumber; while many more, who had before been moving towards the truth and becoming by degrees more enlightened, are beginning now to feel to the quick the danger and unsoundness of their position; but either know not as yet where is that firm ground on which they fain would set their feet, or are scared at the difficulties of the step which they must take to reach it. Now, I ask, are we to leave the issue of this new commotion, which the controversy on baptism has excited, to remain doubtful, or shall we, by united unceasing prayers, and by moving all Catholics throughout the world to join us in prayer, make the result sure, and move Almighty God to bring out of the confusion which we see the divinely wise order of the Catholic Church, as his spirit of old moving on the face of the chaotic deep, brought forth this universe with all its varied yet harmonious beauties. Oh! it would indeed be lamentable, if we let pass this crisis unimproved; and what are we to do? some may say. I might be content to answer, where there is a will there is a way. If people will it, surely they can pray, and they can ask others to pray. I will mention here what was done by one steady persevering man. Brother Luke, the Cistercian, was sent, some years ago, into France to beg money for the building of the Abbey Church of Mount St. Bernard, in Leicestershire. He undertook to beg spiritual alms also, and to make his petition for these before he asked for the money. He succeeded well in his two years' begging for money; God fulfilling to him the promise, "Seek first the kingdom of God and his justice and the rest shall be added." And how about the prayers? He showed me a book on his return in which were written promises by the superiors of 500 religious houses of men or women that they would with their communities persevere in prayer for England, besides 300 more who promised without writing. Oh! how much might be done by thousands, if one can do so much! Another case has lately occurred to be added to this. A young gentleman, a convert, who resides in Liege, where, last year, I had the pleasure of making his acquaintance, has taken up the cause, and being employed in business during the week, on Sundays visits in turn one or other of the parishes in the neighbouring country, and begs the pastors to recommend England to their flocks, himself distributing after Mass, little prints to remind them. With a little quiet constancy of purpose, how soon might we see all Christendom in a steady flame of charity for England; and this spirit of zeal once alive, I say for those who care not so much for prayers, we should soon see open to us all the resources of the Christian world, in money and men, to help us. Oh! let us at length begin in earnest.

I am, dear Sir, your faithful Servant in Jesus Christ,

IGNATIUS OF ST. PAUL, *Passionist*.

*St. Peter's Chapel House, Winchester,
June 16th, 1850.*

P.S.—I have not failed to notice the interesting suggestion of your correspondent who signs his name *Unus*. The idea, which he suggests has struck me before. In due time, please God, something of the kind, with proper authority, may be well organized.

CONSECRATION OF THE NEW CHURCH AT ERDINGTON.

To the Editor of the "Catholic Magazine and Register."

SIR.—The new Catholic church of St. Thomas of Canterbury, which, it will be remembered, was opened for Divine service a few months ago, was solemnly consecrated on the 11th inst., by the Right Rev. Dr. Ullathorne. The service commenced at six o'clock in the morning, and extended over four hours. The attendance of the clergy and laity was numerous, and included many distinguished individuals from a distance, and several Protestants.

At half-past ten o'clock, the clergy, regular and secular, and others engaged in the service, assembled on the ground adjoining the church, and from thence proceeded to the west entrance and along the nave to the high-altar. Masters A. L. Philipps and C. Tucker, as thurifers, first advanced, followed by the cross-bearer, supported on both sides by the Hon. J. Dormer and the Hon. M. Nugent as acolytes; a number of youths in surplices, followed by the choir of St. Chad's, conducted by Mr. Hardman; and after the choir various religious orders, represented as follows:—the Benedictines by the Rev. T. Barber, president-general of the order, the Rev. R. Burchall, president of Douay College, Rev. W. Scott, of Malvern, Rev. T. C. Smith, of Acton Burnell, and the Rev. M. Sinnott, of Coventry; the Dominicans by the Rev. S. Proctor, superior, and Fathers Morwood, Dent, and Maltus; the Oratorians by Fathers Penny, Gordon, Caswall, Flanagan, and several of the brethren from the Oratory, Birmingham; the Rosminians by the Rev. Dr. Pagani, of Radcliffe College; the Oblates of the Immaculate Conception by Fathers Bellon, Tortel, Arnoux, Cook; the Rev. M. McDonough and thirteen of the brethren from St. Mary's Vale,—all wearing the costume, &c., peculiar to their respective orders. The secular clergy, to the number of forty, next followed; amongst whom were the Very Rev. John Moore, president of Oscott College, Rev. F. Amherst, Rev. J. Mayland, Rev. H. Weedall, the Revs. T. Leith, F. Bond, P. Holland, W. Lovie, S. Fox, F. Fairfax, F. Turville, T. Longman, T. Tysan, E. Huddleston, P. O'Sullivan, J. Dalton, J. Parke, J. Jeffries, T. Revill, J. Macarte, R. Bagnall, T. Telford, W. Illsley, T. Flanagan, J. Walker, J. Moore (Sutton), H. Henage, H. Formby, and a number of divines from Oscott College.

The bishop, with his deacon, sub-deacon, and attendants, closed the procession, and on arriving at the altar commenced the celebration of high mass. The service terminated at twelve o'clock. Amongst those present were A. L. Philipps, Esq., of Grace Dieu; Lady Smythe and family, of Acton Bromell; Carrington Smythe, Esq., of Wooten; — Maxwell, Esq., of Yorkshire; W. Leigh, Esq., of Woodchester Park; G. Haigh, Esq.; W. Haigh, Esq.; Mr. James Wareing; Mrs. John Poncia, &c. After service the clergy and a select party of the laity proceeded to Oscott College, where dinner was prepared for them. At five o'clock in the evening vespers was sung and benediction given by his lordship the bishop, the service being attended by a numerous congregation.

And now relative to the structure, which has not been improperly designated a model of architectural beauty, and well calculated to enhance the fame of Mr. Charles Hansom, the architect, the following brief description may not be uninteresting to your readers:—It is a beautiful

Gothic structure, in the early decorated style. There are two entrances. The front or west entrance, which is rendered the more interesting by having a room over it, anciently called the "parvis," stands at or near the S. W. angle. The lower part is beautifully groined in stone, with corbels, ribs, and carved crosses of great beauty. It is lighted in the east by two windows, and entered by a rich archway, having a crocketed gable, between which and the arch is an exquisite piece of sculpture of our Lord carrying his cross. Over this, in the centre of the window which lights the upper chamber, is a niche containing a figure of St. Thomas of Canterbury, habited as archbishop, in the act of giving a blessing to all who enter. The upper room is approached by a spiral staircase, opening from the interior of the church and surmounted by an open turret with crocketed and gable spire, containing the "Angelus bell."

The church consists of nave, with north and south aisles, and north and south chapels divided from the aisles by pillars and richly moulded arches, partially filled by mahogany screens. There are, therefore, four rows of pillars at the upper part of the church. The total width across the chapels is 75 feet. At the eastern end of the nave, and separated from it by a richly-carved mahogany screen and rood loft under a moulded arch, is the chancel 40 feet long by 20 wide, having four two-light windows on the south side, two, on the north, and a large stained glass window of All Saints Triumphant, at the east. The sanctuary, when viewed from the nave, presents a very beautiful appearance. The high altar is enclosed all round by curtains of tapestry suspended from brass rods and pillars, surmounted by angels also in brass. At the sides of the altar stand statues of saints, which were carved, painted, and decorated in Germany, and are magnificent. On either side of the chancel adjoining the screen are stalls capable of holding ten persons. The chapel in the south aisle is that of the Blessed Sacrament. The altar and tabernacle are of stone. The excellence of the workmanship is fully equal to the chasteness of its design. Suspended from the ceiling before the altar is a carved beam, beautifully gilt, and to which are attached seven coloured lamps, designed to represent the seven churches of Asia. The other chapel, dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, is not less attractive. On either side stands the figure of the Blessed Virgin and St. John, about three feet high. Beneath the altar is a representation of the Dead Christ, carved in stone. Externally both chapels are roofed with gables at each end, and appear to stand almost detached, which gives a beautiful irregularity and variety to the exterior. The pulpit, which is placed at the top of the north aisle near the rood screen, has elaborate and splendid carvings in the panels from the life of the patron saint.

The confessionals are placed on each side of the church as near the centre as possible, and over them are carved representations symbolical of the sacrament of penance. The roof of the church is what is termed an open roof; richly coloured, gilt, and ornamented; and from it hang several handsome brass lamps: and the same will apply to the aisles. Placed against the pillars are the Stations of the Passion from Germany. They are coloured, and as yet may be said to be the best imported. They are special objects of attraction, and will well repay inspection. I could have wished some other places in the church had been selected for them than the fronts of the pillars, for though as a whole, on entering, they add greatly to the splendour of the interior of the church, yet with the pedestal they hide to a certain extent the proportions and beauty of the pillars. The tower stands at the north-west angle, and forms a baptistery, having a stone groined roof supported upon elaborately carved brackets in the four angles. It is lighted by two large windows of three lights each, the other two sides having arches communicating with the church. The front is of bold proportions, but

somewhat plain; but I should think it is intended to be still further ornamented, and if screens were added it would much improve the general appearance; indeed it only requires them to make it a most complete baptistery. The second stage of the tower is devoted to the ringing chamber, the third to the clock chamber, and the fourth to the belfry with eight windows of two lights each—the whole surmounted by a carved and moulded cornice having the emblems of the four evangelists at the angles. The heads of the buttresses are terminated in richly crocketed gables, and a profusion of grotesque figures boldly carved are seen in various parts of the tower. The spire is still unfinished, but the works are rapidly proceeding, and when complete will be 150 feet high, and will form, like its once Catholic neighbour at Ashton, a beautiful feature from every part of the surrounding country. The sculpture, with few exceptions, is the work of Mr. Henry Lane, a talented artist in the employ of Mr. Hansom. The builder of the edifice is Mr. George Taylor, of Coventry. The stained glass and brass work are from the manufactory of Messrs. Hardman & Co., of Birmingham. The organ was built by Messrs. Gray & Davidson, and is considered a fine-toned instrument. The cost of the building is about £12,000, which with the endowment will make £15,000 or £16,000. And now last, but not least in importance, may I briefly notice the munificence of Rev. D. Haigh, the founder. Well and truly may he be said to have complied with the advice of our divine Saviour, in which is implied a recompense more than proportioned to the sacrifice, and which shall not be lessened by eucumium, much less empty adulation, from the pen of
T. M.

THE MIRACLE AT RIMINI.

To the Editor of the "Catholic Magazine and Register."

SIR.—I beg to enclose you two statements regarding the miraculous picture called the Madonna of Rimini, which is causing so great a sensation throughout Italy, trusting that it will both interest and edify your readers. One is taken from the "Moniteur Catholique," and the other from the "Morning Post" of the 14th of June; the sneering and incredulous remarks of the latter paper, I have not thought proper to transcribe, as they are as usual replete with abuse of the Holy Catholic Church.

I remain, Sir, your obedient Servant,

June 15th.

B. T.

"In the little Church attached to the house of the missionaries of the precious blood at Rimini, a picture of the most Blessed Virgin, which is placed in a side chapel of this Church, had been seen to open and close the eyes on the 12th of May last. The concourse of people, which this occurrence drew together, was such that the military were called out to preserve order. The Bishop being absent, the Vicar-General, to satisfy the desires of the people, was obliged to remove the picture (which is an oil painting on canvas) from the side chapel, where it had hitherto hung, to the high altar. Many thousand persons had seen the eyes move, and numberless letters affirm the same. The Bishop, who at the time was visiting his diocese, hastened to return to Rimini. At first we received this announcement with extreme caution, waiting for more authentic details. The Gazzetta di Bologna first mentioned it; afterwards, on the 15th of May, the Lord Bishop of Rimini published a pastoral letter of which we have already given an extract: now we have letters from Rimini up to the 17th of May; they state that both glass and frame have been removed from the picture, so that nothing remains but the bare canvas; nevertheless the eyes of the painting continued to open and shut, to be raised and lowered, so there could be no doubt of the

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fact; and although the sun became obscured by heavy clouds the prodigy continued to the great confusion of those who attributed the wonder to the effect of solar rays, or some optical delusion. Yesterday brought us a printed account of the solemn translation of the painting from the little Church of the Missionaries to the great Church of St. Augustin.

"To-day we have again fresh letters from Rimini of the 20th of May; they inform us that the streets and squares are crowded with people from all parts of the country, from Pesaro, Cesena, Forli, Faenza, Ravenna, &c., who come to see the picture. The Austrian General left Bologna in haste for Rimini, and departed convinced of the reality of the prodigy. Also two Austrian officers being perfectly incredulous on the subject of the miracle, asked and obtained the Bishop's permission to hold the picture in their own hands, but whilst doing so, the Madonna gave them such a look that they both instantly fell upon their knees, and tearing off their decorations they hung them upon the picture as *ex-votos*.

"Some demagogues placed placards during the night throughout the town insisting that the wonder was an effect bestowed by the artist, but no one can for an instant credit such an absurd explanation, for more than fifty thousand individuals testify to the truth of what they beheld, and the greater part of them have become converted to virtue. Another *proof, we suppose, of the artist's skill!*

"We find the following in a recent letter also:—'In the evening of the 19th, the Bishop of Rimini having placed himself very close to the picture, the eyes opened fully upon him, producing such an effect that the prelate fainted on the spot.' All the local authorities are coming in from the neighbouring towns, and the concourse of strangers is immense. These words of St. Austin alone distress us:—'*Signa dantur infidelibus.*' But it is the Mother of Mercy who is calling us back to religion.

"The '*Messenger de Modene*' informs us that the prodigy which began on the 12th of May, still continued up to the 22nd. In another correspondence, addressed to the '*Osservator Romano*' we read the following:—'No one can dispute the prodigy occurring in regard to the picture of the Blessed Virgin which continues still, and has made many miraculous cures: the blind see, wounds disappear instantaneously, the deaf hear, and strangers of all classes flock in from every side. Blasphemies are no longer to be heard, and public sinners give public marks of repentance. Rimini is no longer the same. The Missionary Fathers who do duty in the Church of St. Austin to which the picture has been moved, have no further trouble in converting the most hardened: all those who have beheld the motion of the eyes burst into tears, and cry aloud for mercy.

"On the 29th May, the miracle of Rimini still continued. The governor of the town, in the absence of the Bishop, who was engaged in visiting other parts of his diocese, sent an official account of the origin and the circumstances of this event. On the reception of this document, which allowed no one to doubt the truth of the miracle, the Pope caused a letter to be sent to the Bishop, who returned in all haste to his episcopal town, in order that he might transmit to his holiness an exact account of all that had taken place. This document was sent to the Secretary of State, and by him handed to the Pope. As it fully confirms the report of the governor and the different private accounts, the Sovereign Pontiff gave orders to the Bishop to proceed to a judicial inquiry. The result of this inquiry will be communicated to the Holy Congregation of Rites, whose province it is to attend to such matters, and which was called upon in 1797 to examine into similar facts, which took place at Ancona and other places. It is, then, only that the fact which so warmly engages public attention may be properly explained. You see with what prudence the Church proceeds in such

affairs, and how ill-founded are the reproaches of credulity and fanaticism which are addressed to it by heresy and irreligion. I will also mention to you, as a proof of this reserve, the conduct pursued by the Bishop of Cesene, a town near Rimini. The report of the miracle was not long in reaching that prelate, but he hesitated to believe it until he had positive proofs. He therefore sent a canon of the cathedral to Rimini to examine strictly into the affair, and to send him a report according to his conscience and his positive conviction. The good canon proceeded to Rimini, went several times to the Church, and watched as closely as possible. He returned to the Bishop, and told him that he had heard the whole town affirm the truth of the miracle, that he had heard thousands of persons declare they had seen it, but that he must conscientiously declare that he had not. The Bishop, on hearing this, was in great doubt about the affair, and sent another canon. This latter returned, and stated that he had several times witnessed, and as it were touched, the miracle; that there was no ground for the slightest doubt on the subject. The Bishop then decided on going himself to verify the facts. He threw himself on his knees at the feet of the picture; he prayed with fervour, and at the end of a few minutes the eyes of the Madonna opened and shut, and then turned and fixed themselves on him, and for the space of five minutes, said the Bishop himself, a few days since at Rome, to one of the most enlightened and most pious of our prelates—‘during five minutes I was able to contemplate the seven wonders of Paradise; I was at length compelled to turn away my head, for I could no longer support what I saw.’ ”

ECCLIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.

ALLOCATION.—The following is a translation of the allocution of the Pope, delivered in the Consistory on the 20th of May :—

“Venerable Brethren,—We have had hitherto reason to admire the care of Divine Providence in defending the Catholic Church; but in these latter days we have beheld in a degree more than ever remarkable proofs of that protection which the Almighty promised to his Church to the end of time. The world is aware of the lamentable occurrence which drove us in affliction into exile more than sixteen months ago, and all have been eye witnesses to the ever to be deplored and awful times when the Prince of Darkness was permitted to display his rage against the Church and against the Apostolic See, and was allowed to run riot in this city, the centre of Catholic truth, to the ineffable sorrow of ourselves and of all good men. But we are likewise aware how the God of justice and of mercy, ‘who striketh and healeth, giveth death and restoreth life, bringeth down to hell and bringeth back again,’ hath consoled us by the ever present and manifest proofs of His goodness, and looking with compassion on our prayers and sighs, and upon the supplications of the whole Church, hath deigned to quell the tempest and to deliver our most beloved subjects from the miserable state in which they were, and to restore us to this holy city amidst the joy of the people and the exultation of the whole Catholic world. In this our first address to you after our return it is our duty to offer our most grateful thanks to Divine Providence for so many favours, as well as to bestow deserved praise upon those powerful nations and princes who were moved by Almighty God to render this service to the Holy See, and by their means, counsels, and arms, to defend the temporal principality of the See and to restore public peace and order in our city and states.

“Our beloved son Ferdinand II., King of the Two Sicilies, merits the special tribute of our gratitude, and the most particular mention in our prayers. As soon as he was acquainted with our arrival at Gaeta, his

profound piety caused him at once to fly to our presence, accompanied by his august consort, Maria Theresa, and express his satisfaction as being able to afford us proofs of his filial affection, and respect to the Vicar of Christ upon earth; and you yourselves, venerable brethren, have witnessed the magnificent hospitality with which he received us, and the unceasing attention which he paid during the whole of our residence. And when other nations hastened to the protection of our temporal rights, he in person led his troops to the battle field. The merits of this excellent and pious prince towards ourselves and the Holy See remain so deeply impressed on our minds, that nothing can ever remove the pleasing recollection of them from our memory. In the next place, we must mention with great honour, and with the pledge of our lasting gratitude, the most noble French nation, illustrious for its military glory, for its respect to our Apostolic See, as well as on so many other accounts. That nation and its dignified president, hastening to our relief, generously sent brave officers and soldiers, who, through many and serious difficulties, liberated this city from its misery and prostration, and gloried in bringing us once more within its walls. In this expression of our gratitude and our praise we must unite our beloved son Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria, and Apostolic King of Hungary and Bohemia, who, imitating the example of his ancestors in piety and reverence to the chair of Peter, instantly despatched his forces to the defence of our states, and by his victorious arms freed the provinces of the Marches and Umbria from an illegal and afflicting domination, and restored them to our lawful authority. Our gratitude is likewise due in an especial manner to our much beloved daughter Maria Elizabeth, Queen of Spain, and to her Government, for, as you are well aware, her first thought upon hearing of our misfortune was to incite all Catholic nations to defend the cause of the common Father of the Faithful, and to send her valiant troops to defend the possessions of the Roman Church. Nor can we pass over in silence the kindness of other princes not united to the chair of St. Peter, who proved their attachment towards us, and by their advice and assistance contributed to the protection and re-establishment of our rights.

“Wherefore we return sincere and well merited thanks, and acknowledge our gratitude to them. In this matter we cannot sufficiently admire the Providence who ruleth in all things in strength and sweetness, and who hath disposed the hearts of princes not united to the Roman Church, even in the midst of troubles and bitterness, making them support and maintain her temporal state, which the Sovereign Pontiff has held, by the will of Almighty God, through so many successive ages in just right, in order that in the government of the universal Church, divinely committed to his charge, he may exercise his apostolical authority with that liberty which is necessary for his office and for securing the welfare of the flock of Christ. We wish to bestow praise and honour upon the ambassadors and agents of these nations and princes, who proved their good will and affection by defending us before our departure and by sharing in our exile and return. We have been so deeply moved by the many acts of piety, of intense affection, of devoted respect and abundant liberality, which we have witnessed in the whole of Christendom, that we could wish, if time would permit, to declare our gratitude, not only to every city and town, but even to every one of their inhabitants. Yet we must not pass over the striking and wonderful proofs of faith, piety, love, and liberality which we have received with so much gladness from our venerable brethren, the bishops of the universal Church. Although they were in straits and difficulties, they ceased not to fulfil their ministry with fortitude and zeal, and to fight the good fight, and, by their words, by their useful writings, and in their episcopal assemblies, to defend the cause, rights, and liberties of the Church, and to provide for

the spiritual wants of their flocks. How can we express our gratitude to yourselves, venerable brethren, cardinals, of the Holy Roman Church, who have afforded us relief and consolation; for you have been the companions of our afflictions, you have borne trials with unshaken courage, and you were ready to endure the worst for the honour of the high dignity, with which you are invested, and you have never failed to assist us with your advice and your co-operation? Wherefore, since by the special favour of Almighty God, things have been so ordained as that we have been enabled to return to our See, amidst the congratulations of our city and of the whole world, it is our first duty to return our sincere thanks in the lowliness of our heart to the Father of Mercies, who hath shown his mercy to us, and to the Immaculate Mother of God, to whose powerful intercession our safety is due.

"So far we have rapidly traced those occurrences which have yielded pleasure to us, but our supreme office obliges us likewise to mention those things which trouble us and render us anxious. You know that a truceless war is being waged between light and darkness, truth and error, vice and virtue, Belial and Christ; and you know with what wicked arts and deceits impious men have laboured to disturb and cast down our holy religion—to uproot the germs of every Christian virtue; and to spread everywhere an unbounded license of thought and living, and to affect and corrupt the minds of inexperienced youth especially with every kind of dangerous errors; and they have endeavoured to subvert all right, human and divine—to destroy what is indestructible, the Catholic Church, and to war against the Chair of St. Peter. No one can avoid seeing the trials to which the flock of Christ is exposed and the dangers by which society itself is threatened. We must unite together in heart and soul, in watchfulness, zeal, and energy, to fight well the battles of the Lord and to raise up a wall for the house of Israel. We ourselves, notwithstanding our sense of weakness, trusting to the help of Almighty God, will not be silent for Zion, and will not rest for Jerusalem; and keeping our eyes ever bent upon our Lord Jesus, the author and consummator of our faith, will spare neither care, nor anxiety, nor labour, to strengthen the temple and repair the afflictions of the Church, and provide for the well-being of all, being ready even to give our life for the sake of our dear Lord and for His holy Church. Addressing all our venerable brethren, the bishops of Christendom, sharers in our solicitude, and congratulating them again upon the labours which they have nobly undergone for the glory of God and the salvation of souls, we encourage them in fearful contest to be united in word and work, and, strong in the Lord and in the power of His might, to take up the buckler of faith and the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God; and to go forth, as they have done, in ever increasing zeal, in episcopal valour, constancy, and prudence, to fight boldly for our most holy religion, to withstand the efforts of our enemies, to beat back their assaults, and to defend their flocks from their violence. Let them exhort ecclesiastics especially to be earnest in prayer, fervent in spirit, and edifying in holiness of life, that they may be models of good works, full of zeal for the salvation of souls, bound together in warfare by the closest union of charity; and ready to announce, under the guidance of their respective bishops, the Word of God, His law, and the precepts of His Church. Let them urge ecclesiastics to expose to their people the fallacies and deceit of wicked men, and to show how all evils flow from sin, and that true happiness can only be found in the keeping of the Divine law, and in the fidelity with which men fulfil their duty, seek virtue, and turn from sin and darkness to the Lord.

"We invite you to share in our joy, and in the consolation which we have received amidst so many sorrows, on account of the decrees lately issued by

our beloved son the Emperor of Austria, Francis Joseph, who, following the impulse of his own religious feelings, and yielding to our prayers, and to the petition of the bishops of his great empire, has acquired a title to glory, and has gained the applause of all good men by the liberty which he has so readily and so nobly conceded, through his Ministers, to the Church. We thank and congratulate this noble Prince for this act, so worthy of a Catholic Sovereign. We entertain a sure hope that he will complete the good work that he has begun, and will carry out his religious designs for the Church.

"But our joy has been checked by the afflicting and painful accounts which we have received of the sufferings of the Church in another state, and of the manner in which her rights and the rights of the Apostolic See are there trampled upon. We speak of the kingdom of Piedmont, in which, as all have gathered from private sources and from public report, a law injurious to the rights of the Church and contrary to solemn treaties with the Holy See has been published. Within these last few days we have heard with profound sorrow how the pious Archbishop of Turin, our venerable brother, Aloysius Franson, has been dragged by a military escort from his palace, and, to the regret of the city of Turin, and all good men in the kingdom, confined in the citadel. As our duty and the gravity of the case required, we hastened to protest, through our Secretary of State, first, against the law in question, and next, against the violent treatment of that excellent prelate. We soothe our sorrow by the hope that our efforts will be crowned with success, and, when circumstances require, we shall not fail to address another allocution to you respecting the ecclesiastical affairs of that kingdom.

"In our paternal solicitude, we must not omit to declare our anxiety when we consider the dangers of Catholicism in the illustrious kingdom of Belgium, which has ever been conspicuous for its zeal for the Catholic faith. We trust, however, that His Majesty the King, and the Government of that country, will, in their wisdom, consider that the Catholic Church and her teaching conduce to the temporal felicity of nations, and that they will protect the rights of the Church and support the efforts of the bishops and ministers of religion.

"As that apostolic charity with which we embrace all nations in Christ urges us to desire above all things that all men may be united in faith and in the knowledge of God, we turn to those separated from us in the faith, and with all the affection and earnestness of our heart we beseech them to look to the light of truth, and to come to our holy Church and to the see of St. Peter, upon which our Lord built His Church.

"Lastly, venerable brethren, let us not cease to pray fervently and constantly to the God of mercy, the giver of all good gifts, that He may be pleased, through the merits of His only-begotten Son our Lord Jesus Christ, of His most blessed Mother, and of the Holy Apostles Peter and Paul, and of all the saints of heaven, to protect and guard His Church, to increase her triumphs over the whole earth, to shed His graces upon us, to reward the nations and princes who have deserved well of us, and to grant peace to the world."

THE RECENT BEATIFICATIONS.—On the 14th ultimo was held, in the Throne-room at the Vatican, a General Congregation of Rites, in the presence of his Holiness, for the cause of the Ven. Germaine Cousin, a shepherd of Pibrac, in the diocese of Toulouse. Fifteen Consultors and nine Cardinals read their *voto* in succession, and the Pope registered, with his own hand, the result of the votes. This Congregation is the last before the decree on the virtues of the servant of God, the proclamation of which is shortly expected. Next come similar proofs as to the miracles, made by the ante-Preparatory Congregation, at which the Consultors only assist; by

the Preparatory Congregation in which the Consultors and all the Cardinals, members of the Congregation of Rites, take part; lastly, by the General Congregation, composed, like that on the 14th, of the Consultors, the Cardinals, and his Holiness. Then, if there is ground for it, will be given the decree on the miracles. When the two decrees on the virtues and miracles have been given after years and sometimes centuries of examination, the Holy Father asks, as a last security, all the Cardinals of the Congregations, assembled in his presence, whether he can safely proceed to the Beatification. This last formality took place in the Congregation on the 14th ult., for Father Claver, of the Society of Jesus, whose virtues and miracles have successfully undergone all the above trials. All the Cardinals replied *Puto procedi posse*. Of the two venerable servants of God whom the Church is about to raise to veneration one is a simple shepherdess, who lived unknown, and whose existence was only manifested by the miracles which are multiplied around her tomb; the other is a poor religious of that society so persecuted by the world, who consumed his life in a burning climate, in prison, and in the service of the negroes, the obscuring of society. Are not these suggestive facts?—*Ami de la Religion*.

ACTS OF THE SECRET CONSISTORY, HELD BY HIS HOLINESS POPE
PIUS IX. ON THE 20TH MAY.

On the 20th May, his Holiness held in the Palace of the Vatican a Secret Consistory, in which, after an Allocution he proposed the following Churches:

The Metropolitan Church of Ferrara, for his Eminence Cardinal Lodovico VANNICELLI-CASONI, who keeps his presbyteral title of St. Praxedes.

His Eminence demanded the Holy Pallium.

The Metropolitan Church of Prague, in Bohemia, for his Eminence Cardinal Frederic-Joseph Schwartzenberg, transferred from the Metropolitan Church of Salzburg, who keeps the presbyteral title of St. Augustine.

The Metropolitan Church of Conza, to which is annexed the perpetual administration of the Diocese of Campagna, for the Rev. D. Gregorio de Luca, Priest of Mileto.

The Metropolitan Church of Brindisi, to which is annexed the perpetual administration of the Diocese of Osturi, for the Rev. D. Giuseppe Rotondo, Priest of Capua.

The Metropolitan Church of St. James of Cuba, in the East Indies, for the Rev. D. Antonio Claret-y-Clarà.

The Archiepiscopal Church of Neocæsarea, *in partibus*, for Mgr. Matthew Eustace Gonella.

The Episcopal Churches of Città di Castello, for Mgr. Letterio Turchi, transferred from Norcia.

Of Calahorra and Calzada, united, for Mgr. Michael de Yrigoyen, transferred from Zamora.

Of Nessi and Sutri, united, for the Rev. D. Gaspar Pitorchi.

Of Norcia, for the Rev. D. Raphael Rachetoni.

Of Castellamare, for the Rev. D. Francio Petagua.

Of Pavia, for the Rev. D. Angelo Rammazotti.

Of Cremona, for the Rev. Dr. Giuseppe Novasconi.

Of Concordia, for the Rev. D. Angelo Fusinato.

Of Mentz, for the Rev. D. Wilhelm, Baron de Ketteler.

Of Cafrow, for the Rev. D. Joseph de Kunszt.

Of Bosnia and Simium, united, for the Rev. D. Joseph Strossmayer.

Of Ternel, for the Rev. D. Iago Soler.

Of Lerida, for the Rev. D. Pedro d'Uritz.

Of Mondonedo, for the Rev. D. Thomas Iglesias-y-Barcones.

Of Fuesdeal, for the Rev. D. Emanuel Manso.

Of Carthagera, in South America, for the Rev. D. Pedro Torres.

Of Kherson, newly erected in Russia, for the Rev. Father Fr. Ferdinand Kahn, of the Order of Friars Preachers.

Of Bethsaida, in *partibus*, for the Rev. Raphael Carbonelli.

Of Rosa, in *partibus*, for the Rev. D. Giovanni Bochenki.

Of Dulma, in *partibus*, for the Rev. D. Balthasar Schitter.

The instance for the Holy Pallium was then made to his Holiness for the Metropolitan Churches of Prague, of Conza, of Brindisi, of St. James of Cuba, of Armagh, in favour of Mgr. Cullen, Primate of Ireland; and for the Episcopal Church of Pavia.

COMPLIMENTS BETWEEN SISTER CHURCHES.—The Annual Conference of Pastors or Preachers of the Prussian Evangelic Church has just been held; it has voted an address of congratulation and support to the Bishop of Exeter for his conduct in the "Gorham Case," as they consider it a precedent deserving of imitation. It is singular that the party in the English Church most nearly approaching the German Evangelists is that most strongly opposed to the Right Rev. Prelate and his school of doctrine; but the anomaly may be, perhaps, explained by the admiration the clergy of a Church bound hand and foot by the State, and subjected in everything to the orders of a lay Minister of State, feels for an instance in which a dignity of the Church has exercised an independent authority. The address is an indirect protest against the power of any government in ecclesiastical matters, which the clergy in Prussia cannot openly attack; the indifference of the bulk of the citizens not only to the Church, but to nearly all religious doctrine, would afford them no support in such a conflict. Any imitation of the Bishop of Exeter in Prussia would have no legal means of opposing the Government, and if he began a conflict would be suspended, if he persisted, arrested by order of the Minister of Public Worship. Whether the doctrine of Baptism, held by the German Protestant Church, is the same as that laid down by the Bishop of Exeter, the assembled Pastors have not, perhaps, minutely discussed.—Berlin Correspondent of the *Times*.

CANONIZATION OF PETER CLAVER, S.J.—The Indies or Carthagera: Decree of the Beatification and Canonization of the Ven. servant of God, Peter Claver, professed Priest of the Society of Jesus.—On the dubium: "Whether, after approbation of the virtues and of two miracles, the Beatification of the Ven. servant of God may be safely proceeded with?" Almighty God, who most wisely rules and governs the vicissitudes of things, hath most fittingly, by successive delays intervening in His secret counsel, reserved up to this age the honours of Beatitude in the case of his Ven. servant, Peter Claver, professed Priest of the Society of Jesus, and Missionary Apostolic, who departed this life nearly two centuries ago, although he was even then illustrious for his virtues and miracles. For although it is the nature of men, almost neglecting more ancient examples to apply their mind more easily to new ones, at this time assuredly; when so many degenerate sons of the Church, in order to tear to pieces its unity, which they dread, are attempting to withdraw, by a false opinion of their power, the Ministers of Christ from the obedience of the Holy See, it was of very great importance to propose the Ven. Peter for imitation, who, belonging to an illustrious society, and charged with an Apostolic office, ever singularly honouring the Sovereign Pontiff, and, above all, reverencing his supreme power, not only brought back degenerate sons to him, but in due order, and most humbly exercising the power given to him by the Divine Institution, he even snatched from infidelity and added new children to the Church, thus imparting to his brethren expelled, dispersed, and assailed with contumely, new strength, with greater alacrity to discharge their office. Since, therefore, the virtues of the Venerable Peter, which formerly

appeared illustrious to holy men and were celebrated by the praises of many, were, upon a legitimate judgment of the same, declared to be heroic, by Pope Benedict XIV., on September 24th, 1747; and our most holy lord, Pope Pius IX., declared, on August 27th, 1848, that Heaven had witnessed to them by two miracles nothing remained but that, according to custom, the Fathers of the Congregation of Sacred Rites should be interrogated, whether they thought he might be safely enrolled in the list of the Blessed. And when this was recently done—viz., on May 14th, in a General Assembly in Vatican, held in presence of the Sovereign Pontiff himself—the applause and acclamation of all who were present followed. Nevertheless, the Sovereign Pontiff Pius willed to defer the matter, that the time for his obtaining the Divine light by prayer might not be abridged; yet not so as to pass over this most sweet season, which intervenes between the Resurrection of our Lord and the Descent of the Holy Ghost, but that at the very time when our Saviour, discoursing with His apostles concerning the kingdom of God, in them fortified and informed by His exhortations all the future Ministers of the Church healthfully to feed the flock committed to their charge; at that very time, we say, the great glory that awaits those who nobly fulfil that office should be shown forth by enrolling Venerable Peter among the blessed. Wherefore on this day, being Trinity Sunday, there being assembled in the Chapel of Pope Sixtus IV., at the Vatican, the Most Reverend Cardinals Aloysius Lambruschini, Bishop of Porto, Sta. Rufina and Civita Vecchia, Prefect of the Congregation of Sacred Rites; Constantine Patrizi, Bishop of Albano, Vicar of the City of Rome, and Reporter of the Cause; the Rev. Father Andrea-Maria Frattini, Promoter of the Holy Faith; along with me, the undersigned Secretary, after offering unto God the Sacrifice of the New Covenant, he solemnly pronounced, "That the beatification of the venerable servant of God, Peter Claver, might safely be proceeded with;" and ordered that apostolical letters, in the form of a brief, should be drawn up concerning the same beatification, to be celebrated at fitting season in the Vatican Patriarchal Basilica. And he ordered this decree to be published and deposited in the Acts of the Congregation of Sacred Rites, on the 26th May, 1850.

ALOYSIUS, Cardinal LAMBRUSCHINI, Bishop of Porto,
Sta. Rufina and Civita Vecchia, Prefect of the S.C.R.
J. G. FATATI, Sec. of the S.C.R.

Locus ✕ Sigilli.

Tablet.

PASTORAL LETTER.—Nicholas, by the Grace of God, and the favour of the Apostolic See, Bishop of Melipotamus, and Vicar Apostolic of the London District, to our dearly beloved Children in Christ, the Laity of the London District: Health and Benediction in our Lord.—It has been most becomingly appointed by the Vicars-Apostolic of England, that the general collection, throughout all their Districts, on behalf of the Poor School Committee, should be made on the Feast of the most Sacred Heart of Jesus. And this selection has been confirmed by the authoritative and paternal sanction of our Sovereign Pontiff, who has granted for that day the Indulgences announced to you on Sunday last. And in truth, dearly beloved in Christ, what could be a more appropriate day for a general, a combined, a Catholic act of spiritual mercy and charity, than that on which the Church sums up and symbolizes in the Heart of Jesus, all that He has done and suffered for the salvation of souls? This indeed is the purpose and the feeling of this festival lately conceded to us in this country. Whatever the teaching of science may be, it will never divest mankind of the idea, or the instinct, that the heart is connected with our inward affections; that it is warm in the kind and loving, and cold in the selfish and ungenerous; that it is hard in the oppressor, fluttering in the anxious, faint in the cowardly,

calm in the virtuous. To speak of the heart is to speak of the passions, the emotions, the sympathies of man: it embodies our ideas of tenderness, of compassion, of gentleness, of forgiveness, of long suffering, and of every sweet variety of love. For there the child, the parent, the spouse, the friend finds his specific kind of holy affection. It is the well-spring whence they all gush out, and manifest themselves in action and in word: "for out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."* And if that abundance is to be measured by that which flows abroad, what shall we find of treasured bounty, mercy, grace, and love, in the Sacred Heart of Him, whose love redeemed us, and continues to enrich us with gifts of eternal value? Who shall presume to fathom, or to measure this abyss of love? Who shall "be able to comprehend, what is the breadth, and length, and height, and depth" of this "charity of Christ, which surpasseth all knowledge"?† So soon as the Word incarnate appeared on earth, that blessed Heart began to beat in love, and gave at every pulse a homage to God, more valuable and more acceptable than that of the celestial spheres, moving in their order and beauty. And all this was given up at once to man. To whatever manifestation of Godlike and Divine excellence it impelled Him, whether to mighty works, or to lowly disguises, whether to glorious triumphs, or to abject suffering, all, all was for us; ever varying, ever inexhaustible, ever unthought of, workings of that one principle of love: fruit of every sweetness springing from one Tree of Life. Through the now closing cycle of our annual festivals, we have contemplated the love of Jesus for man, step by step, and form by form. First it was shrouded in the charms, and almost the blandishments of infancy; it was winning, it was enticing, it was softening; but seemed almost inactive. We contemplated Him as fair, gentle, amiable; His infant glance, His speechless lips, His helpless frame appealed with a natural eloquence to our hearts, when we remembered that, inert as they appeared in our regard, they were in Him, but a disguise that covered a boundless love for man. Then we approached Him, as He trod the path of labour, pain and sorrow: we saw hands hardened with toil, and brow bedewed with the sweat of Adam's curse; a frame attenuated with long fasting in a desert, feet wearied with rough travel, a head unrested by a pillow, unsheltered by a roof. Then came before us a scene of suffering more systematic, more universal, more intense: when pain and torture were not consequences of actions and journeyings and privations, undertaken or borne for love: but were direct inflictions coveted and loved on its account. Here we saw anguish and agony, and the rending of every tie of life, strong or tender, of that which breaks only with excruciating violence, as of that which easily snaps, but with exquisite torture; filial love, brotherly affection, fatherly tenderness all rudely torn in His bosom; and the bonds of gratitude, reverence, almost adoration of a fickle people sundered from His still loving Heart. And in His body we contemplated the head crowned with thorns, the hands and feet transfixed, the body gashed and livid with lashes, every limb quivering in convulsion. At length we came to see Him hurst through His rocky sepulchre, radiant with splendour; dart like a heavenly meteor from place to place, penetrate the closed doors, cheer and console His disciples: and then ascend to His Father's Right Hand, amidst angelic greetings. And last of all we meet Him, now as then, in the wonderful Mystery of Love, in which all the marvels of love displayed in His Life are concentrated; from the lowliness of the Infant, to the immolation of the Victim, and the glorification of Humanity—in the Eucharist, ever blessed, ever adorable. And while we follow Him thus, as a giant, exulting through His career of

* Matt. xii. 24.

† Ephes. iii. 18, 19.

Love, all that is external and visible, changing, and shifting forms; what gives to the whole unity, and identity; what brings Him before us as the same yesterday and to-day, where resides the unchanging principle of all these phases of His existence in our lower firmament? One Heart, unchangeable within that kingly abode, continued from its first beat, to throb with unvarying charity, sweet yet strong, gentle yet irresistible. It gave equal life, vigour and intensity to every stage and every state of His being. It beat as steadily in the Child as in the Man; in the Manger as on the Cross, when Mary felt It gently knock against her own Heart, as when John leaning on His bosom, felt Its throes of life, at His last Feast. It is this that binds together the various aspects of His human form; the infant's radiant eye, the youth's toiling hand, the Master's winning lips, the Holocaust's wreathed Head. To each in its turn the Heart sent forth its streams of life, with Him but streams of Love. And to each function of charity It administered its fitting agent: from that Heart were furnished those tears wherewith He wept over the unrepenting; that mysterious dew which started from His pores as He lay prostrate in Gethsemani; that full flow of sacred Blood, which poured out from the four great wounds on Calvary; that mystical stream of regeneration which issued from His blessed side, pierced by the lance. And His death even, what was it, but the very breaking and bursting of the sacred Vessel itself, that not one drop of its divine treasure might be withheld from man? Then, assuredly, in that Heart we may see collected, and presented, as in one holy symbol, the immensity of the love of Jesus for us; and sum up in this one festival—the epilogue of our fuller commemorations—all that He hath suffered and done for us poor sinners, that me might be saved. For here, as in a mirror which concentrates the rays from every side, we look upon all united in a smaller space, though not for that less clear and bright. Or we may consider it as a deep and fathomless gulf of pure and stillest water, which, while it is in its depths unsearchable, yet reflects for that more accurately all that has grown, from its fertilizing power, around it. And in either, he who gazes shall not fail to see himself, as the first and clearest object. Yes, there he truly is, in the very Heart of Jesus! From whatever side any of us looks into It, in the midst of Its sweetnesses, Its mercies, Its pangs, Its agonies,—he beholds himself present; ever there, thought of, cared for, loved so tenderly and so prominently as to be the first seen! Then, who will not love and adore that Sacred Heart, so full of us, so rich for us! Fountain of redemption, source of salvation, spring of life, abyss of love! Heart so pure, so sinless, so holy; so gentle, so meek, and so benign; so sparing, so merciful, so gracious; so tender, so loving, so endearing; so noble, so generous, so magnificent; so royal, so heavenly, so divine! Seat and throne of every virtue, of every excellent quality, of every sublimest attribute! All hail! in this our festival of charity, be to us and to our little ones, a shield, a shelter and a home! For, dearly beloved in Christ Jesus, where could we have found a truer model, or a higher principle, on which to frame and conduct the education of our children, than this all-holy and most innocent Heart which, from childhood upwards, ever throbbed in love of God and man? Who would not rejoice to see these little ones grow up, each to be “a man according to God's own Heart”? And what is Catholic education, but a striving after this moulding of the yet tender and pliant heart to this heavenly form? What surer pledge of future virtue could you desire, than to see the pupils of your schools trained in that higher school of love, whereof the Sacred Heart of Jesus is the type; in the docility and meekness, the obedience and industry, the piety and innocence which it represents? And as for yourselves, beloved children, who have so justly confided the application of your charity for this purpose to the Committee of your

Poor-Schools, under what better patronage do you, or can you, wish to place the holy work, than under that of your Saviour, viewed in this aspect of the untiring lover of perishing man,—of Him who has loved you better than His life, and has wished you to requite to these His special favourites, what you owe to Him? Nor can you fear that your charity will not be beneficially applied through this channel. During the last two years, the schools of this District have received support-grants to the amount of £1,212 from the funds of the Committee; besides building-grants to the extent of £840, making a total of £2,052. We know that several schools could not have been opened, and others could not have been carried on, without this timely assistance. This Committee has been distinguished since its foundation, by its prudence, its impartiality, and by its practical utility. Its exertions have not only increased the number, but have greatly improved the state, of our schools. It has been an engine and instrument of unmingled good; and we consider it as one of the greatest means of salutary progress sent us by Divine Providence. Then we most earnestly exhort you, by the loving merits and compassion of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, to contribute to the extent of your power towards the funds of this institution; which established an additional claim on your support, every year of its existence; for every year further tests the solidity of its principles, and the usefulness of its practice. Take heart then this day, and give as you wish God to requite you. How powerful, how efficacious, will the prayers of so many thousands of Christ's favourites be, warmly sent up for you! How sweet the offering of their holy communion! How, if we may so speak, the Lamb of God will love to see Himself led by the innocent and guileless, with the garlands of simple affection which they throw about Him, to the very foot of the Throne, round which the martyred children of Bethlehem play;* that there, with unspotted hands, they may beg acceptance of Him, for you their benefactors! The Church too unlocks the treasury which she keeps in that ever inexhaustible Heart, and offers you her spiritual gifts, as your future pledge and present reward. Make then this day doubly holy, doubly consecrated. Honour with devotion the Sacred Heart of Jesus; imitate in charity the love which It bore you. Charity for man is the special characteristic virtue of the Feast, spiritual charity; love for man, but love for his soul. And be assured, that as you cannot better practise this, than by exerting yourselves, and making sacrifices, to procure the blessings of a sound religious education for your poorer brethren, so your alms will be cast this day into a better treasury than that of the temple built with hands; into the temple of the heavenly Jerusalem, which is "the Lamb"† whose treasury of grace is His adorable Heart. You will not merely be "shutting up your alms in the heart of the poor,"‡ as the Old Testament exhorts you; but you will at the same time be placing them in the Heart of the Most-rich, and the Most-bountiful, though He too became poor for love. Yes you will be casting them into that glowing furnace of love, where all is purified, and comes forth again, no longer dross, but that refined and sterling gold, from which alone crowns of bliss and glory are made for the heads, phials of sweet odour for the hands, of charity's Saints in heaven.—"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen."§

Given in London this ninth Day of June, being the Feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, in the Year of our Lord, MDCCCL.

NICHOLAS, BISHOP OF MELIPOTAMUS.

* Contributions and Collections may be sent directly to the Secretary of the Poor School Committee, 18, Nottingham Street, London. Post-Office

* Hymn for H. Innocents.

† Apoc. xxi. 22.

‡ Eccles. xxxix. 15.

§ Apoc. xxii. 21.

Orders should be made in the name of Scott Nasmyth Stokes, at the above address.

The two Retreats for the Clergy will this year begin on Monday the 7th and Monday the 14th of July. They will be conducted, one by the Rev. F. Petcherine, the other by the Rev. F. Gaudentius.

PARLIAMENTARY RECORD.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

31ST MAY.—SUPPLY.—GRANT TO MAYNOOTH.

On bringing up the report of supply.

Mr. FORBES objected to the new grant of £18,096 for the College of Maynooth, and moved the reduction of £1,244 for the purpose of making the vote £16,852.

Mr. PLUMPTRE understood that the £30,000 which had been voted was likely to be very far exceeded, and would amount to £50,000.

The house then divided; when there appeared—

For the vote	68
Against it	55

Majority.. ... —13

Lord J. CHICHESTER complained that, owing to the strings of one of the bells having been broken, honourable members had not all received the usual intimation previous to a division. (Laughter.) He wished to know whether there would be any opportunity of rectifying the error. (Renewed laughter.)

The house then adjourned at two o'clock.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 5.—EDUCATION BILL.

The debate on the second reading of Mr. Fox's Educational Bill (adjourned on the 17th of April) was then resumed by

Mr. ANSTRY, who expressed his cordial concurrence in the principle of the bill as a wise and liberal measure.

Mr. WOOD defended the educational foundations connected with the Church of England.

Mr. M. GIBSON said there was no question in which the working classes took a deeper interest than that of unsectarian education. If Parliament made school attendance compulsory upon persons employed in factories as a condition of earning bread, it ought to provide schools, at the expense of the community, which all religious denominations could attend. He did not approve of giving the Privy Council power to levy rates in support of schools; he wished the power to be permissive only. He was not indifferent to religious education, but that was left where it is by the bill, which did not interfere with the machinery for religious education. Secular instruction was not the province or function of the Church; if it was, what a reproach would it be to the Church that forty per cent. of the adult population of England and Wales could not write their names in the marriage registers!

Mr. NAPIER argued against the bill.

Mr. FOX repeated some of the facts he had stated on introducing the bill, showing the deficiency of education in the country. Theological teaching, unaccompanied by expansion of the intellect and amelioration of the heart, took no root and produced no harvest. The divisions prevailing amongst educational bodies proved that something more was requisite to keep education from retrograding, as it was really doing in some districts. He denied that the terms "secular" and "religious" were antithetically opposed. He regarded religious and secular instruction as auxiliary to each other.

they could not be combined whilst so many diversities of opinion existed in matters of religion.

Mr. MUNTZ followed in support of the bill.

The house divided, when the motion for the second reading was negatived by 287 against 58, so that the bill is lost.

JUNE 7.—METROPOLITAN INTERMENTS BILL.

Mr. BRIGHT thought the incessant attacks on the undertakers were scarcely justified. Were there not exorbitant charges in other trades? The exorbitant nature of undertakers' bills arose from the foolish pride, the vanity, of people in ordering expensive funerals.

The EARL OF ARUNDEL AND SURREY knew no reason why the hon. member for Manchester should impute vanity to those who endeavoured to show their affection and respect for their deceased relations and friends. (Hear, hear.) He might as well impute to vanity (as he had heard it imputed) the straight formal dress by which the sect of which the hon. gentleman was a member chose to distinguish themselves from the rest of the community. (Much cheering.) So far from condemning it, he thought the feeling which prompted the putting on of black clothes when a beloved friend or relative was removed by death, was deserving of respect and commendation—(renewed cheers)—and it was his belief that when respect for the dead entirely ceased, very little respect would be paid to the living.

Mr. T. DUNCOMBE wished to ask the noble lord the member for Bath what was the reduction he expected to effect in the price of funerals? Now, what would the noble lord do it for? (Laughter.) Here was Mr. Shillibeer's scale—a nobleman's funeral, thirty guineas; a gentleman's, not a nobleman's—"Hear, hear," and a laugh—ten guineas; and an artisan's, four guineas, and no extra charge if within ten miles of London. Now what was the noble lord's scale? ("Hear," and laughter.)

LORD ASHLEY said that the Board of Health would find parties ready to enter into contracts at twenty-five or thirty per cent. below the charges now exacted from the public. (Hear, hear.)

21ST JUNE.—EDUCATION.—IRELAND.

Mr. SHEIL.—I assure the hon. and learned gentleman, the member for Dublin University, that, in my opinion, no system of education would deserve the name of "national" to which the Protestants of Ireland could justly object. So far from being disposed to do them any the least injustice, I entertain for my Protestant fellow-citizens a more than compatriot sentiment. Do not listen to me with incredulity. When I reflect upon the great things which have been achieved by the Protestants of Ireland—when I consider how much genius, how much wisdom, how much eloquence, how much virtue, and how much valour, how many great statesmen, great writers, great thinkers, great speakers, and most surpassing soldiers have issued from a minority so comparatively small, I cannot withhold my admiration; and let me add, that gratitude is associated with admiration when I recollect that there was not a single illustrious Irish Protestant born within the last century who did not take part with his Catholic fellow-countrymen, and plead the cause of Catholic enfranchisement. (Cheers.) Influenced by these feelings, I deprecate as strenuously as any man here can do the infliction of the slightest wrong to the religious feelings of the Protestants of Ireland. I have accordingly anxiously considered whether there existed any well-founded Protestant objection to the National Board. I say "well-founded objection," because where religious qualms take an acquisitive turn, and it is from the Chancellor of the Exchequer that the members for the University of Dublin require spiritual consolation (loud laughter), it is only reasonable to ask

whether their fears for the integrity of the Protestant faith have any substantial ground? (Laughter). After a good deal of consideration, and after having given due weight to all that has been urged against the National Board, I have, I own, come to the conclusion that the apprehensions are wholly visionary, by which the Parliamentary conscience of the members for the University of Dublin are periodically perturbed. (Laughter.) I do not believe that the great body of the Protestants of Ireland participate in their alarm. I am convinced that the majority of the proprietors of Ireland appreciate, as they ought to do, the advantages which accrue from the knowledge which is everywhere disseminated through the National Board—that they feel that every school is the source of social and moral improvement; a little well, from which “fresh instruction” is poured over minds that would otherwise lie waste and sterile. (Cheers.) The Presbyterians of Ireland, who are fully as sensitive in everything that concerns the usage of the sacred writings as the Episcopalians are said to be, support the board. The hon. and learned gentleman holds the Presbyterians in no account. He also complained that the member for Ripon had insinuated that the clergy of the Established Church were under the influence of those temporal inducements which are held out by the Mosaic system as the reward of virtue (loud laughter), told us that, by a remarkable coincidence, that *Regium Donum* was increased when the Presbyterian body entered into a connexion with the National Board. (Loud Cheers.) I suppose that the hon. and learned gentleman is inclined to apply to any Cabinet Minister Swift’s character of one of his antagonists, “As to religion the fellow had none, but was in all other respects an excellent Presbyterian.” (Loud laughter.) If the majority of the Episcopalian clergy are hostile to the board, several of the most distinguished Ecclesiastics in Ireland are its allies. The Archbishop of Dublin, a theologian without rancour, who, notwithstanding some academic peculiarity, is equal to a whole host of sacerdotal mediocrities who have votes in Trinity College (loud cheers), is the champion of the National Board. He supports and he adorns the noble structure of which the foundations were laid by Lord Stanley. That nobleman is the father of the system of national education, and of his progeny, in the figurative as well as the literal sense, he has reason to be proud. (Loud cheers.) He was Secretary for Ireland in 1831, and a member of the Cabinet. He was, consequently, master of the country. It was then that, to his lasting honour, he devised and constructed the system of national education. He took a just and most essential care to associate religious with secular instruction; to graft, if I may so say, the tree of knowledge with the tree of life.

I am surprised, that considering the Protestant clergy take an oath on their ordination to keep a school to teach English, they do not conceive it to be morally obligatory upon them to attend a school to teach the Gospel. I am afraid that they are prevented from attending by the equality on which they would be put with the Catholic clergy, and that they regard that level as inconsistent with the pre-eminence awarded them by the law. (Loud cheers.) But, whatever be the cause, I do not think that any case has been made for supplying this omission by a grant of money from the taxes levied on the English people. We are told, indeed, that the Catholic schools in England receive pecuniary aid. If the Catholics of England had retained any portion of those vast endowments made by their forefathers the case would be parallel, but is it because relief is doled out to Lazarus that by Dives from the midst of his gorgeoussness the hand of mendicant supplication is to be held out? It is not from the revenues of the state, but from the temporal abundance of the church, that any grant of money for schools in connexion with the Established Church should be made. I can refer the members for the University of Dublin to a recent and remarkable precedent, Seventeen or

eighteen years ago the University of Durham was founded under an Act of Parliament, by the appropriation of a part of the property belonging to the cathedral. (Cheers.) I have the charter of the University of Durham here; it recites an Act of Parliament, entitled "An Act to enable the Dean and Chapter of Durham to appropriate"—mark, "appropriate" (loud cheers), "part of the property of their church to establish an university in connexion therewith for the advancement of learning." I need read no more. I have furnished a complete precedent to the hon. and learned gentleman. (Loud cheers.) If he should act upon it and come to this House with a prayer from the Irish clergy to allocate a part of the revenues of the Established Church to the aid of schools connected with the church, we shall listen to the suggestion with great interest, and perhaps with some surprise. (Laughter.) But such a proposition as is now made must be heard with disrelish; and I hope I shall be pardoned for saying, that a Scriptural image of avidity is presented to my fancy when, gorged but insatiate, an Irish Churchman cries out, "Give, give." But the House of Commons will not give. It will protect the noble institution which Lord Stanley founded, which Sir Robert Peel, with Lord Stanley as his colleague, so largely amplified, and which, let me add, has recently received the highest and the most signal sanction. Amongst the many remarkable incidents by which the sojourn of the Queen in Ireland was distinguished, perhaps one of the most touching, was the visit paid, immediately after her arrival in Dublin, to the model school of the National Board, to which precedence over the University of Dublin was given. It was a fine spectacle to see the Queen, with her illustrious Consort, who is so worthy of her, attended by the representative of the Presbyterian Church, and the Catholic and Protestant Archbishops of Dublin,—to see those venerable ecclesiastics, united by the bond of a common Christianity (loud cheers), in the performance of that office of sacred charity which Christianity so divinely teaches; to see the Sovereign of this great empire in the midst of hundreds of little children, whose gaze of affectionate amazement she returned with looks of almost maternal love (cheers); and, above all, it was thrilling to behold her countenance radiating with emotion, while her heart beat with the high and holy hope—that of a wise, a moral, and religious system of education she may live to witness the mature and perfect products. (Loud and continued cheers.)

CONVERSIONS.

"PERVERSIONS.—We find in the *Catholic Magazine*, published on Friday, the following paragraph:—'We understand that the Rev. W. Dodsworth, perpetual curate of Christchurch, St. Pancras, has resigned his incumbency, with the intention of joining the Catholic Church.' Rumours to this effect have been flying about for some days past, but we feared to give currency to them until some sort of confirmation appeared. This open declaration in a Popish periodical is the best sort of proof that is attainable. Having alluded to the subject, we may add that it is very positively stated by the friends of the parties, that Mr. H. W. Wilberforce, brother of the Bishop of Oxford, and Mr. Allies, late chaplain to the Bishop of London, have come to a similar determination."—*Times*.

"THE REV. MR. DODSWORTH.—A London clergyman was alluded to in a former communication, as one respecting whom much painful apprehension was felt, lest the recent proceeding in our Church Courts—or, courts, at least, which claim to have a Church authority—should drive him to Rome. Mr. Dodsworth, it is said, with others, feels that the Church of England was scandalised by a late decision on a question involving matters of doctrine, with which, they think, the Church herself is alone competent to deal. But

he will not, as it was feared he would, go over to Rome. Leave the Established Church of England it is understood she will certainly do, but not to join the Romish communion—justly conceiving that, whatever there may be defective in our own system, it will not serve to constitute the Romish system right, whether as to doctrine or discipline. He has determined therefore to renounce all idea—if ever he entertained any—of joining the Church of Rome; but proposes, it is now said, to connect himself with the Church of Scotland. It will be remembered that Mr. Dodsworth was some short time since offered the bishopric of Glasgow, which he declined; but it is not unlikely that, should he carry his intention of joining that Church into effect, he will yet be one of her bishops, should a suitable opportunity offer. [The above is from the 'Oxford Herald.' We have heard of some gentlemen among the laity in this part of the country who have expressed more than half an inclination to turn over to the Church of Scotland, having their faith in the Church of England so greatly outraged by the late decision *in re Gorham*.]—*Ed. Provincial Paper.*

SECESSIONS.—The Rev. George Case, M.A., of Brazenose College, Oxford, has joined the Church of Rome. The "Oxford Herald," which is generally well informed on such subjects, gives credit to a report of the approaching secession of the Rev. Henry Wilberforce, M.A., of Oriel College, Oxford, and rector of East Farleigh; and of the well known Rector of Launton, Oxfordshire, late chaplain to the Bishop of London. There are rumours also in circulation that a distinguished Tractarian Archdeacon is about to withdraw from the ministry of the Church of England.

We have good authority for stating that two Protestant ladies were received into the Church a few days since, by his Lordship the Right Rev. Dr. Wiseman.—*Catholic Standard.*

A letter in the *Catholico* of Genoa, written from Jerusalem, announces that 150 families of Armenian schismatics had been converted to the Catholic religion at Andana, near Tarsus, in Asia Minor.

Numerous conversions have taken place, in Australia, chiefly through the instrumentality of monks of the Order of St. Benedict, which numbers an archbishop, and four bishops of that country among its members, besides many zealous missionaries.—*Philadelphia Catholic Herald.*

GREAT MARLOW.—I beg to inform you that Miss L. A. Lechmere, daughter of Sir Edmund Lechmere, Bart. and Lady Lechmere, and cousin to the Bishop of Rochester, has been received into the Church, in London, by the Rev. Father Ludwig. The conversion of this accomplished young lady was announced in the *Tablet* three years ago, but her actual reception into the Church was prevented then by circumstances most painful to her, and over which she had no control.—*Tablet.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

ST. CUTHBERT'S COLLEGE, USHAW.—On Sunday week last, the Rev. Charles Teebay, and T. Spencer, of Preston, and the Rev. Edward Swarbrick of Garstang, were ordained priests for the Lancashire district.

THE GORHAM CASE.—Arrangements have been made for holding a great public meeting of the clergy and laity of the Church of England on the 27th inst., for the adoption of certain resolutions with reference to the late decision of the Judicial Committee in the case of "*Gorham v. the Bishop of Exeter*," and the consequences arising therefrom. The meeting is looked forward to with much interest by what is generally termed the High Church Party, the principal men connected with which will be present to take part in the proceedings. The promoters are anxious to secure the countenance and

support of all who feel that a tacit acquiescence by the Church of England in the recent decision of the Privy Council would be an "unspeakable" misery. An address to the Throne will be submitted to the meeting, setting forth the Church's rights as to spiritual freedom, reminding Her Majesty of the declaration prefixed to the Articles of Religion, and praying therefore the Royal license that convocation may be summoned for the express purpose of vindicating or authoritatively declaring the doctrine of the Church of England on Holy Baptism. There will also be submitted a memorial to the episcopate of the two provinces, including the colonial bishops, as being technically in the province of Canterbury, and an address to the bishops of Scotland expressive of thankfulness and confidence. The day is to open with the celebration of the most solemn ecclesiastical offices in several London churches, and those who purpose taking part in the meeting will be invited to attend service either at Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's Cathedral. Many of the highest ecclesiastical dignitaries have expressed approval of the proposed course of proceeding, and have intimated their intention of being present at the meeting.—*Times*.

ST. ANDREW'S CATHOLIC CHAPEL, LEYLAND.—On Sunday last two sermons were preached in St. Andrew's Catholic Chapel, Leyland, by the Rev. C. Kershaw, O.S.B., of Lawkland, near Settle. The rev. gentleman advocated, with great eloquence, the cause of this new mission, of which the Rev. T. M. Shepherd is the zealous pastor. The sum of £15. was contributed towards its support. The Brownedge choir attended, and Mr. J. Walker presided at the pianoforte. A new church or chapel would be a great boon to the Catholic congregation of this place.—*Preston Guardian*.

PRESTON.—THE REV. WILLIAM KNIGHT.—A great number of our Catholic readers in this town will hear with feelings of regret that the Rev. William Knight has been removed from St. Ignatius's Church to fill the office of Vice-President or Minister at Stonyhurst College. The rev. gentleman, who has resided in Preston eleven years, was sincerely beloved and respected by his numerous flock. Always ready to assist the distressed, ever assiduous in his sacred ministry, the Catholics of Preston will lose a zealous missionary, and the poor a helper and a friend.—*Preston Guardian*.

THE FRUITS OF HERESY.—A new sect, calling themselves, "Free Gospellers," has sprung up in Preston. The people belonging to it formed a portion of the Primitive Methodists, *alias* Ranters, but have lately seceded from that body. The *Preston Chronicle*, a Protestant paper, may well ask—"what next?"

INCUMBENTS AND CURATES.—According to a Parliamentary paper printed yesterday, the last diocesan returns show 7,779 resident incumbents, and 3,094 non-resident. There are 7,917 glebehouses, and 11,611 benefices. The number of assistant-curates to incumbents is 2,998, with stipends varying from £10 a-year to £300. The largest number in one class (940) receive £100, and under £110.

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH, PENRITH.—This edifice was commenced in March, 1849, and completed about three months ago. It is a building in the ancient pointed Gothic style. Mr. W. Atkinson, of Carlisle, is the architect, and Mr. William Hodgson, of Penrith, the builder. There is a dome in the west, containing one small bell. The windows are of stained glass, and the chancel window is remarkable for its chaste elegance. In this window are six principal compartments, in each of which is a representation of a scripture piece. On the bottom of the window is an inscription, of which the following is a copy:—"Orate pro anima Catherinæ Throgmorton, hujus ecclesiæ fundatoris." The altar is of stone, and fitted up with great taste and neatness. On the wall on the west side of the church are plates bearing inscriptions. The following is a copy of one of

them :—"Of your charity pray for the soul of Catherine Lady Throckmorton, late of Carleton, in the county of York, who, for the glory of God and the welfare of his Church on earth, founded this mission, nat. June 29th, 1765, obiit. Jan. 22, 1839." On the wall opposite are plates with inscriptions, of which the following are copies :—1st. "The Rev. Geo. Leo Haydock, priest of this mission, nat. Sept 11th, 1774, obiit. Nov. 29th, 1849. Eternal rest give to him, O Lord! and let perpetual light shine upon him!" 2nd. "Absolve, we beseech thee, O Lord! the soul of thy servant, Henry Howard, of Corby, born July 2nd, 1759, died March 1st, 1842, a benefactor to this mission. May he rest in peace." It appears from inscriptions quoted that this church has been built principally at the expense of Lady Throckmorton, doubtless out of money bequeathed by her for that purpose. The Rev. Geo. Leo Haydock, who died in North-West, and whose remains are inhumed beneath the chancel, was also, by his zealous labours, a great benefactor to this church, beneath the chancel of which his remains are locked in "the sleep which knows no dreaming." Tuesday last was the day appointed for dedicating the church to the service of God. Bishop Hogarth said high mass at 11, a.m., assisted by several of his clergy, amongst whom were the Revs. Curry and Brown of Carlisle, Kelly of Wigton, Ryan of Warwick Bridge, Smith of Penrith, Cullen of Newcastle, and some others whose names we could not learn. The church was exceedingly crowded, and amongst those present we observed Philip H. Howard, Esq., M.P., of Corby Castle, and Lady and Miss Aglionby, of Nunnery. The choir from Carlisle was also in attendance, and assisted in the opening celebration. After the high mass had been said, a sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Cullen, of Newcastle, who took for his text the 19th chapter of St. Matthew, the 16th and five following verses. Bishop Hogarth then delivered an impressive charge to those who were about to receive confirmation, after which he administered that rite to about twenty young persons, amongst whom was Miss Aglionby, daughter of the late Major Aglionby, of Nunnery, formerly M.P. for East Cumberland. The church was then solemnly dedicated by the bishop to the service of the Almighty.—*Correspondent.*

CORPUS CHRISTI.—ST. BARNABAS.—The festival of Corpus Christi was celebrated in the above church last Sunday, June 2nd, with all the usual beauty and magnificence. Flowers of every hue, cushioned in large ever-green festoons, hung pendant from and clustering round every portion of the sacred edifice, interspersed with a profusion of shields in gold and rich colours, and a multiplicity of banners, in velvet, silk, &c. The day was glorious, and the general effect of the decorations, aided by the full tide of sunlight pouring in through the stained-glass windows, shedding a garment of rich diaper colour on the whole building, was extremely beautiful. At half-past ten the office of the day commenced, the Rev. F. Cheadle officiating as celebrant, assisted by deacon and sub-deacon, with a numerous train of attendants—all in full ecclesiastical costume—consisting of vestment, dalmatics, copes, &c., of cloth of gold, enriched with precious stones. When the solemn sacrifice was ended, the Rev. J. Mulligan ascended the pulpit and preached from Luke ii. 34, "Behold, this child is set for the fall and the resurrection of many in Israel; and for a sign which shall be contradicted." The following is an abstract of the sermon :—"When our Lord was yet an infant in the bosom of His Virgin Mother—borne into His Father's Temple—the venerable aged Simeon, the prophet, went forth to meet Him; and, taking the Divine babe into his arms, uttered the words "Behold, &c.;" and literally—too literally—were those solemn words fulfilled in that eventful life. He was loved by some, hated by others; some left all to follow Him, others despised Him; some adored Him, others

blasphemed Him, &c. And even thus will it ever be with Divine religious truth, during its stay on earth—the character that accompanied Christ through life—will ever in its degree attach itself to each truth that He has left in His Church. Again, as the truth proposed approaches Him in its high and sublime nature, so also will it in equal proportion be “for the ruin and resurrection of many in Israel; and a sign to be contradicted.” It will on the one hand call up in the human heart the most devoted and the most generous affection,—it will on the other create feelings of contempt, opposition, persecution—as the case may be. Such are the thoughts that have been suggested by the Truth of this day’s solemnity—the highest and most elevated that Christ has left to His church—even His own sacred body and blood, shrouded no longer in the helpless folds of infancy, but hidden under the frail element of bread. A doctrine in itself the perpetuation of His own life on earth,—pouring abroad into all time and place, the nature and character of that life; so much so, that there is no lesson deducible from the life of Christ, that finds not in this great Truth its continued inculcation. It is the very soul of the Christian Church,—the very essence of the Christian dispensation: the heart which conveys the very life-blood of the Christian spirit to all the members of the Church. Hence, it is of all the Divine institutions the most loved and adored by the children of the Church; it is the “concealed treasure”—“the hidden manna”—the rich, luscious food of the children of God. And yet, if you consider the manner of its acceptance, from first to last, in the world and by the world, as such, you will see how completely the words of Simeon have been verified in its regard. Instances were here adduced in proof of this portion, beginning with that recorded in John vi.—the only discourse of Christ, as given in the New Testament, in which he speaks of “giving them His flesh to eat, and His blood to drink;” and which elicited from His own disciples the expression—“How can this man give us His flesh to eat?” &c. “It is a hard saying”—“Who can hear it?” &c. It is the only truth which He proposed to His own followers, and which constituted in itself—and at once—a test of orthodoxy: “the unbelieving turned away, and walked no more with him.” Again, 1 Cor. xii. in which the unworthy receiver is said to be “guilty of the body and blood of Christ;” and to “eat and drink his own damnation.” The idea of the *real presence* had gone abroad in the early ages of the Christian Church, but it was, in our Lord’s words, “casting pearls before swine;” the gross mind of Paganism changed it into infanticide: it was believed that the Christians in their assemblies took an infant, and covered it over with paste, and so sacrificed it,—then ate the victim. The early Christian writers answer this gross charge by stating the doctrine of Christ: among the rest, St. Justen, martyr, A.D. 150, deserves especial notice, because his “Apology for the Christian” was addressed to the Emperor Antoninus Pius, the senate, and people of Rome. In it occurs the following passage:—“This food we call the Eucharist, of which they alone are allowed to partake, who believe the doctrines taught by us, and have been regenerated by water for the remission of sin, and who live as Christ ordained. Nor do we take these gifts as common bread or common drink; but, as Jesus Christ, our Saviour, made man by the word of God, took flesh and blood for our salvation, in the same manner, we have been taught, that the food which has been blessed by the prayer of the words which He spoke, and by which our blood and flesh, in the change, are nourished, is the flesh and blood of that Jesus incarnate.” (Apol. I., p. 95, 96, 97. Ed. Londini, Anno 1722.) The Church of the first centuries knew not the direct negation of this doctrine; it was too deeply imbedded in the Christian commonwealth—too intimately blended with the Christian life. St. Ignatius, the martyred Bishop of Antioch, disciple of St. John the Evangelist, tells us (A.D. 107)

that the Docetæ "abstained from the Eucharist, because they would not believe it to be the flesh and blood of Jesus Christ." But those to whom he alludes denied the real presence, as a consequence of their denial of our Lord's humanity. For the first eleven hundred years of the Church's existence, it might be said to have constituted the *sacramentum unitatis* of all Christians: however differing, in this all believed alike. And so they took it as a common ground, whether in defending truth or opposing error—in exhorting the faithful, or reproving vice, &c. From the time of St. Gregory the Great (A.D. 590) we read of processions of the "Blessed Sacrament;" but it was not until 1262, under the pontificate of Urban IV., that this festival was introduced. Ten thousand bells, on the appointed day, struck with their mighty music the heart of Christendom, and called up her three hundred million worshippers to come and honour this sublime doctrine. Gold, and silver, and precious stones, richly embroidered tapestries, flowers of every hue, flowed into the churches—towns and cities were arrayed in gorgeous beauty. And so, 'midst the unceasing roar of cannon, and ringing of countless bell, and loud choral song of praise, that seemed to be re-echoed back from the eternal choir above—forth went the *sacred Host*, and king and people fell prostrate. And from that day to this, no festival so dear to the children of the Church—none more loved, none more honoured.

At the conclusion of the sermon the procession took place, and it would indeed be difficult to conceive anything so exquisitely beautiful. Little children, four and five years old, in white, with garlands and flowers fair and lovely as themselves. Young girls in long flowing veils, and wax tapers. Youths in white and scarlet. Assistants with embroidered copes; canopy-bearers in ample civic ermined cloaks; celebrant, and immediate attendants, in vestments of gold tissue; crosses, banners, canopy—all moving round the Church 'midst clouds of sweetest incense, and loud choral song, jubilant. Solemn benediction concluded the morning service. In the evening, at half past six, service somewhat similar to that of the morning took place; the Rev. J. Griffin preached a very interesting discourse on the history of the day's solemnity.—(*From the Nottingham Mercury.*)

The clergy of Geneva having addressed a letter of condolence to the Archbishop of Turin, now in prison, his Grace has sent the following answer:—

"Citadel of Turin, May 24.

"Gentlemen,—Of all the numerous addresses I have received since my arrest, that of the clergy of the city and canton of Geneva has touched me most. I beg, gentlemen, to offer you the expression of my sincerest thanks. I shall always recollect the happy moments I passed during my stay at Geneva, with the clergy of the canton of Geneva, whose zeal and devotedness to the service of their parishes have called forth my admiration. I have often declared this, but I cannot deprive myself the pleasure of repeating it again on this occasion, for I was really edified by it. My case was decided, and after the jury had pronounced me guilty, the tribunal condemned me to £500 fine, and a month's imprisonment. As the sentence was pronounced on the 19th day of my arrest, this period, added to the month I am sentenced to, would make 49 days, in which number I at once perceived a happy coincidence with the 49 days Monseigneur Marilley had to pass at Chillon; but now I am to be deprived of the satisfaction I felt at this circumstance, as I am told that the month is to be counted from the day on which I entered the citadel.

"Believe me, Gentlemen, &c.

"Louis, Archbishop."

BIRTHS.

On the 29th of May, at 17, Lower Seymour-street, Portman-square, Mrs. **LLEWELLYN MOSTYN**, of a daughter.

On the 3rd of June, at Old Hall Green, near Ware, the wife of W. G. Ward, Esq., of a daughter.

On the 5th of June, at Clapham, Mrs. John C. Dell, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

On the 29th of May, at the French Chapel, and afterwards at St. George's, Hanover-square, General **RAMON CARRERA**, Comte de Morella, to **MARRIANNE CATHERINE**, only child of the late Robert Vaughan Richards, Esq., Q.C.

On the 24th of June, at St. Patrick's Chapel, by his brother, the Rev. Henry Rymer, Mr. **CHARLES RYMER**, of Northampton, to **AGNES ELIZABETH**, daughter of the late Mr. Clements, of Bicester.

DEATHS.

Of your charity pray for the soul of **RICHARD HORTON**, Esq., who departed this life on the 13th of May, at Sutton Coldfield, after having received all the rites of the Church. R. I. P.

On the 25th of May, at St. Mary's College, Oscott, Mr. **JOSEPH GIBBONS**, youngest son of Mr. James Gibbons, of Wolverhampton, aged 23 years.

On the 27th of May, at St. Peter's College, the Very Rev. Dr. **SINNOTT** P.P. of Wexford, and Vicar General of the Diocese.

On the 28th of May, at her residence, Sloane-street, Chelsea, Mrs. **HELEN HARGRAVE**, in her 96th year. The Catholic Charities of London have been deprived of a generous and bountiful patroness in the demise of this excellent lady. In conjunction with her deceased sister, Mrs. Hobbs, she had been for many years most liberal in her support of Catholic charitable institutions. "Requiescat in pace."

On the 2nd of June, Mrs. **JANE O'REARDON**, of Killarney.

On the 7th of June, at Walsall, **JOSEPH BAGNALL**, Esq., aged 72 years.

On the 11th of June, at Camden-street, Dublin, **PATRICK SULLIVAN**, Esq., of Dripsey, Cork.

On the 18th of June, **MARY JOSEPHINE**, only surviving daughter of C. J. Pagliano, Esq., of Brook Green, Hammersmith, having just completed her 8th year.

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VOL. XII.

THE DIARY OF MARTHA BETHUNE BALIOL.

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF HER BELOVED GRANDMOTHER,
THE LADY BETHUNE OF LINCLUDEN: COMMENCED THE 1ST
DAY OF SEPTEMBER, 1753.

(Continued from page 312.)

September 5.—The gentlemen were off to the hill early in the morning, so that we saw them not at breakfast. I assisted my grandmother in making arrangements relative to the ball on the 17th, and the number of guests likely to be with us. She tells me that she hopes that Master Edwardes will remain over that day, as she esteems him much. I put a leading question to try and hear who he was; but my grandmother merely said, he was the son of a gude frien, and he and all his kith and kin were well known to her, and she looked upon him as her own.

I told her I thought I must have seen him before, for his face was familiar unto me.

She said I had seen him before many years ago; and then, laughing, she added: "But it is scarce seemly in young maidens to stare, and gaze, and gossip about those they meet; therefore, dear Mattie, cumber not yourself as to who he is, or what he is, but know that he is a dear young friend of mine. So now go and look if May Hetley has fitly prepared the blue room for him."

"The *blue* room! dear granddame!" I said in amazement; for the blue room was the one my honoured father had used, and was now our state apartment.

"Yes, burdalane, the blue room;" and then, with a smile, she added: "see that the pictures are weel dusted, and a nosegay in the beau-pots, and I need not charge you, dear child, to let a white rose be in the posie."

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I proceeded to the blue room, but found all there ready prepared. The blue room being the one occupied by my honoured father, has been little used since. My mother liked it not after he had left her; and my brother, Sir Richard, said that it was too sombre, with antique carvings in oak, and that he ever feared that the grotesque heads which were carved on the cornices, would take it into their heads, for they had nought else, to come to life some night, and coming down would go rolling about in search of their legs and arms, and perchance *faute de mieux* take his; consequently, though heretofore this room has ever been appropriated by the head of the house, my brother affects it not, but has chosen for his own the east turret. We have therefore made it our state-chamber, and it being hung with blue velvet from Genoa, we ever now term it the blue room.

I looked that the pictures were well dusted, and in especial that the portrait of *my* hero of romance, the brave, the chivalrous, though ill-starred Earl of Derwentwater, which hangs on one side of the large fireplace, was free from spec or stain. Amusement! when I raised my eyes to the picture, it was the likeness of Master Edwardes I gazed upon: the same gallant and graceful bearing; the same dark falcon eye, and noble brow; the black hair worn in the same style, unpowdered, and hanging in long curls at the back; the small dark mustache shading a mouth of great beauty, but expressing firmness and decision. The picture had a peaked beard, which Master Edwardes lacked; but save for that, and the difference of dress, it was the picture of Master Edwardes. Whom, then, could he be; this stranger whom my granddame prized so much and honoured so highly? I quitted the blue room hastily, and ran to tell her of my notable discovery; but I found her occupied with Elspet and May Hetley, and not choosing to interrupt her, I hurried away to my own little oriel room, where my brother and I spend great part of our time; and, I blush to write it, instead of occupying myself in some useful or improving employment, I looked not at my wheel; my spinnet was unheeded; and I forgot all about Master Edwardes and the picture, in the perusal of Sir Charles Grandison, a book my dear brother has presented to me, and which I find to be of powerful interest, and exceeding beauty; though I like not the heroine so much. Unlike any Harriet that ever I knew, she is perfect; too much so to be interesting. My brother says, that frequently in the character as in the opal stone, the beauty consists in a flaw: I will not say the same, but I do allow I feel more interest in Clementina than in Harriet. At length the turret clock warned me that the hour when I accompany my grandmother to walk, was long since past; and ashamed of my negligence, I made a vow not to open my book

again for a week ; and hastily closing it, I ran to get my capuchin, and then hurried to the oak parlour, where my grandmother generally sits, and where I found that the gentlemen had returned from the moors, and were deeply engaged in earnest conversation with her. As I opened the door, Master Edwardes said : " No, Sir Richard, the risk is mine only : I stand or fall alone." I fear my temper is bad, and my disposition haughty ; for when my grandmother saw me enter, she evidently showed that she wished not for my company, for she said to me hastily : " Go, Martha, see the game just brought home put into the larder ; and do you choose a good bird and make o'it a spatchcock, I warrant our young friend has na tasted one for monie a day." I felt that this was a hint, and a broad one, that I was not wished for ; and mortified at being thus treated as a child before a stranger, I hastily shut the door, to conceal the tears of mortification, and I fear of anger, that rose to my eyes. I ran quickly down the grand staircase ; but ere I had time to cross the courtyard—for in my evil humour I resolved not to go near the cook, but show that I felt that it was a mere pretence to get rid of me—I say I had not time to cross the court-yard, when a kind voice said at my ear, " Your kind grandmother has permitted me to visit the cuisine with you ; nay, more, promises that you will instruct me in the proper method of making a spatchcock." It was Master Edwardes that spoke to me ; and I quickly divined that he wished to spare me the mortification of fannoying myself treated as a child, and had made this pretence to join me ; but my evil humour had not yet vanished, so I replied drily, that I had no doubt but the cook would instruct him equally well as I could have done ; that I was not going to the kitchen, but to the garden instead. He observed that this pleased him still more, as he hoped to obtain my permission to accompany me. I bowed, and we went together ; and very soon my evil humour disappeared, and I felt sadly ashamed of having given way to it, especially when I saw the pains Master Edwardes took to make me feel that *he* had not wished to dispense with my company. At length I said, suddenly,—

" Now I have recovered my equanimity, which was so sadly deranged, and feel ashamed of my petulance, I am assured that my dear granddame judged well, that I might have heard something which, though it might interest, might neither concern nor edify me ; and thought it better to give me some employment to occupy my thoughts. I shall therefore hasten and do her bidding, and regret the ill opinion you must form of my temper and culture ;" and I turned to go away.

" Pardon me," said Master Edwardes, " if I detain you yet a few moments. Believe me, had I judged you wrongly, your

frank confession would have shown me my error; but in truth I did not so. I felt anxious to tell you the subject we were conversing on, as far as *I* am concerned; but fearing that it might not possess sufficient interest for you, dare not commence till I had your permission to do so. Have I that now?"

"First tell me, does my grandmother know of your intention?"

"She does; else had I never ventured to mention it to you. I scarce know how to begin my story, Miss Baliol," he said, after the pause of a few minutes: "Have you no recollection of ever having seen me before? Did you never see any one whom I resemble?"

"My grandmother tells me that I have seen you long ago; but I recall neither the place nor time; but I must have seen some one like you, for to-day I was struck by the strange resemblance that you bear to the Earl of Derwentwater."

"Why strange?" he replied, sighing: "he was my father."

"Your father!" I exclaimed, "impossible! You cannot be my play-fellow and champion of old, Charley Ratcliff!"

"But indeed I am, as surely as you are the little Martha Baliol of those happy years. Do you not recollect me now, or our last meeting at the palace of Holyrood, when I was page to Prince Charles, and your dear grandmother brought you, as the only Baliol then in the country, to do homage to your Prince? And do you not remember the Prince taking you in his arms—you, a little fairy thing of eight—and asking you where your white cockade was; which I, in all the pertness of pagehood, and with the freedom of an old companion had taken from you to wear in my cap, and had promised to dip in the heart's blood of our enemies ere we met again? How little I then fancied what was to be ere we did! And do you remember the Prince taking the cockade from his own bonnet, and telling you that you were his youngest and fairest recruit?"

"Could you suppose I could ever forget that scene?" I replied. "I still preserve the white cockade as one of my dearest treasures."

"And, believe me, the one I obtained from my dear little companion is still in existence—still cherished as a sweet *souvenir* of those times, and the little friend who gave it. My life, since then, has been a strangely chequered one; yet not one scene of the time I then passed with my Prince has been obliterated from my memory. No, whilst I have life, I shall never forget those days."

"But why this disguise?" I said; "why not openly return to us as Lord Derwentwater? Can you fancy that you would not be welcome, or that though I had forgot my former playfellow, that others would not remember him?"

"Nay, do not say forgot, dear Miss Baliol; merely that you did not at first recognise him: but my disguise is easily accounted for. Those who butchered the uncle and father, are not likely to forgive or be forgiven by the son and nephew; and as the attainder has never been removed, though I am Earl of Derwentwater, in this country they do not recognise my title, for here might makes right. But as I never shall recognise the Elector as my king, I care little for his disputing my title. What his minions could take they did—my estates; and the kinsman who holds a part is not likely to give it up, nor to obtain my pardon, which might make him not quite so sure of his ill-gotten gear. I am, therefore, a proscribed man, liable to be seized by the blood-hounds of the law, as my noble father was; and if so, the same doom awaits me. But we honest folk across the water, know rather more of all that goes on here than we get the credit of doing; aye, and can make our own use of the knowledge. Information was conveyed to me that the caitiff traitor who holds my lands, has stretched out his blood-stained hand for my coronet. In short, denying my father's marriage, he is trying to get the attainder set aside, and declares himself to be the Earl of Derwentwater. The moment I heard of this, I wrote to him; gave him the lie in his teeth; and hurried to Scotland to consult how I may best confront the villain, and show the perfidy which condemned the father to the block, and would now consummate the ruin of our family by heaping on the son the shame and misery of a dishonoured name. I knew that Græme of the Knowe was one who esteemed my father much, and resolved on landing at Leith to proceed there. My life, Miss Baliol, has been one of distress and danger; yet I scarce think I ever suffered a sadder feeling than I did a few days ago, on entering Edinburgh, and contrasting the solitary progress of a proscribed and outlawed fugitive, stealing back to his own country to defend his father's name—the sole inheritance he had to leave an only child—and the triumphal entry of the same individual a few years previous—then a boy of fourteen—flushed with a recent victory; marching close to his Princely master, followed by brave clans, their pipes playing the fine martial air, 'We'll awa to Sherramuir'; and, above all, the bright future then before us."

Master Edwardes—no, that name no more—from me he shall ever receive his own—the Earl of Derwentwater stopped here, and the tears rose to his large dark eyes, which so lately had flashed with enthusiasm. For myself—I could not help it—I felt a choking sensation at my throat, and my tears gushed forth when I thought how bright our hopes then were, how faded and dim now: and if I thus felt the contrast, what must he not do!

"I beseech you do not grieve thus, my dear Miss Baliol," said he, "I ought to have known your kind heart better, and not thus to have pained it, narrating my own sad feelings. My tale is well nigh finished. I proceeded to the Knowe, first taking the precaution of assuming a *nom de guerre*, which, in truth, is my own, I being a godson of Prince Charles. Mr. Græme knew me not, and I found that old times were forgotten. The Elector was now all powerful, and I might bring distress and difficulty on any who took my part. Mr. Græme knows me as Mr. Edwardes only; as I was thus introduced to him by an old friend across the water: but all were not so blind. Your kind excellent grandmother at once recognised me; and leading me aside, asked if she were in the wrong in styling me Lord Derwentwater. I told her who I was, and explained my motive for coming to this country. She received me as the son of her dear friend; offered me the hospitality of her house; and in her grandson's name promised that he would use his endeavour to have my rights established. Sir Richard, with a kindness far beyond my hopes, has promised to do so, and we were conversing on this subject when you entered. Do not fancy Miss Baliol, that your grandmother could have had any motive for not telling you, but the simple one that the keeping of a secret is always attended with difficulty, sometimes with danger; and she wished to spare you both. But now it would have so much the appearance of treating you without confidence, that I requested permission to tell you. Your brother has promised me his support—may I hope that I have Miss Baliol's good wishes?"

My lord added some flattering speeches, but I will not write them down: were I to believe them, they would make me proud to merit them: but I will not allude to this matter.

Hearing that I kept a diary, he has requested me to make a memorandum that he hopes to have the honour of being my partner on the 17th; I said it not to him, but I thought I was not likely to forget, though he avers that possibly I may.

After dinner, we all rode together. As we were cantering along, a hare suddenly crossed before us closely pursued by two gaze-hounds; and in an instant a lady, mounted on a superb chestnut horse, came galloping up.

"Madge Murray, as I live!" exclaimed my brother, and giving his horse the spur, in a moment he was by her side. Lord Derwentwater asked me if I also wished to follow—

"No;" I replied, "I am rather nervous riding across the country, and Madge flies like the wind—ha! There is her brother Harry."

Harry rode up and accosted us thus—

"I knew you a long way off: I knew you a great way off, cousin Martha. I knew you before Madge did: I said it was you

and Sir Richard: I don't know you," he said, turning to the Earl; "but I knew you and Sir Richard before Madge did," nodding to me.

The Earl looked amazed at this strange salutation, but a single glance at poor Harry explained his sad state. More perfect features than his I never saw; but one beauty, the beauty of intellect, was wanting: his deep blue eyes were faultless as to colour and shape, yet devoid of all intelligence: and his mouth, perhaps the most expressive of all the features, had a listless look.

"Is that a son of the beautiful Mrs. Murray, of Broughton," said the Earl to me.

"Yes, do you recognise the likeness?"

"I do indeed; the same features—but yet so different. The first time I ever saw her was when King James was proclaimed at the cross of Edinburgh, and she, mounted on horseback, with a drawn sword in her hand, and profusely decorated with white ribbons, remained there during the ceremony, and aught more radiantly beautiful than she was I never saw; she shed a halo of enthusiasm round her, that infected all who were near her—"

"Ah! here they come," cried Harry: "Madge first, of course. Sir Richard never could keep up with Madge. Ah, Madge, I told you I knew them, was I not right?"

"Quite right," said Madge.

"And the dogs—Did Fingal or Ossian run best?"

"Fingal by far the best; he turned puss three times before Ossian did it once."

"There!" exclaimed Harry delighted. "You see I'm right again, and I knew them before you, eh Madge? Do you allow that I was right?"

"Indeed I do, Hal: I have fairly lost my bet: Ossian is yours for ever."

"Good dog, good dog!" cried Harry leaping off his horse and caressing Fingal, whilst a keeper was covering it from the cold. "And I was right about Sir Richard and Martha; but I don't know the other," he continued.

"The other, Harry, is a friend of mine, Mr. Edwardes," said my brother; but Harry was again caressing his dog. Madge had taken off her hat, and was fanning herself with it. Sir Richard named Master Edwardes to her. She looked a moment at the groom, and seeing he was too deeply occupied with the dog to heed us, she said:—

"Not at all, cousin Dick; it's Charley Ratcliff, the page whom I mortally offended one night at Holyrood, by asking what relation the notorious Daddie Ratcliff was to him." She hummed the words "Weel wad I my treu luve ken, amang ten

thousand hieland men;" and then putting on her hat and holding out her hand, she added, "but I am quite sure that Lord Derwentwater has long ago forgiven me."

"The only thing Lord Derwentwater cannot forgive Miss Murray, is fancying that he could be offended at the interest she took in his relations," replied the Earl bowing.

"And now, Madge, what next?" said my brother.

"Why, I see they have brought up the puppies, so I fancy we must give them a course; eh Harry? Shall we give Skiff and Dart a trial?" she continued.

"Or ride over to the Mount with us, and see my new gaze-hounds," said my brother.

"I should like that, Madge," said Harry.

"But, Hal, it would be quite dark ere we left, and we could not see the puppies run," she replied.

"And that's true—no, we won't go."

"Nonsense, man! Come you must!" said my brother.

"Not if Madge says no," answered Harry.

"But Madge will say yes. Won't you, Madge? You shall have a dish of tea, and a gossip with Martha, and Harry shall see the gaze-hounds, and then a brisk ride home by moonlight."

"So be it!" cried Madge; "lead on."

"Nay, fair cousin," replied my brother bowing, "do you lead and I shall ever follow."

They gave directions to the keeper to return to the hall with the dogs, and then we started to return home; but scarce was Harry mounted when he began to wager that his pony would trot against my brother's horse. Madge, as a matter of course, supported Harry, so off they started, leaving Lord D. and me to return at leisure. Truly we had a pleasant ride; but as our horses were somewhat warm we walked them most of the way; consequently the others were at the Mount a considerable time before us; and when I entered the room, after laying aside my riding gear, I found Madge seated on a low stool at my grandmother's feet, Sir Richard and Harry being also present.

"So, fair cousin," said Madge, "you are a sad laggard. Here have I been telling my dear grannie" (this is a pet name she gives Lady Lincluden, who is *not* her grandmother) "all the news of the country, but I have kept a nice bit for you. Open wide your ears, hear and believe that the delectable pink of perfection, Miss Peggie Paterson, has at last met with one capable of understanding her; and, in three weeks, I am asked to dance at her wedding!"

"Peggie Paterson! I'm blythe to hear it; she will make a gude wife get her who may!" exclaimed Lady Lincluden.

"In that case, Grannie, I regret she has been allowed to remain so long an indifferent spinster," said Madge laughing.

"But who is the happy man, Madge?" said my brother.

"Who is he? Why no one that you, or any of us know. He is a Glasgow weaver by birth; one of Hawley's dragoons by profession; Mungo Mucklewham by name," replied Madge.

"Mungo Mucklewham! one of Hawley's dragoons!! the son of a Glasgow weaver!!!" exclaimed my grandmother. "My gudeness, the lassie's in a creel! Madge, it can never be, that a niece of the gude Sir Hugh Paterson, would marry a sidier royl, let alane a Glasgow weaver."

"True, nevertheless, if I am to believe her: also I think she is well mated."

"Weel mated, Madge!" exclaimed my grandmother, "what harm did the lassie ever do ye that ye say that?"

"The *lassie* never did me any, for she had ceased to be one long ere I knew her; but ever since I remember she has been held up as an example to all the girls of the county."

"Quite enough to make them dislike her," said Lord D.

"Even so; and as Mungo Mucklewham is, according to her, perfect in every manly virtue, and she in female worth, I hold that they are well mated: besides she has courage and he has none: he has siller and she has none: how goes the old song, grannie,

'He had money, and she had none,
And that's the way her love began.'

But I shall miss her much, for she never sees me but she tells me that she has many an anxious moment about me."

"So have I, Madge," said my grandmother.

"The anxiety is not all on her side, dear grannie; for as I told her I often wish she would cease advising me, and am anxious beyond measure for her being settled as far from the hall as possible, and then she will be my dearly beloved cousin *once* removed."

"And I say marry Peggie Paterson who may, they will get a gude wife," said Lady Lincluden.

"And I, dear grannie, am not so base as to envy him his happiness, as indeed I told her."

"Ah Madge, Madge, that tongue of yours will get you many enemies, and never gain a friend, believe an auld woman, dawtie, and bridle the unruly member."

"My dear grannie, those that cannot take a jest from me, may e'en keep away. I never forsake a friend; I never forgive a foe; and my crowning evil in Miss Peggie's eyes is, that I don't care a rush what she or the world say of me."

"More's the pity, Madge," said my grandmother, "more's the pity. Ye're owre young to hae mickle wit, and owre foolish to hae few faults; let me never hear you say the like again. And now, burdalane," said my grandmother to me, "haste and make tea, and gie this silly bairn something to put into her mouth, to prevent such idle clashes coming out."

I hastened to comply with my grandmother's orders; but I fear Madge was not convinced; for she sung in such an exquisite manner,

"My Peggie is a young thing
Just entered in her teens;"

that none but could forgive her. When we had finished tea, Madge rose, and declared that it was time for them to leave.

"We shall see you on the 17th?" said Lady Lincluden.

"I think not," she replied.

"Nay, but you must come." Sir Richard did earnestly entreat the same; and I, too, added my supplications.

"What is it you wish?" said Harry, coming forward.

"We wish Madge to come to a ball on the 17th."

"A ball! oh that's brave. Oh yes, she will come. I'll come, and you may be sure Madge will. Eh! Madge?" cried he, eagerly.

"Meantime, mount and go! Harry," cried Madge.

Sir Richard offered her his hand, to lead her down stairs; and I think he whispered something about continuing the song; but I may be mistaken, for she gave a laugh, and said, "Peggie Paterson will now do that;" and she sang—

"On by moss and mountain green,
Let's buckle a', and on thegither,
Down the burn and through the dean,
And leave the muir among the heather.

Sound the bagpipe, blaw the horn,
Let ilka kilted clansman gather;
We maun up and ride the morn,
And leave the muir among the heather."

When the door was closed, I said of Madge, that I loved her right dearly, and that Lord D. must not fancy that she would harm Peggie Paterson; for of Madge one might say, that her bark was waur nor her bite, and she was no one's enemy save her own.

"And what worse ane could she have, my dear lassie?" said Lady Lincluden. "My Lord is a soldier, and he will tell you

that whilst the citadel remains true, the loss of the outposts is as nothing; and if Madge be her ain enemy, wha can stand her friend? Not that Madge is an ill lassie—for I loe her dearly—but she is different from others; and singularity should ever be avoided in the young—but Madge is no an ill lassie.”

“No treason against Madge,” said my brother, entering; “she is my friend and companion, and I will hear nothing against her.”

“Content yourself, Sir Richard, we said nane,” said my grandmother.

“No! they had best think twice, ere they speak ill of Madge once. In the first place, she gives no quarter; and in the next, if you go to your closet and whisper merely a word against her to your dearest friend, assuredly the walls carry her the intelligence; for ere long she knows it all: *how*, I cannot conceive; but that she does, I have often had proof. But that, surely, is nothing against the girl.”

“From the eager way in which you defend Miss Murray, one would think some one had been attacking her,” said Lord D.; yet I assure you such was not the case.”

“Attacking her!—so there is,” said Lady Lincluden: “do you not see he is defending her from himself: his better judgment tells him that Madge is too wild and independent for a woman: but she has cast the *glamour* owre him, and he is trying to think that all is right that she does. Yet, were Martha to act thus, he would not allow it.”

“Martha! truly, no! she would be an indifferent copy—”

“Of a bad original,” said a voice behind him; and turning round, we saw Madge standing at the door.

“Don’t stare so, sweet coy, as if I were a ghost come back to punish my murderers, and terrify them to disclosures. As we passed poor Sandy Johnstone’s cottage we found they were in sore distress, one of the children being ill; so we rode back to get something for the poor wean; and you were all so busy talking, and the room so dark, that you never saw me enter; so I thought it best to save Dick the trouble of painting my character by summing it up in three words, *a bad original*. And do, dear grannie, haste and give me something for the child.”

My grandmother left the room, and Madge turning towards Lord D., said: “I have just heard of the death of Wylie, the minister of Lesmahago.”

“Since you left this, Madge?” said my brother.

“He who betrayed and sold Kinlochmoidart?” exclaimed Lord D., in the same breath.

“The same: now listen to the circumstances of his death. One of his children being ill, he sat up all night with it, not in the same room, but in one adjoining: suddenly, about the

middle of the night, he was startled by seeing a highlander in full dress standing at the open door, and slowly beckoning him to follow. To own the truth, Wylie was never destitute of courage; accordingly he rose, and *did* follow the figure, which suddenly disappeared: he went down stairs; found the doors all fast, so that no one could have gone out; and searching the house, he found that no one was concealed in it. Then, suddenly, the recollection of one whom he had betrayed to a cruel and early death came across him, and he knew this was a warning that he was soon to follow. In the morning he mentioned the circumstance to his wife and family: he was quite well till evening: suddenly, he started up; exclaimed, 'I come!' fell down on the floor, and was dead ere they could reach him."

For some time, no one spoke. The silence was broken by the entrance of Lady Lincluden, who was followed by the old butler, bearing a basket with necessary cordials for the sick child.

"Gude e'en to you, Howison," said Madge. "Have you heard that Wylie of Lesmahago is dead?"

"Dead! Wylie dead! Miss Murray: atweel, death quits a' scores, and I wish him nae waur nor he's gettin now," replied Howison: "and when did he gang to his last account?"

"Two days ago: but if the basket be ready, I must hasten away, for I have eight miles across the country, and the moon not so old as I could wish it."

"Would you allow me to escort you, Miss Murray?" said Lord D.

"Escort me! Truly no: but I thank you all the same. Harry will protect me from all *earthly* foes, and should we meet others—"

"Wheest! wheest! Miss Murray," said Howison: "wha kens what may be near you. Gude be atween us and a harm. The *Warlock's Knowe*, and the *Dead-man's Moss*, are no that canny in the day, let alane the night: are ye no fleyed?"

"I am a Murray, Howison, and know not fear: a Murray of Broughton, and court danger:" and waiting no longer, she ran lightly down stairs; and, in a moment afterwards, we heard the clatter of the horses' hoofs, as she and Harry galloped down the approach.

"I'm thinking ye're a Murray, and some skeerie. They're a' a thocht queer in the tap storey," muttered Howison, as he left the room.

"Is Miss Murray perfectly safe riding so late, and so poorly attended?" said Lord Derwentwater.

"Oh yes, perfectly so," replied my brother. "Harry would cut down any who dared molest her; but, in truth, she is so well known, and so well liked by all around, that none would attempt such a thing."

"She's a brave lassie, that I'll never deny : she has her father's wit, and the courage of her clan ; and were the secretary to raise another regiment of light horse, he would need no fremit folk to lead them ; for I'm mista'en if Madge would give place to Colonel Bagot."

"The secretary's character," said Lord D., "has ever been a puzzle to me—to all, indeed, who knew him. His bravery none can deny, it was too often proved : he discharged the perilous task of publishing the manifestoes, and warning the different parties, with a courage never surpassed, and unequalled address. He was in constant danger of arrest for three weeks, ere he quitted that occupation to join the Prince : his stratagem for surprising the Duke of Argyle, and his ruse of misleading government by false information, were admirably conceived, and had they been well followed up, would have been of incalculable service to our cause. He was intrusted with the internal management of the whole scheme. He acted as guide to the Camerons, when they surprised and captured the town of Edinburgh. Yet this same man was capable of betraying us, to save his life."

"No, my lord, pardon me—not to save his life ; but, as Howison says, they are *skeerie*. The abbot's curse clings to them yet. His mother was an Ogilvie ; and of them the abbot said, 'May every son be dafter than his mother : ' of the Lindsays, 'every man poorer than his father : ' that is the only excuse I can give for my unhappy kinsman," said Lady Lincluden.

"And facing death on the field of battle, is very different from meeting the same grizzly shade on the scaffold, after the spirit has been broken by a long and cruel imprisonment," said my brother.

"It is indeed different. Which of us would not volunteer to lead a forlorn hope ? which of us would fear to march up to the deadly breach ? and yet how few of us can meet death calmly on the scaffold :—how much greater the courage of acting like a man there, where death is robbed of its glory—"

My lord's voice faltered. I doubt not he was overpowered by sad recollections, and thought of the heroic chivalry displayed by his two nearest and dearest relatives on the scaffold ; who had indeed

"Encountered darkness as a bride, and hugged her in their arms."

After a pause he resumed :—"And Miss Murray—does she know ? and her mother, her heroic mother ! how bitterly she must have felt the utter worthlessness of a life purchased by betraying others !"

"She did, indeed, feel it bitterly; so much so, that her life soon fell a sacrifice. Madge, poor lassie, knows nothing of it: poor bairn! she has sorrows enow to bear, without breaking heart and spirit—as it would, did she know the truth. She was so young at the time of her father's imprisonment, that she was not told how he saved life and lands—how dearly he bought them, and I trust she may ever remain in ignorance; but when I hear the free use she gives her tongue, I often tremble lest some one retorts on her. Her father fears the same, and keeps her so secluded that we are the only family she is intimately acquaint wi; and poor Harry her only companion: and he is at once her greatest grief, and chief joy. You must know, she blames hersel, and no without reason, of being the cause of his misfortune. A finer, braver, bonnier boy than Harry Murray, never gladdened a father's heart: Madge was aye a bauld lassie, and being four years aulder than Harry, was the leader in all their sports: they were ever fond of riding, as ye see: one sad day, they were amusing themselves in leaping, they came to a stane-dike; Madge cleared it at once; Harry hung back, a little nervous: Madge, who knew not fear, urged him to follow; and when that wadna do, she taunted him wi letting a lassie gang where he was feared to follow: Harry was a real Murray, and the taunt struck home: he raised his pony to the leap; both fell, and his head came against the stanes of the dike, and there he lay, senseless. Madge, poor Madge! ye may imagine her agony at seeing her darling lying dead before her: she uttered no cry: she shed no tear: but taking the bairn in her arms, carried him back to the hall: she walked into the room where her father was sitting, and laying him down at his feet, she said, "It's your son, and my only brother that I have murdered." Broughton saw that he would soon be childless if he was harsh wi the wretched lassie; he asked nae questions; uttered nae reproach; but carried the bairn to Madge's room, and laid him down on Madge's bed. The doctor was sent for, and he said there was life, and where there's life there's hope. Harry recovered his health, but his mind was gone for ever. And now came Broughton's punishment; and oh! is it no a heavy one? He had turned king's evidence on his friends: he had betrayed the confidence of his Prince; and a' to keep the bonny lands o' Broughton for his young son; for I will never believe that the fear o' death made him do it: and he lives to see the bairn he sacrificed his honour for, a poor harmless innocent! What Madge suffered, nane can tell, she never did: but night and day she sat beside the boy and watched his return to health,—to health without reason! Poor Madge, she had need of her brave spirit now. From that day to this, she has never been separated

from him, and never will. She watches over him with all a mother's care and has adopted, like a brother, all his pursuits, and tried as far as she can to fill his place with her father. You may wonder, I'm sure I often do, that with him ever before her she can keep up the brave spirit she has ; yet it is a blessing from heaven ; for what would become of Harry were she to turn dowie, and who would be to him what Madge is ? They are all the world to each other, and she lives but for him and her father."

"If," said my brother, "if her expiation for an unintentional injury ought to be a life of tears and loud reproaches, then is Madge guilty of neglecting to atone for the evil she has done ; but if a life devoted exclusively to the being she thinks she has irreparably injured ; if by the daily sacrifice of her time, hopes, and wishes, she can at all compensate, then does Madge most nobly, most cheerfully do her duty ; and I doubt not, dear grandmother, that the thought of it costs Madge many a salt tear, many a bitter sigh, unheard and unseen, indeed, but not the less sincere."

(To be continued.)

TIME FLIES NOT.

"Se a ciascun, l'interno affanno
 Si vedesse in fronte scritto,
 Quanti mai che invidia fanno.
 Ci farebbero pietà!"—*Metastasio.*

1

Who says that time fleets quickly by ?
 Who says that life speeds soon away ?
 They little know how wearily
 Day may succeed to dreary day !

2

They little know the weary feel
 To wake and find another morn :—
 To mark the leaden minutes steal,
 Slow ticking, with disgust and scorn.

3

They little know, when night comes on,
 How gladly is the pillow prest,
 Because another day is done—
 Not that the body needeth rest.

4

They little know the shrinking dread,
 Ere sleep comes o'er the languid frame,
 To feel that, though one day be sped,
 The morrow will be just the same.

5

Without an object, joy, or care :
 The world around, a dreary void,
 That only tells of things that were—
 Of love, hope, happiness destroy'd.

6

A dreary void : but yet a stage
 On which the weary one must play
 His hateful part :—each act an age,
 Long-drawn : uncar'd for, grave or gay.

7

Uncar'd for : though, perchance, a smile
 Or frown the tutor'd face may wear.
 How can such flimsy mask beguile
 Or hide the palsied face of care ?

8

Then tell not me that life is short !
 I feel, too galling feel the chain
 That once to gird I thought was sport,
 But now would cast from me in vain.

9

In vain—in vain ! The weary hours
 Move not for me : and uselessly
 I pray to heaven's benignant powers
 That this may end—oh speedily !

10

They heed me not. Perchance the vow
 Is rash. Then let me bow my head.
 But, oh my God, might it be so,
 How gladly would I join the dead !

11

How gladly would I lay me there
 Where lies....I cannot linger on....
 Without an object, joy, or care....
 Oh let this weary life be done !

30th June, 1850.

FUIMUS.

THE HOUR AND THE MOTIVE.

(Concluded from page 287, Vol. XI.)

CHAP VII.

THE courtship, conversion, and marriage of Lady Ada Berrington, née Agincourt, was not the work of a single week, nor even of a few months, but we have used literally the license allowed to chroniclers from time most ancient, and have recounted in a few short pages what took the parties engaged months to accomplish.

During these months, Cyril had been abroad. Harcourt's letters had always followed him, and he was thus tolerably well apprised of affairs in England. At Paris he had encountered his kind friends the Ellertons, and sojourned with them, experiencing their hospitality, so readily accorded, and receiving the greatest attention from their sympathising kindness. Lady Honora, however, was in such a state of health as to render her stay in Paris injudicious, and Cyril parted from his friends and was left in that city of dissipation alone.

He left Paris and proceeded to Marseilles, where he intended to embark for Alexandria, but letters from Arthur reached him now which made him hesitate whether he would proceed or not with his intended pilgrimage. Meantime, and pending further despatches from his friend, he remained at Marseilles.

Arthur's letters had always been written considerably within bounds. What he communicated to Derrington of the Granby embarrassments was nothing really to the fact. Sir John had borrowed largely, relying upon remittances which never came. Stock was sold, the money spent, bills renewed; still Sir John gambled and his lady kept on her brilliant assemblies. People wondered; Lady William Frippingham remonstrated with her sister-in-law and her brother. The first she found obstinate, the second rude. Lady Granby was certain money would come from her Irish agent. Then she had "stock," and her debts, after all, were not very large. Alas! the stock was all gone, and Sir John's debts and outstanding acceptances were unknown to her. They left London for a short time, but at Weymouth the same kind of extravagance was displayed. There seemed a kind of madness in both husband and wife which prevented them listening to any warnings proffered them. Their return to London was the signal for fresh extravagances.

Miss Randall appeared to be the only person who really

profited by these doings. The wardrobes she became possessed of, the jewels and the money, led her to be so liberal to the flock of her friend, the Rev. Jabez Muttleton, that a paltry brick meeting-house was turned into a stuccoed "chapel," with some pretensions to architectural beauties. For though Dissenting bodies are apt to cry out against the folly and impiety of decking or beautifying the places consecrated to worship, whenever they can find money they are as fond and as proud of that which they rail against as any of the most devoted followers of the style of Pugin.

In place of money coming from Donegal, Mr. Sullivan came over himself, not *with* but *for* money. Death and desolation still predominated at Byronville; and astonished at Clift's demands for money and Lady Granby's silence to his numerous letters, the honest steward crossed St. George's Channel himself, to see "the mistress" and to detail to her the fearful state of her tenantry and the necessity of affording them relief.

"And she'll do it, faith. Its all along of the Posth Office; that's where it is, boys. The craturs there haven't delivered the darlint the letthers I wrote t' her meeself, so I'll jist cross the say and arrange it quietly with Lady Granby her swate self."

That opinion Mr. Decimus Sullivan gave to the tenantry as the reason of his lady's silence; but the good man had really other fears, and offered daily to our Blessed Lady prayers for his mistress's welfare, both temporal and spiritual.

But arrived in London poor Sullivan found some difficulty in seeing his lady. He called and waited and called and waited repeatedly, but all to no purpose. He came at ten in the morning: Lady G. had not risen. He took his seat in an ante-room and waited patiently, occasionally stepping out to "remind the servant to remind the mistress he was waitin'"; but about two or three he found that she had gone out. The poor man was fain to walk off to his humble hotel with a wearied spirit and a saddened heart.

This occurred for a week after Mr. Sullivan's arrival. At last the patient steward was completely tired out, and took it in his head that the servants of the house kept him from her sight, and he adopted another and eventually a more successful plan. This was to wait *outside* the house, and upon Lady G. appearing at the door, to "drop on her body and sowl." The first day Mr. Sullivan was doomed to further disappointment, for it happened that Lady William had given a party the preceding evening and Lady Granby had remained there all night and until late the succeeding day. This quite upset the poor man and almost prevented him from seeking to obtain

an interview. But the next day he was more successful, and upon Lady G.'s appearance for a drive in the park, placed himself before her.

As almost a matter of course, the honest steward was requested to place himself in communication with the "factotum" Clift, but against this request Sullivan prayed. Then Lady Granby consented to see him herself in a few days, but Sullivan so pleaded with his lady that, to the surprise of the London servants, she descended from her carriage and returned to her boudoir, followed by Sullivan.

The poor man was astonished, if not bewildered, by the magnificence he beheld around him. "Byronville Castle," the paradise of his dreams, was nothing compared to the modern dwelling house. The grandeur of the "grand room" was entirely darkened by the sumptuous adornments of the London drawing room, and the taste displayed in Lady G.'s own room fairly drove every thing out of his head, and he roared aloud, "Beautiful! Be my sowl it's magnificent, beautiful!"

Miss Randall, who was working in the apartment, having, much against her will, been desired to withdraw, the lady seated herself, and motioning Decimus to a chair, requested him to say what he had to say.

And well Decimus said it; faithfully did he depict the misery and suffering at Byronville. Pathetically did he recount the sufferings from famine and from fever of those who so long had been the pride and glory of the county. Eloquently, for he spoke from the heart, did he descant upon all that the people had undergone; to whom they, in their hour of need, looked for support; how, through him, that aid had been applied for, and how denied them. Poor Sullivan spoke till the tears chased each other down his sunken cheeks, and it was only when he paused to take breath that he discovered, so deeply had he been wrapt in his own piteous tale, his mistress had been weeping bitterly.

"I must see Mr. Clift instantly," said Lady Granby when Sullivan had concluded.

"And it's no use, my darlint misthress, seein Mr. Clift on the subject. Hain't I had letther after letther from him axing for the rint, even in the midst of the faver; but sorra a ha'penny of comfort did he send us, let alone a thirteener or two to get male with. It's no use, lady dear, seeing him about it."

Lady Granby was really of the same opinion, but she knew not what to say. Her conscience smote her for the careless callous part she had played, and although one half of the letters had never reached, what few had arrived safely were of themselves sufficient for her to have conjectured the state her

tenantry were in. She made inquiries, but Sir John was absent; Mr. Clift was also out. So, after some few minutes of thought, Sullivan was dismissed for the day, with a strict charge to return early the ensuing morning, and the repentant lady drove off rapidly to her able sister-in-law.

That lady she found in excellent spirits. A communication which she had made to the Foreign Secretary a week before, and which was looked upon generally as a piece of fabricated intelligence, had proved to be correct. In a few words the "Irish intelligence" was reported, and in a few words Lady Frippingham's advice was asked.

"My dear Harriet," she replied, "how often have I explained to you your course was too rapid, your expenses too great. Remember how often have I desired you to retrench a little, until this unhappy Irish nuisance had blown over."

"It is not what I ought to have done," replied Lady Granby; "it is what we must now do."

"What does my brother say?"

"I have not seen him since poor Sullivan's tale was known to me."

"Are your debts large?"

"Mine! oh no! at least I think not. Mr. Clift knows."

"The best thing, Harriet—(do admire this bracelet, dear, even in your distress)—the best thing we can do is to see Mr. Clift at once. He only, I suppose, knows the true position of your affairs."

"My poor countrymen!" said Lady Granby, giving way to the goodness of her heart and shedding tears.

"Oh think not so much now, dear, of the past. Think a little now of the future."

"But what can I do?" said the weeping lady. "I have, I am afraid, no money. Oh! Lady William, you little know the vast sums we have so improvidently expended. I fear we are ruined."

"Let us see Clift, dear, before you give way to so much grief. Come, I will go back with you."

Lady William returned with her friend to Wilton Crescent, and late in the day Mr. Clift and Sir John appeared. Before they had been ten minutes comparing notes, it was plain the Granbys were absolutely ruined; but, bitter as was this fact to Lady Granby, it was far worse to Sir John, who had liabilities of which his lady had no idea of, and who perceived in this "break down" something beyond what his wife or his sister imagined. That it was a total "break down" Clift clearly showed them, as indeed he said he had been showing them all along, or rather endeavouring to show them.

"But, gad, I might as well have preached to King Charles at Charing Cross, so little did you listen."

"The property must be sold," said the baronet.

"No, John," cried Lady Granby, "not while famine and fever is hovering over my dear country will I surrender the property to strangers, who will care little for the customs of their tenants, but only seek to gain an equivalent for their money. The estates shall not be sold."

"Then how, in the name of goodness, Harriet, will you raise money? There are these London debts to be paid. It is not only a question of having no money, but of wanting some also. Something must be done."

Sir John proposed a visit to their solicitor, and Clift went with him to see the man of law, dropping Lady William by the way, who had some business at the Horse Guards.

The baronet was exceedingly sulky at the turn affairs had taken, and kept on grumbling to Clift at the vexation he experienced, at the losses he had sustained, at the degradation he had thrown upon him, upon the sacrifices he had made; harping so long upon the subject and so bitterly, that Clift could not at last help exclaiming,

"Sir John! Sir John! gad, Sir John, don't talk such stuff to me. Gad, yes, stuff! You began this game with nothing; your losses at play are five times your expenditure; and as for the degradation, gad, can you be more degraded than you have been? Bah! gad, yes, bah! talk reason."

Sir John was silent for a short time, but he soon broke out again: "Those cursed Irish estates deceived me."

"They deceived every one," replied Clift, "and if that blockhead of a steward had not come over all would have been better. However, let's see what Screw and Boulton will say to it."

Sir John looked black as night, and then said, "Clift, may I trust you?"

"Gad, yes; why not? I trusted you a long time, and with money, which is far more onerous a trust than confidence. Gad, yes, more onerous."

Sir John leant across the carriage they were in and whispered a few words in Clift's ear. Few as they were they had the effect of causing the other to turn pale as marble, but he recovered himself, seemingly with an effort, and growled,

"The dayvil—gad!"

They drove on in silence.

It is said that truth is stranger than fiction. In this case so strange does it seem, almost strange enough to cast a stain of incredulity upon the fact, that Decimus Sullivan should have

fallen in with the only person who could at all render him assistance. But so it was. The steward crossing the park and stopping for one second at the Horse Guards to scrutinize the "souldiers" upon duty, saw standing before him the Rev. Herbert Clary. It was, indeed, a prolonged howl of delight that burst from the honest man on encountering one whom he believed to hold such immense influence over Lady Granby; for Sullivan only saw in the rev. priest before him the director of the late Sir Valentine and the guardian, in some sort, of his daughter.

Soon did Sullivan pour out his tale, his sad and piteous tale, and in return heard, to his horror, that his dear lady was an alien from the faith of her fathers, and that he who had so tenderly watched over her in her youth had always been denied access to her, on the plea that she was not at home. Then also did Sullivan hear, what had been for the last few days a "talk" in the metropolis, namely, that the Granbys were on the "verge" of ruin. A few remarks dropped by Lady Granby, and repeated now by honest Decimus, confirmed the good priest in the rumours whispered about, and he determined to make another attempt to behold his former penitent. Indeed to him the rebuffs he had before experienced were as nothing. It was his duty to comfort the afflicted, to advise with those who stood in need of aid, to solace even sinners if they were repentant, or to try by holy teaching to raise within them that penitence. To him, therefore, the denials were as nothing, and he at once determined to accompany Sullivan to Wilton Crescent.

It so happened that they reached the Crescent shortly after Sir John, his sister and Clift, had departed, and the porter who opened the door being the same one that had in the morning witnessed his mistress's sudden return with Mr. Sullivan, conjectured, and naturally, that he had been sent for Mr. Clary. No question was put, no hindrance made, and the door thrown widely open, permitted the steward and his rev. companion to enter and ascend the stairs.

Lady Granby was seated on a sofa, her head resting on a table, sobbing bitterly. Unconscious of any one entering the room, she moved not when Mr. Clary and the steward advanced towards the end where she was, but sobbed on, her thoughts being fixed on the unhappy past and the gloomy future.

"Child of my heart," said the rev. gentleman, drawing near to her, "whence this sorrow?"

Lady Granby looked up. Her first impulse was to spring forward and seize her friend's hands. Another thought came over her, and pushing forward her hands to prevent his approach, she sank back upon the sofa and redoubled her tears.

"Harriet," said Mr. Clary, "Is this the way you meet me after so long a separation? Is this the duty of a child to its parent? Is this the treatment I must receive from a Byron?"

"Father, dear father," said the sorrowing lady, and she flung herself upon the priest's hand.

Sullivan howled outrageously; but, unlike his mistress's, his were tears of joy.

Gently, but firmly, Mr. Clary disengaged himself from the lady, and leading her back to her seat, sat by her side and with holy words sought to assuage her grief.

It was not long before Lady Granby told to Mr. Clary all that had happened with her since their last meeting. In a little time, in almost a less time than we can pen the fact, the reverend priest was aware of all that had chanced to his dear child; of her indifference to Cyril, her love for Granby, her deception, her flight, her marriage, her extravagance; all, in short, that had occurred was told; told with tears of bitter agony chasing each other down her cheek; told with the knowledge of her fault; told in a contrite and penitent spirit.

Mr. Clary deemed it necessary to acquaint Lady Granby with the reports that had reached his ear, but to all he said he met with this reply: "I love him more and more. Remember, father, *he is my husband.*" And this, indeed, was so. She now felt "love" for Sir John; love which, at her marriage and some short time after, she had not known.

Mr. Clary also acquainted her with Derrington's generosity, which he had heard from the Rev. Mr. Howe, and persuaded her to yield to the urgencies of her case and use this money. But Lady Granby, with the delicate mind of a sensitive woman, declined to avail herself of the munificence of her former suitor; and it was only after much persuasion that she would agree to the second request of her venerable friend, to accept from Derrington's fund a sum for transmission to Byronville that the poor peasantry might be enabled to obtain a "livelihood;" and, after their severe privations, emerge once more a paying tenantry.

"We are not now to be separated, my child?" said the good priest, about to take his departure.

"Oh never again, dear Sir, oh never again; would we had never parted!"

"Murmur not, my dear Lady, murmur not. The wisdom of Our Lord cannot be doubted. Your trials, by Him ordained, will have worked His will, and you, rising from the ordeal, a wiser woman, put the greater trust in his mercy. Murmur not, Harriet, but rather receive with joy God's lessons forced upon you."

As he spoke, the door was thrown quickly open, and Granby entered the room. His dress was disordered, his eyes blood-shot, his face pale; he was evidently labouring under great excitement. As he advanced towards his wife hastily, he encountered Mr. Clary, and he muttered an oath of dreadful import.

"This is Mr. Clary, John—the Rev. Mr. Clary, my best, my best of friends."

"I want no friends now," cried Granby, "prepare for a trip instantly."

"A trip! where?"

"Calais—Paris—the devil, anywhere: quick—quick, Harriet, quick."

Lady Granby shrunk, she knew not why, from her husband's touch. Mr. Clary placed his hand on the baronet's arm, who shook it off roughly.

"I cannot hear you now, Sir, whoever you are. Harriet, time flies. I must be free of London in a few hours—minutes. Our trunks can come after us; Clift and my sister will see to that. Come, put what cash you have in your pocket, and come directly, or I must go alone."

"Why this haste?" said the wife, trembling from the fright, which the excited appearance of her husband had given her.

"I will tell you another time. Confusion, we lose time now! Sir, Sir, good day, good day."

He motioned Mr. Clary towards the door. As the frown gathered on his brow, a loud knocking was heard at the door; voices were heard; and steps rapidly approached the room.

"D——nation, they are come!" roared Sir John, springing to the door, and turning the key. "Come, Madam, down the back stairs, or I am lost."

His quick ear caught the sound of footsteps coming by the second way. He ran to an inner room and fastened that entrance.

The place seemed filled with people. Lady Harriet stood pale as marble, deprived of speech. The Rev. Father gazed on the Baronet with astonishment; he understood it not, and wondered at Sir John's proceedings.

The handle of the door was violently shaken.

"Sir John, Sir John," cried a voice from the passage, "Sir John Granby, open the door, quickly, quickly, I must, I will see you."

Lady Granby recognised the voice in the midst of her bewilderment, and faintly uttered, "Heavens, Derrington!"

"He here!" cried Sir John; "all then is over. I have lost the game, and must pay the stakes."

"Sir John, Sir John, open, open, or I will break the door," shouted Cyril, for it was himself.

Sir John Granby made one step towards his wife, but struck as it were with some inward thought, retreated without a look or word to the inner room.

At that moment Derrington, Harcourt, and two strangers entered. As they rushed on, the sound of a pistol was heard in the inner room, then a groan, and a sound as of a falling body.

"John, husband, husband!" cried Lady Granby, forcing her way into the apartment. She was followed by Mr. Clary and Cyril.

"They beheld on the ground the body, for life was quite extinct, of Sir John Granby. The unhappy man had applied a pistol to his ear; the ball had too well performed its hellish work; and Sir John Granby was a mutilated corpse.

"Husband, husband," shrieked the lady, and fainted on the body.

* * * *

Cyril had only arrived in town that morning. Letters from his bankers had informed him of large sums having been drawn from his account. Arthur's communications also hastened his return. When he reached London, he found his signature had been forged to several drafts. He had not the slightest suspicion as to the culprit; and, for he had other things to occupy him, left the matter entirely in their hands. Before he had left the bank one hour, a messenger was after him; a clue had been obtained. The deceased baronet was the forger. Hardly crediting this, he sprang into a cab with Harcourt, and drove to Wilton Crescent, to prevent matters being put in a train that would fall heavily on his still beloved Harriet. At the door, he had found the place being stormed by bailiffs. Anxious to exchange the first word with Sir John, he had flown past the officers, and had ascended the stairs.

The rest is known.

* * * *

In a convent, not out of London, there is now one who has just assumed the habit of the order, but though so young, is still already marked amongst that pious sisterhood for her piety. During the time of her noviciate a smile was never seen upon her face, a word scarcely escaped her lips; her thoughts were on the Omnipotent above. In the church of the order is fitted up a magnificent altar, dedicated to our Blessed Lady, the gift of this newly professed sister; and if true penitence and intense prayer avail us with the Creator, then will Sister Francesca, once Harriet Granby, receive in her spiritual existence a pardon for the errors committed by her during her married life.

And Cyril Derrington, the loving and the good, the motive

which he had in devoting himself to his only love is now at an end. Her peace rests now not with human beings. The hour, though, when he dedicated himself to her is still upon him, and in her name he deals around him with a liberal hand the comforts of the world to those who otherwise are comfortless. The tenantry of Byronville have reason to bless his name, but it is not only in Great Britain and Ireland that his charity is to be observed. Ever roaming, the world is to him but one wide land, all mankind his brethren, and on the distant shores of Sicily, in France, in Spain, the good Samaritan has appeared, his wealth dispensed in the name of her he still fondly loves. In return he asks prayers for their benefactress to the Holy Virgin, and daily are they so poured forth.

T. H. N.

M I D N I G H T :

A SONNET.

'Tis midnight. What is midnight? 'Tis to be
 In a large room, where dying tapers throw
 An obscure light around, and scarcely show
 China and mirrors wide, that, like a sea,
 Absorb the light :—where volumes learnedly
 Rise amid gilded frames that flash and glow
 Round pictures that more black and blacker grow.
 'Tis to look round and dread what you may see.
 'Tis to feel silence brooding far and near :—
 To mark the slowly-measur'd ticking clock,
 That seems to threaten with a sound of fear,
 And grows more loud, as it alone would mock
 The hour. It is to think and think ; and wear
 Close thoughts—as now the house-door wears its lock.

12th July, 1850.

A. C.

RECOLLECTIONS OF EMINENT MEN.

THE RIGHT REV. PETER AUGUSTINE BAINES, BISHOP OF
SIGA, VICAR APOSTOLIC IN THE WESTERN DISTRICT, &c.

I HAVE doubted whether I ought to publish my recollections of this eminent prelate, and the letters which he addressed to me during a series of many years. I have shrunk from encountering the accusation of a breach of confidence which I foresee will be charged upon me by those who may be annoyed by the opinions which I must evolve. But I have resolved to risk the charge—considering the eminence of him who wished to enforce those opinions, and the good they may still effect if proclaimed from the tomb. Bishop Baines was, indeed, a public man: no history of Catholicism in England, during the last twenty years, could be complete unless it recorded also the personal history of his lordship, as it became known to me during a long and intimate friendship. His opinions on church music, on church architecture, on the reconversion of England, on the means of advancing religion in our country; his system of controversy; his re-establishment of collegiate decorum by the creation of the colleges of Prior Park; his contests with opposing Catholic parties or factions in England; his summons to Rome, and the manner in which he justified himself to the Holy See,—all these are matters which ought not to be forgotten. The opinions of an eminent man are always deserving of weight; and while the circumstances which called them forth still exist, (as, in many cases, interesting to Dr. Baines, they now do), those opinions ought to be promulgated by those who have the means of diffusing them. Were it needful to do so, I might justify the publication of this memoir by the consideration that, when summoned to Rome and in doubt what fate might then await him, Dr. Baines confided to me the defence of his reputation in England. That reputation is not now, indeed, attacked: perhaps the fear of reopening unpleasant controversies tends to sink it systematically in oblivion: but the opinions of a great man, and such this bishop was in his sphere of action, may be promulgated without offence when the biographer announces them, as I shall do, in the words of their owner, and adds no other observations of his own, than may be necessary to connect them together.

On Sunday, 14th November, 1830, I attended Mass in the chapel in Pierrepont-street, in Bath. I had, and, perhaps, still have, what some may deem crotchety notions about church

music. There were many things in the performance of the choir in the chapel on that day that annoyed me ; and after the service I wrote a letter to the Bishop in the district, Dr. Baines. He had lately returned from the continent, and then resided at Prior Park, near Bath, which he had purchased and converted into a college and ecclesiastical seminary. I had never met his lordship, and was, perhaps, guilty of some presumption in so addressing him. However, two days after, I received the following reply to my remonstrance :—

“ My dear Sir,—You and your friends, who agree with you on the subject of music, are right in supposing that I am anxious to correct the extravagances into which the musical world is for ever running in spite of common sense, common propriety, and religious dogma. I remember, one year, having spent above £200, in an attempt to reform the abuses in the choir of the Bath Chapel, and introduce another style of music and another class of performers. After various expedients, I issued a positive order to the clergy and to the leader of the choir never to permit the repetition of a single syllable in the music of the Mass. I suffered no small persecution on this score. However, Mr. Mannors, in compliance with my wishes, and in opposition to those of all the musical profession, (who pronounced the project not only difficult and foolish but impossible), composed three or four very pretty Masses, in which there was no repetition whatever, and at which, of course, there was no unnecessary delay caused either to the priest or to the *unmusical* part of the congregation. On great days I allowed a departure from this rule, when I was expressly applied to. How long these regulations have become a dead letter, I know not. Having thus, I hope, convinced you that I am aware of the existence of abuse and am anxious to correct it, I will take the liberty of making some remarks on the particular objections you make, some of which I do and some I do not consider well founded.

“ It is an invariable rubric in High Masses (*i.e.*, in Masses which are sung) that the priest do not *recite* any part aloud. The reason is founded on good taste, the effect being decidedly bad. Hence, if the epistle be not chaunted, the organ ought to play or something be sung during the time when the priest is reading it and the Gradual. I have often complained that these rubrics are neglected.

“ I have often noticed in the English, particularly in the English Protestants, an aversion to anything in the church being like anything out of it. I suppose this is the reason why modern English churches are built in what is called Gothic architecture, and are, fortunately, unlike anything else in creation, whether amongst the works of God or man. For

the same reason I suppose it is that the music in the Protestant churches in general is such as could not be borne in any other place. For my own part, (and the same feelings are general on the continent where I have been), I have no more objection to hear a piece of profane music converted to sacred purposes than I have to see a pagan temple converted to Christian worship. I remember once at a convent, in this country, hearing the little girls playing on the pianoforte, during the Mass, whatever they could, and amongst other things were the 'Blue bells of Scotland,' and 'Oh dear, what can the matter be!' and I must own that the association was not at all unpleasant to me. In Rome, at the Sti Apostoli, on the Feast of the Church, when Cardinal Odescalchi officiated, the whole Mass was formed of Rosini's 'Mosè,' and a more beautiful thing I never heard. It was almost a general rule in Rome, whilst I was there, for the organ to play, during the Elevation and Benediction of the blessed Sacrament, the air of 'Dal tuo stellato soglio.' I remember its being done at St. Mark's, in Rome, when the Pope was present, and I dare say his Holiness was as delighted as I was. On this head you will see that I am incorrigible, and should feel no manner of objection to a composer taking 'God save the King!' for a *motivo* to a Credo, Sanctus, or anything else. But I do not say that I am right. However, I have great authority on my side. *Scandal*, I do not see how such a thing can give. But, probably, the Credo of last Sunday may have been bad on other accounts, besides its *motivo*.

"It is an approved custom, in many places, to continue the Offertory, &c., whilst the choir sings the Credo. I plead guilty to having introduced the custom in Bath, having been accustomed to it in Germany from my early years, and thinking it an accommodation both for priest and people. I can see no objection to it, as the Credo is said by the priest, and may be said by the people if they like, as well as the other parts of the office, which occur whilst the Credo is being sung. Those who are more excited to devotion by the music, as I always profess to be, may join the priest only in their general good intention, and attend to the music. This, again, is quite orthodox, and conformable, I think, to good sense, and to the nature and object of sacrifice. That the priest should wait for the choir on ordinary occasions, or perhaps on *any* occasion, before the Elevation, is an abuse. I will speak about it, and *try* to correct it. The same remark, in a less degree, is applicable to the Agnus Dei. But it is impossible always to calculate to the moment. Wherever the prayer for the King is sung, I have noticed that it is sung either before the Post Communion, or immediately after the last Benediction. There can be no objection to its being sung during

the last Gospel, which is hardly a part of the Mass. When a bishop celebrates pontifically, he leaves the altar immediately after the Benediction, reciting the Gospel of St. John as he walks to the sacristy. So I did, by order of the Pope's masters of ceremonies, in the Sixtine Chapel, and in the presence of the Pope—so the Pope himself did in my presence in St. Peter's. We have nothing to do, in these matters, but to ascertain as well as we can what the Church wishes us to do, and do it; viewing such matters under certain particular aspects, and with certain prepossessions, and under certain associations, things will often appear wrong, which, viewed under other aspects not less proper, will appear quite right. I have always found the Church right at last.

"I have suffered so much in my combats with musicians, that I feel very loath to encounter them again, more than I can help. One may, I fear, say of musicians what the poet says of their art, that all the powers of earth and other places cannot subdue them, 'though fate had fast bound her with Styx, &c., still music, &c., were victorious.'

"If you wish to be convinced that I am not the first bishop who have been foiled by Church musicians, and have failed in making Church music what I could wish it to be, you will find a most learned and able disquisition by one of the most zealous and learned bishops of these latter ages.—Benedict XIV., in his *Synodus Diocesana*, though I cannot give you the reference. He says much of what you say, and much more. He had every disposition that I have, and all the power in his hands which I have not, and yet he acknowledges that, in spite of himself and many other popes, the musicians did as they liked. I once heard the present Pope lecture the singers of the Passion in the Sixtine Chapel, 'Sentite? Non tante strille.' 'Mind: not so many squalls,' said his Holiness, (in a *sotto voce*) as they knelt before him for his blessing, and *that* day, to oblige him, they spoiled the Passion. The next day, however, they sang it as usual, with all its usual '*strille*,' and poor Pius VIII. was obliged to stand it out with his gout and erysipelas.

"You will conclude, if I do not correct the evils complained of, I take your suggestions in good part: as they are made in good temper, and in *propria persona*, I could not take them otherwise.

"Believe me, Dear Sir,
 "Your very obedient and faithful Servant,
 ✚ "P. A. BAINES."

"Prior Park, Nov. 16, 1830."

I could not but be much gratified by this letter, so condescending to a stranger; and laughed heartily at the idea of the Pope's "aside" to his musicians while they knelt for his blessing: but neither my judgment nor my feelings acknowledged the propriety of introducing profane music into the Church service. I remembered, indeed, how one who thought like Dr. Baines on the subject had argued, that "he saw no reason why the devil should keep possession of all the good music:" but I also remembered that the Council of Trent had directed the clergy to remove "*Ab ecclesiis musicas eas ubi, sive organo, sive cantu lascivum aut impurum aliquid miscetur:*"—and although the prayer from the opera of Moses, which the bishop admired, could be deemed neither "immodest nor impure;" yet, the plan once admitted, where should it stop? I had heard in France parodies on the Hunters' Chorus in Freischütz sung in processions; I had heard military bands play "*Di piaceo mi balze il cor*" after the Consecration; and I had known a friend asked to recommend the most approved Catholic Church music, that it might be sent from Italy to England, suggest the grand airs in Rosini's Semiramide as being those most generally introduced at that time during divine service. I remained, therefore, unconvinced by the kind letter of my venerable correspondent.

A few days afterwards, I met Dr. Baines at a dinner party. His personal appearance lives in the memory of so many that it is unnecessary that I should describe it. Indeed, there was nothing very remarkable about him. Rather above the middle size; his limbs were not elegantly knit together: constant ill-health gave a lasting flush to his face: his manners in society were ungraceful from excessive timidity. In conversation, he had a trick of turning half round towards the person with whom he talked, so as to bring the back of the chair against his side; thus, with legs double-crossed and the toe of the right foot pressing the right ankle of the left, he would sit upright, and with the finger and thumb of his right hand draw lines along the top of the back of the chair on which he sat. But there was an earnestness in his voice, an elegance and choice of language, a twinkle in his little blue eye, a quiver on his lip that showed the man of intense feeling, the mind of the scholar and of the gentleman. Nothing could be more dignified, nothing more impressive than his manner at the altar: the style in which he intoned and gave his episcopal Benediction after Mass, was truly grand, almost sublime: it was, all over, the high priest of the Most High.

We dined on a Friday at the house of a Protestant friend.

"Dr. Baines," said the lady of the house, while sweatbreads and turkey and tongue were being handed round, "Dr. Baines,

will you take a poached egg?" He turned to me and observed, "thus you and I make a profession of faith."

After this, during the year or two that I resided in Bath, we met frequently and with increasing delight on my part. His lordship had purchased Prior Park, about two miles from the city, and was engaged in making those alterations and additions that were required to fit it for an ecclesiastical seminary and college. In this work, many considered him to incur too great an expense: and raised as they were of Bath stone, the buildings may have appeared to strangers unnecessarily handsome: but the stone came from his own quarry,—was the cheapest material that could be used, and the whole additional pile seemed to me to be as plain as it was possible consistently with durability and its destination. Besides, the establishment was a speculation: as a school and college, it was desirable to make it equal, if not superior, to others in England of the same class: the misfortune, as Dr. Baines expressed it to me, was that, when *he* improved, other colleges were improved also: they were as anxious to maintain their position as he was to assert his own.

About this time, arose a question between the bishop and the Benedictines, who owned the chapel in Bath. It was carried on with much acrimony, and the laity took part with either side. I will not enter into particulars, for I would not needlessly recall past dissensions: I will only record that I heard Dr. Baines say to a lady, a strong partisan of the monks: "I assure you, Miss —, that you know nothing of the matters in question; and let me remind you that, until you have proof that he is wrong, it is your *duty* to believe your bishop to be in the right." A good axiom in all such cases.

It was, however, in consequence of this discussion that Dr. Baines deemed it advisable to open another chapel in the higher part of Bath. That Protestant bigotry might not be alarmed, he requested me to look out for land or for suitable premises for him. I first tried to secure a garden at the end of Rivers Street, on which a chapel might be built; but we were ultimately obliged to content ourselves with a house, No. 3, in Brunswick Place, in the dining-room of which Mass was said, for the first time, on the 4th of December, 1831. This was afterwards given up to a religious community, under Miss Beauchamp; and Portland Chapel, a place of worship belonging to the Dissenters, was rented in the same neighbourhood.

Dr. Baines kept little society in Bath. At times, he dined out, but seldom; though when any ecclesiastic of eminence was at Prior Park, he would invite the Catholic gentry of the

neighbourhood to meet him at tea. Thus I remember the gratification with which I met there the Irish bishop, Dr. Doyle, on his return from London, where he had given his famous evidence before the parliamentary committee on the Irish tithe question. Pleasant, meek, and saintly-looking, he professed to be too much engrossed with Irish interests to care for anything foreign to Ireland, but was yet rather unwilling to converse much on the subject on which he had been summoned to London.

I remember that young Boisregan, son of a physician of eminence at Cheltenham, but who chose to go upon the stage, was at that party, and sung. I wonder what is become of him! He had a splendid voice. I remember also, that, at that party, Mr. Manners sang a ballad I had written, and which he had set to music; and that it was rapturously encored. No doubt, I considered that the pleasantest part of the evening!

The following letter will exhibit Dr. Baines in his episcopal character, and will show his kind consideration for his clergy. It will also give an insight into those painful trials and discussions from which he suffered so much, and which subsequent letters will more fully develope. It had been our wish that the gentleman to whom this letter alludes, and whom the bishop desired to remove from the mission he then occupied, should be appointed chaplain in my family:—

"Prior Park, January 22, 1834.

"My dear Mr. —,

"I feel ashamed to have delayed so long answering your favour of the 15th ult. At the time, I could not answer it satisfactorily, but I might have done so some days ago, but was prevented by having more to do than the time would suffice for in my state of health. I have just caught a new and very bad cold, which makes me unfit for anything, and will cause this letter, like the patriarch's days, to be "short and evil," *i.e.*, stupid.

"In accordance with our agreement, I wrote a letter to Mr. —, kind and considerate, as I thought, telling him of the advantageous offer from you, which enabled me to relieve him from his present charge, without the pain I should have felt in removing him from one mission without supplying an equivalent. A storm arose; Mr. — said his character was assailed; Mr. — took up the cudgels on his part, and though I protested my innocence, and was willing to give Mr. — the most flattering credentials, I was obliged to yield to the threatening elements and allow the gentleman to keep his

position in my despite. I was much hurt, though I did not say so; feeling that unwarrantable means were employed to resist my undoubted right; but I pocketed the affront as well as I could, knowing by experience that an appeal to a certain cardinal would do harm and give a new shock to my tottering authority.

"I am not sorry, on your account, that the project failed, for though I think Mr. — a good man, and much better suited to your situation than to the one he occupies, I doubt whether he would have answered our former expectations.

"I had hoped to be able to recommend another, but I cannot now; so trust that Providence will do for you what I cannot.

"We are here almost inundated. A literal river has been running down our front field to the ponds for some weeks, formed of water over and above what the drains can accommodate.

"Last night, for the first time, we lighted up our gas, which made a good display. It gives a beautiful, steady light, and seems destitute of smoke, being better purified than common gas.

"I shall not forget your kind invitation to —, nor fail to avail myself of it the very first opportunity. In the mean time, with kindest regards and best respects to all the other members of the family, believe me to remain,

"Dear Sir, with great regard,

"Your most obedient and faithful Servant,

✠ "P. A. BAINES."

Little, when he wrote that letter, little did Dr. Baines anticipate the consequences of this lighting up the colleges with gas, to which he alluded with such evident satisfaction! But three or four years afterwards, from some unexplained mismanagement, the gas set fire to the original, the centre building: it was completely destroyed. The loss was irreparable. It checked the progress of the school: it necessitated fresh appeals to the charity of a public ill disposed to assist one who was obnoxious to many, and was supposed to squander money extravagantly. In process of time, the building was, indeed, restored to some extent: but even in 1839, I found that the bishop had been able to fit up only two little cells for himself; that these were approached by a back stair, and were separated only by a light door from the noisy workshop of the carpenters. Truly, Dr. Baines expended little on his own personal comfort!

I hasten on to the next letter that I can submit for publication. It is as follows:—

"Prior Park, May 25, 1839.

"My dear Mr. ———,

"I have been hesitating for some days whether I might venture to make you pay the carriage for a copy of my lectures; which I very much wished to send you; not that I am proud of the hurried work (they were written *weekly*, as I preached them) for that I am not; but that I was anxious to contrive some ingenious plan of testifying my very sincere and by no means common esteem for my present correspondent. Your *very kind* letter, of yesterday, determines me to make a parcel of the lectures and my answer, and trust to your forgiveness.

"To object to the honour which is offered me of having the work, which you have undertaken to edit, dedicated to me, would be sheer affectation; to flatter myself that such dedication would either adorn or benefit the work would, I fear, be vanity. As to my *inclination*, all I can say is, that it is not opposed to yours; so perhaps you had better follow your own, which will seldom err on the score of the first of Christian virtues,—charity. In truth, I feel confident that this will be one of the very few prayer-books with which I should wish my name to be associated,—nor shall I be sorry to have such a means of explaining to the public what my views are respecting such books.

"I am exceedingly obliged to a writer in the *Catholic Magazine*, though he, like all others, has said of me what is not true; but, unlike most others, he has erred in speaking too well, not too ill, of me. Still, as he has decidedly rendered me and this establishment valuable service, I am much obliged to him, whoever he is,—of course, it is not possible for me to conjecture who he can be; though I know there are not two half-dozen Catholics in these islands, who have the heart and the head to do so much good in so clever and ingenious a way.

"The fire of the stack was a mere trifle, and I was insured. I think it more likely to do good than ill.

"If you mention the name of Prior Park in the prayer-book it will stir up the bile in many stomachs, and shut up the bowels of their owners' compassion.

"With kindest respect to Mrs. ———, believe me,

"Dear Mr. ———,

"Your much obliged Servant,

✠ "P. W. BAINES."

"P.S. Do you know the author of *Poverty*, in the *Catholic Magazine*?"

The lectures alluded to in this letter, and which Dr. Baines kindly sent me, were entitled "Outlines of Christianity," the substance of six lectures delivered at the Catholic chapel, Bath.

It is needless for me to say that they contain passages of great power and beauty: needless, also, is it that I should dilate upon the bishop's ability as a preacher. He was generally admitted to be almost unrivalled. His sermon on Faith, Hope, and Charity, delivered, I think, in 1825, has been widely circulated as a tract by the Catholic Institute: it is a beautiful and winning explanation of Catholic doctrine. Though his discourses were often controversial, and attracted crowds of anxious listeners, I delighted to hear him on less formal occasions. He always spoke extempore: I do not mean that he had the self-sufficiency to present himself before his audience without having given a thought to the subject on which he was about to speak. Some would-be orators there are who consider such rashness essential to extempore speaking; but Dr. Baines's plan was to read over the gospel of the day, on which he intended to preach, attentively to himself; to consider it for a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes; to mark, with a pencil, the divisions into which he would class his subject; and then, with the subject fully before his mind's eye, to trust to the promptings of the moment for words, expressions, feelings, sentences. And for these, he was scarcely ever at a momentary loss. While delivering his controversial lectures, which he did on the Sunday evenings in Lent, he was seated in an arm chair before the altar, a small table at his side. On this, were the books of reference that he would have occasion to use. His language was fluent; his manner was calm and dignified; a vein of sarcasm often ran through his discourse, and kept alive the attention and interest of friends and adversaries:—for these lectures were attended by more Protestants than the chapel could well hold. He generally spoke for an hour and a half or two hours. The best sermon I ever heard him preach was on the parable of the mustard seed, and was delivered in the Portland Street Chapel, Bath, on 1st March, 1835.—I record the date from a feeling personal to myself. I believe that discourse has never been printed.

The following letter also may be interesting, as showing the bishop's opinion of the Prayer-book,* which a large and continued sale has proved to be correct:—

"Prior Park, Aug. 4, 1839.

"My dear Mr. ———

"The Prayer-book reached me yesterday, and though I have not revised it wholly, I am delighted with what I have

* "Catholic Hours, or the Family Prayer-book, containing all the public and private devotions generally used by English Catholics; and never before collected in one book: with Mass Prayers for those at home." T. Jones, Publisher.

seen. I used it yesterday for the Sacraments, and could follow every sentiment, which I have not been able to do in any other English Prayer-book for years.

"I shall look it over *most rigorously*, for I should like it to go out faultless. I shall make no scruple at telling you all I disapprove, for I know you could not have interested yourself in compiling such prayers as you have done, if you had not true Christian humility.

"In the meantime, I hope Jones will have the types kept set, so as to admit of a few corrections.

"All that the writer in the Magazine says is excellent and judicious. Prior Park is much indebted to him. Would that he were less remote.

"I go to-morrow to Hereford for the opening of the new church.

"After the 12th, a letter under cover to the Earl of Shrewbury, Alton Towers, Cheshire, will find me for ten days. Before the end of the month I shall be home.

"I take the little Prayer-book with me, and will send from Alton, at latest, my *corrigenda*. In the meantime, with kindest respects to Mrs. ———, believe me,

"Dear Mr. ———,

"Your most grateful Servant,

"✠ P. W. BAINES."

I have hunted out the article to which the preceding letters allude, as having done good service to Prior Park. I will reprint it here, because it applies equally to all our principal Catholic Colleges, respecting which observations, similar to those it combats, are often made. It may, therefore, be useful in correcting misapprehension on the part of the laity, and in furthering the views of our venerable Vicars Apostolic.

".....What can have occasioned this general turn-out of the inhabitants of the fair city of Bath? From the bottom of yonder wooded hill, to the distant height crowned by that stately building, a long line of equipages extend its glittering panels. All press regularly forwards, at a laboured but equal pace; save when some jibbing horse allows its load to recoil a few paces; but soon warned, by the shrieks of his fair mistress, that the pole of the equipage behind presses roughly against his rumble, the somniferous driver exerts himself, and again recovers his line in this long procession. On—on it presses. Overshadowed by the tall elms that rise above the road on the right hand, the anxious tenants of the different vehicles curiously and admiringly stretch forwards to peer atween the dark fringe of yew trees, on the smiling valley that sleeps secluded on their left. The splendid mass of collegiate

buildings rises on the brow of that embowered hill, and receives company after company of the delighted and astonished visitors.

"Annually have we beheld this spectacle: annually have we remarked the judicious anxiety of some hundreds of the first society in Bath to obtain invitations to the festivities that now await them. They ascend the noble flight of steps; and palpitating curiosity overcomes many of them, as they gaze, for the first time, on a Catholic prelate. But the graceful and dignified humility of their right reverend entertainer immediately sets the most insular of them at ease, as they partake of refreshments, or wander, in astonishment, over the extensive buildings, terraces, and galleries, which some few years only have created to their view.

"It is not for us to particularise what were the peculiarities of the exhibitions offered to the assembled hundreds of visitors in the academic theatre of the college at Prior Park. Dramatic scenes were exhibited by students of every age, from seven o'clock in the evening until after midnight: dramatic scenes in four different modern languages, which were pronounced most accurately and elegantly. French and Italian, in particular, are better spoken by the lads and students of Prior Park than by any grown Englishmen whom it hath been our fortune to meet. The German exhibition was also excellent. The music between the scenes was beautiful, and we anticipated, with pleasure, the time when the youthful performers would give separate evidence of their skill in the private concert-room, or before the altar, while leading the full Gregorian chaunt—that most perfect of Church music.

"How all the released visitors nodded and whispered to one another suppressed astonishment, applause and anxiety, as they congregated round the elegant supper-table at the conclusion of the performances! Whig, Tory, Anglican, or Methodist—all asked themselves, "What does all this tend to?" "Why cannot our schools do this?"

"'This!' said a grave, learned-looking clergyman, in enormous spectacles, 'this is nothing! You should have been here yesterday: you should have been here the last five days, and witnessed the half-yearly examination of the students. Why, *our* boys spend six years at schools in *not* learning Latin and Greek, while they do not even profess to learn any thing else: here, on the contrary, is exhibited an evident knowledge, a perception of the genius of both these languages, in as great perfection as modern French, German, and Italian. History, music, geography, public speaking, all were yesterday displayed in such perfection as I had not thought attainable,

in conjunction with the regular branches of our studies. But why do I talk of the regular branches of our studies?' continued the old man, pettishly: 'there is my son Tom chooses to be a soldier, and I have sent him to Sandhurst: well, would you believe it, that I have to pay for his learning to write, as an extra? Writing is an 'extra' to the usual branches of education in our first military college!'

"We have shown thee, gentle reader, the feelings of curiosity with which the assembling multitudes toiled up the hill to Prior Park: would'st like to overhear what some of them said as they rattled down the ascent at one o'clock in the morning?"

"Well, mother," said a middle-aged clergywoman (we mean the wife of a 'clergyman') 'well, mother! how you *can* think of going to that Popish place I cannot make out! It is quite wrong; it is really wicked to countenance it! I wish Sham College was finished on the opposite hill, to oppose it.'

'Finished, my dear! Why, they have done nothing more than pull down Sham Castle, to make room for the foundations: they want seventy thousand pounds, and can only collect seven. But as to my going to Prior Park, I can't see any harm in it. We don't go to prayers; and even if we did, no English Protestant scruples to go to Catholic churches abroad. Besides, it is the fashion to go there; all the best company in Bath go there; and Dr. Baines is exceedingly agreeable; and I got a nice little bit of lobster salad at supper; and I spent a very pleasant evening. I only wish the bishop would come out to my parties, for I really feel rather awkward at going up every year, and not making any return.'

"If you really wish to make any return," said a Catholic lady, in whose carriage, and in whose presence, the clergywoman had not scrupled to pronounce her invectives; 'if you really wish to make any return, you know that great part of the establishment was lately destroyed by fire. It can only be replaced by the aid of charitable contributions, for which receivers are appointed: and although the bishop does not expect, I am sure that he will be thankful for any donation that may have the effect of easing your conscience.'

Turn we now to a Catholic party.

"How absurd it is," says a fat, elderly gentleman, lying back in the corner of his carriage, with his hands in his waistcoat pockets,—'How absurd it is for the bishop to preach so much about the poverty of the Church, and the necessity of contributing towards the education of the clergy, when he can afford to give such fêtes as this, and to raise such a pile of buildings! no, no; next time I am applied to, to subscribe to any thing like a district fund, I shall say that I decline to contribute towards the erection of palaces.'

“Now my good, self-satisfied Christian; is it possible that you can delude yourself in this manner? Was anything done to-night more than was absolutely necessary to draw people together to witness the proficiency of the students, and so induce parents to support the establishment by sending their sons to it? You know how many missions in England are without priests: either it is desirable to supply their wants, or it is not. If it is, establishments like this must be formed to educate them and secular scholars, who may contribute towards the charge; for you will recollect, that many are called to the service of the Church who are unable to defray the cost of their education. This is not a trumpery ephemeral establishment: the district colleges of the English bishops are built to endure; to form, hereafter, an university whose degrees may be recognised by law, and by society, as of equal validity to those of the universities from which we are now debarred. Do you wish for the external show of your religion to be always degraded and suppressed as it has been in former years? No; and you exult in the self-confidence which now supports you, in place of the timidity and *mauvaise honte* which formerly weighed you down in society. If you benefit by the effect, be not ungrateful for the means. The neighbourhood of such an establishment as we have left, raises all who are connected with it in public estimation: tells your Protestant and Anglican friends, that you are backed by a body of scholars and of theologians with whom they know that they cannot compete; that you have the means of educating your children more perfectly than any of their wealthy establishments enable them to do; and that you assert, and can make good, your place as an English citizen, without fear or favour. Talk of palaces, indeed! Why, if you and others had sacrificed to this establishment, one-hundredth part of that which the bishop himself has given out of his private income, it would have formed the nucleus of an university more wealthy than that of Oxford. Palaces and luxury, forsooth! We will venture to affirm that there is no single man in England, possessing an income of three hundred pounds a year, who does not spend more on himself and his private pursuits, than the abstemious and apostolic Vicar of the Western District.

“Forgive us, your lordship, for speaking thus openly of your affairs, but we cannot refrain from exposing the stupidity of those grovelling, cringing Catholics, who betray their own cause, and play into the hands of their enemies, by an insane jealousy of the leaders whom it ought to be their pride, as it is their policy, to strengthen and uphold. The English bishops are now the true leaders of English Catholics, in accomplishing that for which they are all so anxious,—the religious regenera-

tion of their country : the episcopal seminaries are the main-springs of the enterprise, and ought to be supported by the main strength of the laity. What we have said of the Colleges of Saints Peter and Paul, applies, more or less, to all : all afford better means of education than any other establishments in England can possibly afford : the prosperity and the maintenance of all, even in dignity and stateliness, is essential to the well-being of religion in this country ; it is the only means by which it can be made to keep pace with the growing wants of an enquiring community.

“To one and all, we proclaim,—SUPPORT THE EPISCOPAL SEMINARIES.”

Such was the passage which, by whomsoever written, we repeat here as it seems to have expressed the feelings of Dr. Baines, and may avail to the support of other Catholic episcopal seminaries. It was, indeed, the great wish and object of Bishop Baines to unite all the English Catholic Colleges at this time in one university, recognised as such by the government. He anticipated little difficulty in obtaining from the ministry such an existence, had all united to demand it. But the fatal differences to which I have before alluded marred the plan : first one and then another college affiliated itself to the London University ; and the opportunity was for ever lost of giving to the English Catholic student a position which would have availed him through life, and would have added credit to the whole body of the laity.

The following note will close the subject of the Prayer-book :—

“My dear Sir,

“It is not my *fault*, but the result of many circumstances without the range of my control, that I have not sooner sent the accompanying approbation.

“I will reserve my criticisms for the next edition, and only add at present that, in reading the marvellous translations of the hymns, I alternately laughed and cried, and sometimes did both together ; laughed at the *ridiculous* and, as I had thought, impossible *literalness*, and cried with delight at its complete success and affecting pathos. Still, even here, I shall not spare you ; so prepare your patience and be ready, like a dutiful son of the Church, to resume, when called upon, your amiable labours of piety.

“Kind regards to the ladies.

“Your very obedient and obliged Servant,

“✠ P. A. BAINES.”

The course of years has led me on to the period of the the publication of THE Pastoral on the converts and conversion

of England; to the open attempt to *unmitre* him who had been so long covertly attacked; to the summons to Rome and its results :

“ —Major rerum mihi nascitur ordo,
Majus opus moveo.”

But this must be deferred until next month, if the Editor of the “*Catholic Magazine*” will then afford me space in which to continue my “*Recollections*.”

(*To be continued.*)

ON THE DEATH OF THE PRINCESS BORGHESE :

WHO DIED AT ROME, 1840, AND OF HER THREE SONS WHO FOLLOWED HER IN RAPID SUCCESSION, LEAVING ONLY ONE LITTLE GIRL.

BY A LADY.

The bright things, and the beautiful that I have seen to day,
As gazing up towards high heaven in mute delight I lay,
The wonderful, the glorious sight !.....Oh ! had I but the power,
To tell the thousandth part of what I saw in that brief hour !.....

Long time 'twas but a dazzling dream of vague magnificence,
Whose ever-shifting splendour foiled my weak bewildered sense.
At length, the vision grew more clear upon my steadfast eye,
And I saw four spirits moving on towards heaven gloriously.

Spirits of the just were they, the blest, from earth set free ;
And methought that still they wore the shroud of dim mortality.
But yet all glorified they seemed, as they floated towards the
light,

That every moment as they rose, waxed brighter, and more
bright.

Silent and slow they moved along, with calm and even grace.
Soft viewless powers seemed wafting them to their blest resting-
place,

The first I marked among them paused and lingered on her
track :—

I marvelled much what tie had power to hold that spirit back.

I gazed. I saw a babe whose head lay resting on her breast.
His dimpled arm caressingly about her neck was prest.
His rosy lip lay nigh to hers ; his clear dark eye the while
Seemed waiting but a glance from her to flash into a smile..

One gush of natural tenderness, one pang of filial grief,
Passed o'er that mother's lovely face ; but ah ! their stay was
brief.

Soon radiant grew her up-raised brow ; her meek eyes filled
with prayer :—

“ My God ! to thee my sons I bring, thou wilt preserve them
there.”

From earth they rose, a beauteous group in solemn, slow array:
My joyous heart went with them all, upon their homeward way.
And plain I marked the foremost, yet, bound by some unseen
ties,

Hover one moment o'er the earth, as tho' she feared to rise.

For there was one who held her back, and on her garment knelt,
In whose sad eyes, an untold depth of sleepless anguish dwelt :—
“ My child ! my child !” she wildly raved ; “ O ! canst thou
leave me so ?

Without one word, without one look—who can support such
woe ?”

While yet she prayed and vainly wept, the bright one soared
away ;

And as she rose from earth towards heaven, she said, or seemed
to say ;—

“ Mother, farewell ! I leave you one ; cherish her for my sake ;
God so ordained, that these, my boys, to heaven I should take.”

They floated on, they floated on ; now brighter worlds they gain,
Their skirts of fleecy splendour sweep the blue ethereal plain.
When lo ! another band came down in heavenly form and vest,
Around whom breathed soft airs of peace, an atmosphere of rest.

As messengers of joy they came, to guide on wings of love,
Their younger sister from this earth to her blessed home
above ;

Holy and pure as angels they : on her, their radiant eyes,
Brimful of heaven's own glory, smiled a welcome to the skies.

I saw them meet ; I saw them kneel wrapt in a long embrace,
And as they knelt a glory fell on each uplifted face.
Awhile, from their excess of joy, they paused with folded wings,
The silence of such rapture told unutterable things.

Then onward, onward, on they moved, towards higher fields of
light,

Whose glory all too dazzling grew for human sense or sight.
No longer could mine aching eyes the happy group perceive,—
For who such realms of joy could scan, yet in this dark world
live !

LEAVES FROM MY JOURNAL.

24TH JUNE, 1850.—Who can resist the allurements of an “excursion-train?” Who can withstand the invitation that railway directors put forth to us, to go to and return from, any given place for five or ten shillings less than the usual fare, provided that we return within the specified time and do not lose our tickets? It is true that we may have nothing to do at the place to which the invitation points; but who would be an oyster or a limpet, fast glued to the same sedgy rock? More blissful by far the lot of a barnacle stuck to the keel of some fast-sailing vessel that circles the globe in its orbit. The barnacle must feel some of the joys that animate the terrestrial traveller. What says Byron?—

“Now there is nothing gives a man such spirits,
 Levening his blood as cayenne doth a curry,
 As going at full speed;—no matter where its
 Direction be so 'tis but in a hurry;
 And merely for the sake of its own merits.
 And the less cause there is of all this flurry.
 The greater is the pleasure in arriving
 At the great end of travel which is—driving.”

To be sure the noble poet referred to travelling by coach or with post-horses: railways were then unimagined; but as railway travelling by ordinary trains is more than twice, and by express trains more than four times, as fast as even the Quicksilver Falmouth mail of former times, the pleasure of the sensations produced must be proportionately greater. Tell me not that railway travelling lacks the variety of the old mail coach system; that you cannot see the country; that you feel not the excitement consequent upon sitting behind four prancing horses. I own that you lose the entertaining conversation of the coachman who, as he gracefully handles the ribbons, used to discourse eloquently of the glossy sleek-coated screws—kickers or jibbers, broken-winded or broken-kneed—whom he had trained to gallop before him at what seemed to be their natural pace—as Van Amburgh trained his beasts: I own that the road winds not around hawthorn hedges, up hill and down dale—

“Tramp, tramp o'er pebble and splash, splash through puddle.”

I own that you are not exposed to a pelting rain in your face, while the umbrella of the passenger behind you disgorges its

flood just inside the collar of your coat: these, I admit, are pleasures that used to be peculiar to mail-coach travelling, when the box-seat on the mail to Exeter or to York was an object of ambition to every man of spirit: but still I assert that a railway-carriage has its variety, its charms, its attractions sufficient to compensate to all who do not like to be as long as possible on the road. We have all, indeed, heard of the old woman who, when the dentist who had extracted her tooth without pain or difficulty demanded a shilling for his fee, complained that she had paid no more to his neighbour who, in drawing one out the week before, had dragged her three times round his surgery:—so there be some travellers who like to be as long as possible on the road—who have heard that time is money, and who like to have their pennyworth for their penny. But to the matter of fact traveller, to him who looks upon travel as a means to an end—as a means of reaching a given spot—who, with a late Dean of Christchurch, would consider a country dance as “only a very roundabout way of going from one to the other end of the room”—to such an one, I would recall the pleasing study of human nature which is offered by the manner and language of clerks and porters at the stations—varied, with beautiful nicety, as they have to deal with applicants for first, second, or third class tickets. I would ask such an one if there is no enjoyment in seeing the bubbling engine come puffing and groaning up as if it were the embodiment of the ghosts of all the broken-winded roarers displaced from all the mail-coaches in England? I would ask him if no sensation is produced by the steady rumble, grumble, thorough base voice of the lengthened train as it grinds and growls along the quivering rails? I would ask him if he does not experience all the pleasure of a surprise when the whistle of the engine-driver breaks suddenly forth as if a thousand pigs were being made into sausages at once, while the train dashes into the gloom of the White Ball or Box tunnels though it were accompanying the souls of the said pigs to their darksome Stygian lake? And then when the break is put on—is it nothing to feel the whole carriage shivering directly under one: to feel a grating beneath the seat on which we sit, and a quivering mesmeric motion, as if one’s body were put *en rapport* with some strange machinery, and one’s very bowels were being wound up within one? Oh! depend upon it, that railway travelling has its sensations, its delights, its variety even when the trains do not run off the road nor into one another. Accidents will happen in the best regulated families; so will such occur in that magnificently-conceited establishment—the Great Western.

To return to the beginning:—The station at Exeter was

covered with handbills, announcing that excursion-trains were on the point of starting, on most advantageous terms, to accommodate those who might wish to go up to London to be present at the illumination on the coronation-day, and at the great meeting of the bishops and clergy, convened for the twenty-seventh instant, to declare the faith of the Anglican Church, jeopardised by the Gorhamite decision of the Privy Council. Who could resist such a double attraction? Eagerly I ordered my baggage to be plastered "PADDINGTON," letter "W:" eagerly. I took my ticket and ensconced myself in the corner of a carriage, whence I could secure the best view of all that should pass at the different stations; where I could hold my place uninterrupted by squalling baby or garrulous-looking old gentleman: say my prayers: study Bradshaw's problems: and dream:—

"Sogna il guerrier le schiere,
Le selve il cacciator;
E sogna il pescator
Le reti e l' amo :

Sopito in dolce oblio,
Sogno pur io così
Coi che tutto il di.
Sospiro e chiamo."

"The soldier dreams of armed bands,
The hunter of the wood,
And dreams the fisherman, he stands
And whips the eddying flood.

To sweet oblivion a prey,
I dream thus, even I,
Of her on whom the livelong day
I call, for whom I sigh."

The translation is not exquisite; but it is literal, and made at railway pace.

It was not possible to tell how many of my fellow-passengers by that train—there were about five hundred of us—were hurrying up to London to see the illuminations: those who were bent to attend the new grand convocation were more easily discernible, Black clothes, white neckcloths, well-studied ties, demure looks, and well-shaven chins, denoted the would-be priest of the would-be high Anglican Church. At every important station, we took in one or two: the numbers who joined us at each place testified to the religious feeling of the district. Taunton and Bridgewater

seemed to be most productive of the genus, Pusey. At one of these stations, it was curious to see a Passionist Father in the dress of his order, elbow his way through the reverend press with a calm and definite expression—free from the doubts and hesitation that evidently perplexed the features of the puzzled Anglicans. None heeded the dress of the Passionist. "I am afraid," said one of these reverend fathers, "that there is so much liberality in the country that I have no chance of being rolled in the gutter for my habit and my faith."

The journey was over at last. Even railroad journeys now appear slow and wearisome. How it was that we encountered our lengthened travel by coach, who shall now declare? I have heard some assert that, as the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb, so we were hardened to endure that which we had to undergo. Who of us, remembering the careless confidence with which he took his place outside an Edinburgh or even a York mail, can now understand the ease, the matter-of-courseness with which he went through the journey? Which of us would not shudder at having to do it now? I remember once, indeed, travelling from a southern department to Paris, in a diligence, for three days and two nights consecutively; arriving late in the evening at Paris; dressing and going to a soirée, where I stayed till three o'clock in the morning. I am stronger now than I was then: but I could not do it now. Railroads have spoiled us.

But railway travelling becomes irksome after seven hours; and I rejoiced as we drew near Paddington station. I had been wearied with the endless variety of pronunciation evinced by guards and porters, each calling out every station with different emphasis, so that no stranger could have understood where he was; I had been unable to deduce a single q. r. d. from the problems of Bradshaw's Guide-book; I had dropped comfortably asleep over the report of the last Protectionist gathering at Liverpool; and had been awakened by the points of two well-starched white ties, that joined us at the Didcot and Oxford station, and which, protruding on each side, tickled my right and my left cheek, like the whisker of a foreigner when he embraces you: in self-defence, and to while away the thirty miles from Reading to London, I pulled out my pencil and tablets; and after suitable invocation to the muse, I thus began—counting my fingers with all the regularity which the shaking of the carriage would admit of:—when the metre fails, or a foot is missing, I doubt not that either the carriage gave a lurch, or the break was wound up within me, or the whistle screamed as we cut through a cow sleeping on the rails, or run over half a dozen labourers. These, then, were my

RAILROAD VERSES.

1

There is a love in idleness,
Skin deep, that only tries
To humour fancies, meaningless—
Vain, fleeting sympathies.

2

There is a love of vanity,
Of flirting, and of pride;
Where beauty, riches, passion vie,
And all are glorified.

3

There is a youthful, hopeful love
All fire and energies,
That feels as it could mountains move—
And moves them when it tries.

4

There is a love of memory,
When all it lov'd is gone;
That only feels 'twere bliss to die,
For life, hope, love is done.

5

There is a love that passion moves
All fondness, glances, fire;
That, while it sees the object, loves:—
Unseen, the flames expire.

6

There is a love that seeks for love;
That only seeks to cling
For aye: that would not, could not rove—
Itself redoubling.

7

There is a love—so call'd, at least—
That looks for wealth in love;
That looks for settlements increas'd,
A love that jointures prove.

8

There is a love that would resign
Its all on earth to express
Its love, and think the loss a gain—
Too blest that it could bless.

9

There is a love that cannot live
Without society ;
That routs and dinners still must give,
And with its neighbours vie.

10

There is a love of Mary Queen,
So holy, pure, and bright,
It solaces for what has been,
Sheds hope o'er darkest night.

11

There is a love of Christ, her Son :
Oh let it ever be—
Now—always—when this life is done,
And for eternity.

12

All other love may pass away,
The lov'd one faithless prove :—
Thou, Jesus, Thou wilt love repay,
And give us love for love.

13

There is a love so firm and true,
So centred all in One—
But here the break my song breaks through ;
We are at Paddington.

14

Give up your ticket. Seek the 'bus.
Go try what you can do.
And may *your* love not make a fuss,
But prove *her* love is true.

And so we all dispersed to our different vocations. "A man must labour in his vocation." What is mine? Time may, perchance, evolve.

Postscript.—In copying these leaves from my journal, I will record here the result of the High Church gathering, for which excursion tickets had been issued, and to which the little clerical world of England had looked forward with as much anxiety as poor Goldsmith did to his haunch of venison, when he only saw,

"In the middle, a place where the pasty—was not."

The convocation, after having been advertised and bepuffed all over England,* did not take place :—was not even adjourned *sine die*. The contrivers of it could not get the courage of the High Church party to the sticking place ; could not get up the steam : the world looked coldly on ; it was tired of the Phillpotts and Gorham case ; it said “A plague upon both your houses ;” it thought it wiser “to let *ill* alone.” The French have a proverb, applicable to a midden—or to the Anglican Church—“plus on le remue et plus—il donne de mauvaise odeur”—I believe we have the same in English, but I prefer quoting the foreign :

“For although the phrase on good manners intrench,
I assure you 'tis not half so shocking in French.”

So wise men—and the public collectively is generally wise—so wise men thought “that least said” (about the judgment of the Privy Council) “soonest mended :” it refused to be excited ; it refused to be again stirred up to fever heat ; and the whole affair reminded one only of the West Indian’s breakfast :—

“Sambo,” cried the planter to his slave, “Sambo, does my coffee boil ?”

“No, massa ; me spit in him but he no phizzle.”

So the High Church party had appealed to the country to see if it could be again made to boil up on the Gorham case—“but he no phizzle.”

27th.—What a curious assembly is the House of Commons ! I allude not to the score of speakers, of stars, of those who, like me and Mr. Anstey, exhibit nightly for the entertainment (?) of the public through the newspapers ; but to the great bulk of members ; to those who really and truly constitute the house, who represent public opinion, and do the work of the country in committee-rooms. How listlessly they lie dozing along the benches in the gallery :—how earnestly they converse together :—with what heartfelt ennui they yawn while, hour after hour, we put forth our platitudes, and sway our arms, and spout and spout, like so many leaden pumps ! And yet if either of us enunciate a sentiment, or make a passing remark that may tell for or against our party—if we make a blunder and expose ourselves—how instantly the talking, the yawning, the sleeping members prick up their ears, and, almost without checking their conversation, closing their half opened jaws, or waking from the doze they are enjoying on the benches, cry

* The programme of it, copied from the “Times,” was given in the July number of the Magazine, page 335.—[ED. CATHE. MAG. & REG.]

"Hear! hear!" or "Oh! oh!" or laugh or cheer; as if by intuition or electricity they knew that something had been said which it behoved them to notice! How perfectly are they able to ascertain beforehand the result of every important debate! This evening, we were discussing the Palmerstonian policy; and while the world out of doors was speculating upon the result of the debate, every member in the house knew—although we shall not divide for these three days—that ministers will have a majority of about fifty. Then how unaccountably does news from the outer world reach us in the sanctuary whence we govern it! Even now, Sidney Herbert is speaking; but we have just heard that the Queen has been assaulted. We have heard of the dastardly outrage; but we have, also, heard that the attack was the act of a madman; although, as Mr. Baron Alderson will state, he was not mad enough to think that he had a glass head: if he had, will say the judge, if Mr. Pate, the prisoner, had fancied that his own pate was made of glass, and that Her Majesty was about to break it, he might be excused from striking her in self-defence: but he did not think so; and, therefore, *not* "having windows of glass, he had no right to throw stones."

The charge of the judge was excellent, and the law clearly announced. I wish I could say as much of the evidence given by Sir James Clark. He is M.D. to the Queen, and ought to know something of phrenology; but his science puzzles all the followers of Dr. Gall and Dr. Donovan. Sir James says that the wound was inflicted "on the right angle of Her Majesty's forehead." Now we have just heard of heads of glass, but I never heard of an "angular" head; and I hastened out of court to the bumpological institution, in King William Street, to ascertain what organ could have so developed itself in the brain of our gracious Sovereign. Professor Donovan was as much puzzled as I was: all the best organs are, in truth, seated at the side of the forehead: but we examined casts of every character—from the heads of Rush and Greenacre, in the lowest scale, to that of Dr. Franklin in the highest—from that of my fair companion, whom he pronounced to be "an artful dodger," to my own cranium, which he considered a "very pretty type," the owner of which might excel in every intellectual ambition—but nowhere could we find a skull that had "a right angle" to it. Sir James Clark, as you value the peace of mind of her Majesty's subjects, I call upon you to explain your evidence!

July 12th.—But sadder memories now linger around the House of Commons. Lord Palmerston had defended his foreign policy in a speech, that was admitted by his opponents.

to be one of the most magnificent ever delivered in the house : Sir Robert Peel had, for the first time for four years, banded with the adversaries of the government, which, since he was removed from office, he had liberally supported : and although the ministry had triumphed against all sections of hostile opinion, the country was filled with reports that coalitions were about to be formed ; that Sir Robert Peel was to be again forgiven by those whom he had deserted, and was again to sway the destinies of this great country. But a Greater than he had decided otherwise. He had reeled in his saddle while riding in the park ; had fallen in what was known to be a fit, however it might be attempted to be disguised. Sir Robert Peel is no more.

12th July.—I have waited to hear in what manner the deceased statesman would be spoken of by the expounders of public opinion, before I noted down my own impressions ; for as it will be expected that an organ of English Catholicism should pay some tribute to the memory of him who carried through the legislature the emancipation of our co-religionists, I will offer these leaves of my journal to the Editor of the "Catholic Magazine," who may, perhaps, insert them, unless he has prepared an article of his own on the subject. It is impossible to deny that the feeling of regret throughout this country and Europe was never greater or more general since the death of Canning ; but, whatever journalists may assert to the contrary, the regret now evinced is of a totally different character from that which then oppressed all thinking and feeling minds. Sir Robert Peel is mourned as an utilitarian minister—with an utilitarian, a shop-ocratic grief : the death of Canning moved the chivalrous, the romantic, the literary, the disinterested sympathies of the most refined and educated portion of the world. And this is and was the natural result of the career of both statesmen. I am not about to institute a parallel : but merely to record that the minister of finance and of trade is appropriately and fitly mourned in a commercial age. He was the administrator of the public mind ; and, as such, the public mind laments his loss. He was nothing more.

That Sir Robert Peel was in himself a great man, or had the germs of greatness and of genius, I utterly deny. He was what the French might call *un grand homme manqué*. In no one instance did he lead public opinion : he only carried out measures on which public opinion had already resolved : as well might you call the guard who sits behind the mail a good coachman, as term the minister who only expounded the feelings of the country a great statesman. Voltaire said of some one that he had been a clever man, but that now there

was some one more clever than he, "*et ce quelqu' un c' est tout le monde*"—and this some one is every one." The epigram is quite apposite to the career of Sir R. Peel. Was it he who carried the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts? Was it he who carried Catholic Emancipation? Who will believe that he would have done either had not O'Connell compelled the concession? While recommending the Catholic measure in parliament, Sir Robert distinctly stated that he disapproved of it, and was acting against his own convictions. Is he to be remembered as a great man for this conduct?

Let me not be told that I am ungenerous—ungrateful to him who worked out my emancipation. The Duke of Wellington said that he granted it rather than encounter civil war. When a thief robs me, and is only moved by the dread of the gallows to return my property, I feel no thankfulness towards him. My thankfulness is to the policeman, O'Connell, who compelled the restitution.

And in the case of the other of the two great legislative measures which must be ever connected with the administration of Sir Robert Peel—who will say that it was he who carried the abolition of the Corn Laws? Who does not know that it is to be attributed to the Whigs, who, for years, urged the repeal upon successive parliaments, and finally to Cobden, who organized the masses out of doors to insist upon it? Sir Robert Peel himself, in an ungenerous speech, passed over Mr. Villiers and his party, and gave the whole credit of the measure to Mr. Cobden. We all, indeed, remember the solemn and public pledges which he gave the country through parliament against the repeal of the Corn Laws; I do also remember the private pledges, which, as one gentleman addressing other gentlemen, he made to the Protectionist members of the house, when, accepting a dinner from them, he vowed himself to their cause.....I forgot how many weeks before he joined Mr. Cobden's ranks.

I do not record these things invidiously; but in justice to living statesmen,—for the sake of public morality, let them be remembered. A parliamentary opposition is as much a part of the government of this country as the government itself; but if public men are to play fast and loose with their principles, to pass over from one side of the house to the other as their opinion of the requirements of public good (I will impute no base motive to Sir Robert Peel) may demand, there will be an end to parliamentary government, and to all faith in public men.

I say, that I impute no base motive to our departed statesman; but why is Mr. Newdegate silent? Why do those who, for the last thirty years, have declared that private interest and

private profit dictated the terms on which our metallic currency was restored—why are these men and their organs silent? Why do they join in the general eulogy of him whom they have so long held up to us for reprobation? The maxim that good only should be said of the dead may be a kind one: but the sentiment of public justice is outraged when public men concur in the adulation of those whom, living, they declared to be public criminals.

Unmeasured surprise has been expressed that Sir Robert Peel should have left an injunction upon all the members of his family to refuse any title of honour that might be offered in consequence of public services rendered by him. Such a posthumous refusal of a peerage for his family is without a parallel: and various high and enthusiastic motives have been assigned as its cause. But Sir Robert Peel was no enthusiast: eminently matter of fact—prudent and cautious; his refusal must have been inspired by this mental organization. Has it not occurred to any one that he may have thought the family and the property of a commoner more safe than that of a peer in the coming times which his foresight may have anticipated? He had seen revolutions: he had heard thunder-clouds even over our own heads. He was sprung from the people: he never wished to be other than a man of the people: the motto under his arms, with which he sealed all his letters, was *INDUSTRIA*. Was that motto assumed or retained without motive?

And now subscriptions are being raised throughout the country to erect a monument to him whose loss we deplore: a "Peel hospital" is to be built, and we are to have "a poor man's monument." Will this be in accordance with the wishes of him in whose honour they are to be raised? I will record a fact which cannot be known to many:—a few weeks since, it was proposed to erect a monument to Wordsworth—an utilitarian monument on the principle now suggested. A valued friend of mine objected to the principle: he said that he would subscribe for a monument to the Poet, and that he would subscribe for a poor man's washhouse—either apart from the other: but that he would not kill two birds with one stone—he would not mix up the fame of the author with his own private alms: and beautifully, but rather irreverently, though I am sure he did not so intend it, he quoted the words of our Saviour, when the Pharisees objected that the precious ointment "wasted" upon His feet might have been given to the poor—"the poor you have always with you." Prince Albert was appealed to and acknowledged the same feeling: Sir Robert Peel was applied to and strongly objected to the erection of a monument with so divided an object.

The "remains," as it is now the fashion to call these "bodies of our humiliation," the remains of the statesman were, we are told, conveyed to Tamworth, "by the mail train." Was this seemly—that they should go on a truck, with other luggage and dead goods, at the tail of a passenger and post-office train? I am, doubtless, a simple body; but I think that private feeling and public decorum was outraged.

20th July.—Another death has occurred which, the public mind being moved to grief, has excited more notice than it would otherwise have called forth: the poor old Duke of Cambridge can no longer preside over charity boards and dinner-tables: and the public has been called upon to provide for his son, because the father had given away his income in charity, and had charged the son's fortune with the payment of annuities. People are often generous with other people's money:—and the income of the old Duke of Cambridge *was* that of the public out of which he ought to have provided for his offspring. But Robert Pate's assault upon the Queen has aroused the loyalty of all classes, and from Lord John to Disraeli all, except old Hume, eagerly toady royalty, and have voted £12,000 a year to its remote limb, who is to have besides his father's colonelcy, worth at least £3,000 a year, his paternal estate of £1,200, and the annuities, as they drop in, about £3,000 more. We may thank Robert Pate for much of this excess: and in the mean time, if we could calculate how many additions there may be "to her Majesty's domestic happiness," and how many children each of these may hereafter transmit to the nation's fostering generosity, we might, by multiplying the number by twelve thousand, ascertain the provision our children will have to make for them.

Verily Sir Robert Peel was a prudent man!

21.—I have just heard one of the prettiest sermons that were ever delivered. The Right Rev. Dr. Wiseman preached this day after Vespers at the Convent of the Good Shepherd, at Hammersmith, this being the festival of the patron Saint of the establishment—the gaudy day as it is called at Magdalen College. The subject was, indeed, very elegantly and eloquently handled, and produced a contribution equal, I trust, to the hopes of the sainted founders of the establishment. Confirmation was then administered to four of the penitents: and then the Benediction of the most Holy Sacrament was given by the Bishop. Several Protestants were present; and all seemed to be either touched by the service or to witness it with respect and sympathy: all except one old lady, dressed in black, who sat bolt upright, looking spiteful and malignant during the whole of the blessed service, while he, who was evidently her husband,

devoutly prayed and crossed himself at her side. What a happy couple, methought, you must be! What a similarity of interests, what an union of soul, what a heavenly sympathy you must enjoy! Who would not approve of mixed marriages! . . .

Praiseworthy and blessed, indeed, mixed marriages may be when the unbelieving one is endowed (not with the spirit of stern, narrow-minded bigotry, or worse still, perhaps, with that of self-sufficient liberality, but) with a feeling of sincere piety to God, which shall make him or her anxious to discover the truth, and of wedded love which shall cause that truth to be received the more gladly as imparted by a beloved object. When these two qualifications exist, unity of belief will soon follow: when they do not exist, this world can never be a part of heaven, which it must be for wedded life to be happy; without such union of soul, wedded life must be, indeed, sad: so, at least, I fancy my two neighbours in the chapel of the convent must have found it.

We were talking over the service at dinner; and I, who was as yet the only Catholic present, and not known to be one, remarked upon one fair girl, Miss E., whom I had observed amid the crowd in the corridors of the convent.

"Do you think her pretty?" superciliously inquired my opposite neighbour.

"Very;" I answered; "I singled her out amongst a hundred."

"Ah: well: some people do: and she has a good fortune, too:" he replied: "but then," he added, "there must be a something: there always is:—she is a Catholic."

Converts! to you I address myself. You are joining us in scores: clergymen, titled men, guardsmen, and Oxford men: take pity on our Catholic girls! Instead of entering into holy orders, where, I freely admit, you do incalculable good, take unto yourselves wives of our sweet and pure Catholic maidens: let it appear that their religion is no longer a hindrance to their wedded advancement; demonstrate that it is rather a recommendation, that it insures a *bon parti*: So will you recommend our faith to hundreds of worldly-minded parents who are repelled from us by the thought that it might mar the prospects of their daughters: so will you make hundreds of Protestant girls think how envious is the lot of a Catholic girl who is sure of picking up a nice, sentimental, serious, loving, thoughtful-eyed husband: so will you prove Catholicism to be the best religion for husband-seeking daughters, as it has always been (so Charles the Second said of it) "the only religion for a gentleman:" so will you be not only converts yourselves, but the cause of conversions unnumbered in others!

My party walked through the garden and the meadow of the convent—through the quarters of the penitents, and through the corridors and cells of the nuns; and I longed, as every one going through a convent must long, that Providence had cast my lot within its tranquil walls. According to the fashion in the East, where verses of the Koran are inscribed on the walls, every archway here bore some sentiment from holy writ, and the cells were designated by the name of a saint, instead of being numbered or distinguished by the names of cities or of stars, as they are in hotels in many parts of England. We rather liked this plan when the meaning of it was explained to us.

I remember some two years ago, reading a very pretty little book, compiled by one of the nuns of this convent, to explain the object of the institution and its rules: they were set forth in an elegantly-written story. I wish that some of the volumes had been placed on a table at the entrance; for sure I am that many persons would gladly have purchased them.

I cannot leave the convent without remarking upon the singing. Certainly it was not scientific: certainly it was not all in harmony: but it came from untaught and humble worshippers; was sincere and heartfelt; and contrasted well with the music which I had heard that morning at the Spanish Chapel, where a scientific orchestra, singing the Credo, had asked fifteen times for "life everlasting," and had insisted upon having it in forty-nine "amens."

27th July.—The cholera is in London. It has proclaimed itself unmistakably, severely. By the blessed providence of God, many weary of this life may be taken to a happier world. But let none hereafter lament, in cant phraseology over "sudden deaths by cholera." The danger is announced to us: let us prepare for it: I tremble as I write if we are not prepared it will be our own fault.

REGISTER

OF

NEW PUBLICATIONS, CORRESPONDENCE, AND EVENTS.

The Editor of the CATHOLIC MAGAZINE AND REGISTER desires that his Correspondents and Contributors may alone be held responsible for the opinions and sentiments that each may express. But he invites our Venerable Clergy and all Catholics to send him information on all matters of religious interest in their several neighbourhoods.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Spirit and Genius of St. Philip Neri. Lectures delivered at the Oratory, King William-street. By F. W. Faber. Burns and Lambert. 1850.

This is a most charming volume. We know not when we have read anything the style of which so much pleased us. It contains three lectures which were delivered this spring. The first exhibits St. Philip as a portrait of Jesus: the second describes him as the representative saint of modern times: the third shows us St. Philip in England. We have looked through the volume to select some passages for quotation: but we really find it difficult to extract any as more admirable than the others; we will only, therefore, particularise the preacher's loving address to St. Philip, at the end of the first lecture; and his remarks on the changes of the unchangeable Church, with the varying spirit of the centuries through which it lives.

The style of each discourse is so warm and unaffected that the very spirit of St. Philip Neri breathes through every page.

The Paradise of the Christian Soul, delightful for its choicest pleasures of piety of every kind. By James Merlo Horstius. Translated from the Latin. By lawful authority. Burns and Lambert. 1850.

Here is a goodly Prayer-book, in 24mo, containing more than seven hundred pages, the table of contents to which occupies seventeen pages, and the index fifteen. In such a mass of pious reading, it is impossible that there should not be much that is excellent, much that is beneficial. But the services are not those that are in use in this country: they are too multitudinous and too little practical for our every day working Catholics: the language is too exaggerated for modern habits of thought: and we fear there is little chance that the work will have any circulation amongst us. This is a pity; as the volume is carefully got up. It is adorned by several prints.

[We have to regret that, owing to the miscarriage of a parcel, we cannot, this month, extend our notice of new publications.—ED. CATH. MAG. AND REG.]

CORRESPONDENCE.

JESU CHRISTI PASSIO.

HON. AND REV. SPENCER ON THE CONVERSION OF ENGLAND.

DEAR SIR.—There is nothing which pleases me better than to be allowed to address myself, on the conversion of England, to a set of Catholic children assembled in a school, and to call on them to enlist as soldiers for the great conquest. I generally begin by making them declare their acceptance of the proposal by a show of hands. The next step is to ask —But what will you do to help us? I have been delighted to observe how, in almost every instance, they make the answer I wish for: *We must pray*. Yes, I say, quite right; that is the first thing; but we must do something more besides praying, and they almost always guess right again: *We must give good example, and then good instruction*. We often close the conference by way of a hearty, merry clapping of hands, to show we are ready to rush on to the battle, and look on it as almost already gained, as indeed, Catholics in general, it might be, I believe, if you would but be a little more in earnest. We may, perhaps, return again hereafter to the subject of the children. This time I wish to suggest another answer for grown people to the question: What must we do besides praying? The children's answer will do very well for us too; give good example, learn your religion, and be ready in season to instruct others: but I mean something else at present, and I propose that English Catholics, besides praying and gaining prayers from all their brethren in the Catholic Church for the conversion of England to the faith, should also undertake to make all good Protestants pray for the same object. And is that possible? you will say. Perfectly so, I answer. Not, indeed, that we can expect them to pray for this object exactly as we do; that is, in the same terms; but still they may be moved to pray for the very same object under a different form. They will not refuse, I mean good consistent Protestants will not refuse, to pray for this country to be brought to unity in the truth; and what is this but to be brought to the Catholic Church? for where can unity be but there? where is truth but there? There are some, it is true, especially among Dissenters, who will maintain that our divisions are so trifling as not to be worth notice; others that divisions are not only no such great evils as some make them out to be, but even are of advantage to the cause of religion; but such as these are a small minority. Far the greater part acknowledge that the object proposed is excellent, and that the method proposed for gaining it is quite unobjectionable; they assure me that they do pray for this object; some even express themselves as almost offended at the request being made, as intimating the idea that any could call themselves Christians and not do it; and the generality promise to co-operate by making the same proposal to others. I speak principally of clergymen of the Church of England, for I have visited but few persons with this proposal besides them. This has been for want of time. If I had time, I should wish to move to this prayer all the people of this country, one by one, and to call on them again and again, till no one could get the thought out of his mind. As I cannot do this myself I mention it here, in the hope that some lovers of England will take up the work, and it may spread. There is one lady, whose name I do not here mention, who has undertaken this to my great consolation. She tells me that she makes it a practice, in her visits among the poor in the neighbourhood of her residence, to request of all the Catholics to say every day the Hail Mary for the conversion of England, and of all the Protestants to pray likewise; and as they, poor souls, cannot

say the Hail Mary, she asks them, as I suggested, to say an Our Father for the object. It is easy to see how every sentence of that Divine prayer is applicable to the end of bringing all to unity in the truth; and so, by the way, I would ask Catholics too, when they repeat it, always to have this in view. If other ladies would take it up, it would be a most interesting object for their walks, and an immense good would be done. For if once we had the Catholics in England stirred to pray for the conversion of the country, and supported by the prayers of Catholics all through the world; and all good Protestants moved to pray, as I have proposed; I do not see how others may view the case, but I for one cannot see how the reunion of all that is good in England in the bosom of the true Church could possibly be distant; and if the good were once united, we should, at least, have a better prospect of correcting and converting the bad, than while the well-disposed are wasting and neutralising their energies by contending with each other.

If some zealous Catholics in England and Ireland will take up this cause, I would suggest a warning which many have given me, and of which I see the great importance. We must not let people imagine that we, like them, are in a state of doubt or inquiry about the faith. No! let every thing be done with simplicity. No people like to be imposed upon; perhaps none so little as the English. Let them fairly understand that our object is to convert all to the Catholic Church, and that our conviction is that, if they will in earnest begin to pray for unity in the truth, with the disposition, which, of course, all should entertain when they do it, of sacrificing for truth the prejudices under which God sees they themselves may be labouring, we are infallibly sure the result must be their all coming to us. But we must not allow them to object to the prayer on this account. For if our religion is true, as we are sure it is, why should they fear being brought to it? If it were possibly false, which we know and tell them it cannot be, the matter being thus carried before God's own throne by all parties, would surely make the error manifest to ourselves. But the very making of the prayers, which we have proposed, for unity in the truth, which naturally and necessarily, in the mind and mouth of the Catholic, take the form of praying positively for the conversion of all to our faith; while they will, in the minds of others, as naturally and necessarily be accompanied with more or less uncertainty of what the real result of them ought to be; will be an irresistible evidence to thinking people that God's full truth and real perfect faith is with us, and nowhere else. Another warning is, not to let it seem as if we were joining them in prayer. Let them be told they may join us in prayer, if they please; we cannot join them. Protestants do not like our principle of holding no communion in holy things with any out of the Church; but let them know it, as it is. The knowledge of it will at least show them that the division between us is, indeed, no light matter; and this truth, like all other truths, however severe, if stated, as it may be, with charity, will not be offensive to the good, and I believe there are abundance of good people in England, who may be worked upon by honest and simple, if, at the same time, charitable, dealing.

I am, dear Sir, your faithful Servant in Jesus Christ,

IGNATIUS OF ST. PAUL, *Passionist*.

ON THE RE-CONVERSION OF ENGLAND.

To the Rev. Father Ignatius.

I am happy, venerated Father, that the thought expressed in my recent letter received its first birth in your mind rather than my own; and consequently now take comfort in the hope that, ere long, you will be enabled,

under "due authority," to institute a rule of life for those (and I entertain a heartfelt belief there would be many) who would desire to devote themselves to the re-conversion of our country, by good example, united with prayers. And I believe also there would be found devout souls, actuated by this holy and noble motive, who would aspire even to greater perfection than might be required from the associates in general. There are modifications of religious rules, such as the "Third Order of St. Francis," applicable to persons living in the world, which, I doubt not, if proposed, would be thankfully received and observed by many. But such an engagement could of course only be made after due probation, and with permission of the pastor, or of the spiritual superior of the fraternity.

New characteristics would likewise be appropriate to an institution adapted to so specific a purpose; and whence should they so fitly emanate as from Father Ignatius of St. Paul; and what could be more desired than to see founded by his zealous hands, a minor order of "Passionists," to co-operate with himself and his holy brotherhood, united with our other angelic religious communities and our apostolic clergy, in England's re-conversion? Among the laity, who are assailed by all the daily trials and seductions of the world, some further aid to virtue and sanctity would indeed be acceptable. We look with almost envy upon the heavenly life of the religious; and, when favoured with an opportunity of a transient visit to their sequestered, calm, and holy abodes, we sigh on returning to the clamour of our worldly strife and battle. When, also, we behold our clergy summoned from time to time to spiritual retreats, therein to renew their fervour, we, poor laity, feel our necessities the more. This latter most holy source of stability in a good life, or of its restoration, if declining, I cannot doubt, venerated Father, would come within the scope of the design you have in view.

Humbly apologising for again intruding on your notice, I am, yours, in the sincerest respect and esteem,

Oxford, July 9th.

UNUS.

ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.

PROPOSED PRESENT TO HIS HOLINESS PIUS IX. FROM THE CATHOLICS OF ENGLAND.—An influential meeting of Catholics was held on the 25th instant, in Windmill-street, to take into consideration the address of the Catholic Bishops, published at their annual meeting in London, calling upon the clergy and laity of England to purchase a superb remonstrance or ostensorium, now in England, as a present to his Holiness Pope Pius the Ninth. Amongst the gentlemen present we noticed the Hon. C. Stonor, the Rev. Thomas Rooker, D.D., and president of the Catholic Colleges of SS. Peter and Paul, Prior Park, the Revs. J. O'Neill, J. Bamber; Messrs. Amherst, Bagshaw, Mostyn, Palmer, Ryan, Wallis, Dearsly, &c., &c. The Right Rev. Dr. Morris, D.D., was called to the chair. Mr. Dearsly, in proposing the first resolution, said his lordship would be aware that the bishops at their annual meeting had called for the zealous co-operation of the Catholics with them in showing some mark of sympathy with the Holy Father in the many sorrows and afflictions which had lately visited His Holiness. To that summons he, in common with Catholics in general, responded with the most cordial enthusiasm. England might not do so much as other countries, but she would do to the utmost. The testimonial which they were about to present would, he hoped, in the language of the bishops, speak of the "faith, and the zeal, and the devotion" of the English Catholics. He believed there was not a city, town, village, or hamlet, but would vie with each other in a noble rivalry in this good

cause. An attempt to describe this superb ostensorium would be impossible. Its value was unknown. The late Bishop Baines, so much lamented, and whose exquisite taste and judgment in all things relating to the fine arts, originally brought it from Rome. It had been designed for the Basilica of St. Peter. It contained 1,600 precious stones. Its weight in gold and silver they might imagine, when he stated that it stood four feet and a-half in height. There was but one place in the world fit for it, and that was St. Peter's, where it would be in harmony with everything around, and, by its accumulations of riches and beauty, centre every eye and every heart on the Holy of Holies. It was most gratifying to him to know that this movement emanated from the bishops, and that it had the full sanction of that revered and eminent prelate, Dr. Wiseman. Mr. Dearsly then moved "That the sum of £1,600 be raised to purchase the ostensorium as a present to the Pope, on such occasion as the bishops may deem fit." Mr. Wallis seconded the motion. Carried unanimously. On the motion of Mr. Amherst, seconded by Mr. Palmer, a committee was appointed. Mr. Bagshaw then proposed, and Mr. Ryan seconded, that his lordship should communicate the resolutions of the meeting to the Right Rev. Nicholas Wiseman, D.D., V.A.L.D. Mr. Barnwell was appointed treasurer, and Mr. Palmer secretary, *pro tem*. A vote of thanks was passed by acclamation to the Chairman. This being the first occasion of a similar nature since the Reformation, the utmost enthusiasm seemed to prevail.

EDITORIAL NOTE.—The paragraph just given is taken from the "CATHOLIC STANDARD," (which we are glad to see assuming a hopeful position as a weekly newspaper), and seems to call for some little notice on our part. The "Standard" published, on the 29th June, this paragraph, which is the first allusion we have seen in any Catholic paper to the meeting of the bishops, or to the proposed present to His Holiness. Our "Register," indeed, recorded that meeting three months ago; and stated that the remonstrance was to be purchased by subscription, in order that the amount so collected might avail to discharge the remaining encumbrances upon the colleges of Prior Park, and that the remonstrance itself might be presented to His Holiness, as a token of our gratitude for the restoration of the hierarchy. Within the last fortnight other Catholic organs have whispered about this increase of the hierarchy, which we had thus announced. We shall move the zeal of every Catholic to promote the object of the bishops when we state that the hint, that some acknowledgement should be made to the Holy See, came from Rome itself:—although the resolution carried at the meeting, and reported by the "Standard," does not specify on what occasion the present is now to be made.

It is far from our wish to remark invidiously upon our Catholic contemporaries: they can but report according to the intelligence conveyed to them: we only regret the want of method which prevents that intelligence from being regularly and systematically distributed. Thus in the report given from the "Standard," allusion is made to an address published by the Catholic bishops: we never heard of it, nor have we seen any record of it in either the "Standard" or "Tablet." Thus, too, the Catholic journalists are left to collect as they can the accounts of the yearly examinations of students at the Catholic colleges—such reports being sometimes forwarded by chance correspondents in such a manner that, as lately happened, they have to apologize for them. How beneficial would it be to the colleges if authentic accounts of these matters were transmitted by the colleges themselves to the editors of all Catholic periodicals! But it is a misfortune that literary jealousies and hostility are supposed to exist where, so far as we are aware, none have been dreamed of.

While we are writing on these matters, we would call the attention of the

"Standard" to an imposition which has been practised upon it. Our June number contained a description of the Church at Erdington, which was forwarded to us by a gentleman, who took credit to himself for his gratuitous liberality: a fortnight after we had published it the same report appeared in the "Standard," as from its "own correspondent." It was evidently the same; and it was evident, also, that the imposition was unknown to the editor of the "Standard," since several short useless passages were restored by the writer, which we had struck out from the letter supplied to us.

Let all Catholic writers depend upon it that method, charity, and union, while labouring for the same cause, will most advance the object all have at heart—even their private speculations. Make your publications such as to give a taste for reading, and you will increase the number of readers. —[EDIT. CATH. MAG. & REG.]

PARLIAMENTARY RECORD.

JULY 15—PREACHING IN UNKNOWN TONGUES.

Sir B. HALL said, on the bringing up of the report, he would move that the incomes of the English deans be reduced from £1,000 to £700 a-year, the sum received by the Welsh deans. To show the effect of appointing deans for Wales who were imperfectly acquainted with the Welsh language, he might mention that in a case which had come under his notice, the dean's sermons were written by a person who had been a member of the Independent body of Dissenters, but who had been expelled by them. This man was on one occasion brought before the magistrates, among whom was the dean, for neglecting to maintain his family, when he said—addressing the dean—"If you would pay me more than half-a-crown for 17 sermons I should be able to maintain my wife and family, but I can't do so now." ("Hear, hear," and a laugh.)

Mr. J. WILLIAMS could hear out the statements of the hon. baronet as to the inconvenience experienced from the imperfect acquaintance of the clergy appointed to preferments in Wales with the Welsh language: On one occasion a clergyman translating into Welsh the passage, "The righteous shall inherit eternal life," used a Welsh phrase which signified—"The goslings shall devour the food of the geese." (Laughter.) It was not to be wondered at that the whole congregation laughed at him. He found on every hand Englishmen appointed as bishops, deans, and to other inferior offices in the church in Wales, and grasping munificent incomes as teachers of the people, while they were totally ignorant of the language. There were two brothers, sons of a late Bishop of St. Asaph, who did not understand a word of the Welsh language, but whose incomes exceeded those of 87 curates (hear, hear); and the house would scarcely believe, perhaps, that there were two curates in St. Asaph who did duty every day in the year, and whose annual income was only £30 each.

Dr. NICHOLL hoped the noble lord (Lord J. Russell) would not consent to any arrangement that Welshmen only should be appointed to ecclesiastical preferments in Wales. He was himself an inhabitant of the diocese of Llandaff, and he could say, that had the persons recommended to the noble lord on the ground of their being Welshmen been appointed to preferments, the greatest dissatisfaction would have been occasioned throughout the whole of the diocese among both clergy and laity.

Mr. DRUMMOND thought it seemed a *sine quâ non* that the clergy and the bishop of a diocese should speak the language of the people. It was the conduct of ecclesiastics which had brought matters to their present pass;

and because deans and chapters had for years neglected their duties, hon. gentlemen said they were of no use at all. Persons who neglected their duties were indeed of no use; but an argument from the neglect of an individual who held an office was no argument against the office itself. Clergymen connected with cathedrals had lumped together four services which took place at such a time that the poor man if he attended could not dine with his family in the middle of the day. It was the clergy of the church who had destroyed the church, and what little Christianity then prevailed was owing to Dissenters.

Mr. HUME wished the Welsh to be all taught to read English; but to send Englishmen to Wales, who did not understand the language of the principality, was a mockery.

Sir G. GREY referred to the testimony borne by a Welsh member on a former occasion to the knowledge which the Bishop of Llandaff had shown of the language in addressing a congregation.

Sir B. HALL would put the case that the Bishop of Llandaff was a Welshman, and had been invited to consecrate a church in Marylebone. What would be said, supposing an address presented to him, if he were to say that, as he did not understand English, he would reply in Welsh?

Sir G. GREY remarked, that the hon. member for Wales of whom he spoke testified to the Bishop of Llandaff's accurate knowledge of Welsh.

Mr. HUME gave credit to the noble lord at the head of the government for having made that selection.

Mr. WILLIAMS remarked that the hon. member to whom the Secretary for the Home Department referred did not understand a word of the language; but only one feeling of gratitude to the noble lord prevailed in North and South Wales for taking a step in the right direction.

The clause was agreed to, as were also the remaining clauses, and several additional clauses.

An additional clause was proposed, requiring that deans should not hold a living which was not in the cathedral city, or distant more than three miles from the cathedral city.

CONVERSIONS.

"Miss Peel of Lariggan, within the new district of St. Peter's, Newlyn, near Penzance, a sister of Sir Lawrence Peel, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Calcutta, and first cousin of the late Sir Robert, has just seceded, after, as she states, six years deliberation, to the Roman Church; into which, it is presumed, that she will be publicly received at the Catholic Chapel, recently erected at Penzance, to-morrow (Sunday, the 14th) by the Bishop of Marseilles.—*Standard*.

The Rev. Edward Ballard, M.A., of Wadham College, Oxford, has been recently received into the Catholic Church by the Rev. R. G. M'Mullen, at Bermondsey. Mr. George F. Ballard, of Worcester College, Oxford, was received into the Catholic Church by the Rev. F. Oakeley, at St. John's, Islington, on Sunday last. The Rev. Charles B. Garside, M.A., Curate of Margaret-street Chapel, London, and formerly scholar of Brasenose College, Oxford, was received into the Church on the Feast of St. Aloysius, by the Rev. Dr. P. Melia, at the Catholic Chapel of all Souls, St. Leonard's-on-Sea. Also at the same place, on the 6th inst., by the Right Rev. Dr. Wiseman, the Hon. and Rev. Charles Cavendish, Rector of Little Casterton, Rutland, and the Hon. Captain Charles Pakenham, of the Grenadier Guards.

Among the late conversions to the Roman Catholic Church, are the Rev. C. B. Garside, Rev. Mr. Bodley, late curate at Archbishop Tennyson's chapel, London; the Rev. W. Maskell's son, Mrs. Allies, wife of the Rev. T. Allies, of Saunton, and Mrs. Foljambe.—*Oxford Herald*.

On the 30th ult., Miss Kate M. Warren, daughter of James Warren, Esq., of Kersery, Suffolk, was received into the Catholic Church by the Rev. Edward Hearn, at the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, Queen's-square.

Mrs. Wilberforce, daughter of the late Rev. John Owen, of Fulham, and wife of the eldest brother of the Bishop of Oxford, has been received into the Church.

The Rev. W. Maskell, late Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of Exeter, whose letters, acknowledging that the party of Mr Gorham had the best of it in the late controversy as to what is the doctrine of the Church of England, have attracted so much attention, was on Saturday last received into the Church at the chapel in Spanish-place.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE RUMOURED CARDINALATE.—We beg leave to state, in answer to numerous queries on this subject, that nothing certain is known either about the promotion of Dr. Wiseman or the arrangement of the hierarchy. Rumour has already given the Archbishopric of Westminster to Dr. Ullathorne and Dr. Briggs. We think, however, the vacant See will be filled by our illustrious Prelate, who, most probably, will return from Italy with the learned Rector of the English Roman College as his Coadjutor Bishop on this side of the water. Every hour of Dr. Wiseman's life is of eminent service to the Catholic cause in England, and we hope that his Holiness or the Venerable Consistory will not take any step which may cause his removal from our shores. The learned and Right Reverend Prelate has been out of town for some days past, but will return to celebrate Mass at the French Chapel, and to administer Communion to the young Count de Paris, in presence of the Count and Countess de Neuilly, and other members of the exiled court.—*Standard*.

The Hon. and Rev. George Talbot has been summoned to Rome, on the express invitation of his Holiness, with the purpose of his appointment to a place of high trust and dignity (not unaccompanied with emolument) that of Chamberlain near the person of the Pope, an office which has been known to lead to the highest point of exaltation, and really worthy to be filled by the most distinguished. The reverend gentleman left London for Rome on Sunday last, and will not tarry by the way.—*Tablet*.

Dr. Wiseman will have left England for Rome probably before this reaches the eye of our readers.—[ED. CATH. MAG.]

The Catholic schools at Butler-street, Hoxton, are to have an excursion tomorrow to Erith and its pleasant neighbourhood, under the eye of the Rev. , of Moorfields, and others of the Clergy. The Catholic middle schools, in John-street, Bedford-row, have enjoyed an excursion and undergone an examination by the Rev. A. G. Macmullen, who was exceedingly gratified with the result, which did very great credit to the masters—Mr. Stewart and Mr. Grundy; and on the following day the Earl of Arundel and Surrey, the president, presented the prizes in the presence of the patrons of the schools and the parents of the children. The school flourishes, has its sixty-six scholars, and almost pays its own expenses. May it continue to prosper—(*Floreat Semper*)—as a valuable Catholic institution, affording the means of securing a Catholically-conducted classical education to the sons of the middle classes.

The Rev. J. Butt, late Secretary to the Lord Bishop, has been appointed to supply the place of the Rev. John Kyne at Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.

THE GORHAM CONTROVERSY.—THE BISHOP OF EXETER'S PROTEST TO THE ARCHES COURT.—"In the name of the Holy Trinity, Amen.—We, Henry, by Divine permission Bishop of Exeter, having been monished

by this venerable Court of Arches to bring into the registry of the same the presentation made to us by her Majesty Queen Victoria, as patron of the vicarage of Bramford Speke, in our said diocese, commanding us to institute the Rev. G. C. Gorham,—do hereby, in obedience to the monition of this court, bring into the registry of the same the said presentation—

“Under protest, that” (Mr. Gorham holds heretical doctrines).

“Now we, the said Henry, Bishop of Exeter, taking the premises into our serious and anxious consideration, and furthermore, considering that the judgment of her Most Gracious Majesty in Council on the said appeal was pronounced solely in reliance on the statement made in the report and recommendation of the said Judicial Committee, as being a just, true, and sufficient statement, do, by virtue of the authority given to us by God, as a bishop in the Church of Christ, and in the apostolic branch of it planted by God’s providence within this land, and established therein by the laws and constitution of this realm, hereby solemnly repudiate the said judgment, and declare it to be null and utterly without effect *in foro conscientie*, and do appeal therefrom in all that concerns the Catholic faith to ‘the Sacred Synod of this nation, when it shall be in the name of Christ assembled, as the true Church of England, by representation.’

“And further, we do solemnly protest and declare, that whereas the said George Cornelius Gorham did manifestly and notoriously hold the aforesaid heretical doctrines, and hath not since retracted and disclaimed the same, any archbishop or bishop, or any official of any archbishop or bishop, who shall institute the said George Cornelius Gorham to the cure and government of the souls of the parishioners of the said parish of Bramford Speke, within our diocese aforesaid, will thereby incur the sin of supporting and favouring the said heretical doctrines, and we do hereby renounce and repudiate all communion with any one, be he whom he may, who shall so institute the said George Cornelius Gorham as aforesaid.

“Given under our hand and episcopal seal, this 20th day of July, in the year of our Lord 1850.
“H. EXETER.”

GREAT MEETING OF ANGLICAN CLERGY AND LAITY.—This meeting first announced for the 27th of June, was held on the 23rd of July. It was attended by one bishop (of Bath and Wells), several minor church dignitaries, and about 2,000 of the laity. The following protests, petitions, &c., were agreed to unanimously:—

PROTEST.—Whereas, upon an appeal by the Rev. George Cornelius Gorham against the sentence of the Dean of the Arches Court of Canterbury, it has been declared by the Judicial Committee of her Majesty’s Privy Council, in contradiction to the judgment of the Ecclesiastical Court, “that the doctrine held by Mr. Gorham is not contrary or repugnant to the declared doctrine of the Church of England;” and further, “that Mr. Gorham ought not to have been refused institution to the vicarage of Bramford Speke:”—

“And whereas the Rev. G. C. Gorham, being presented to the vicarage of Bramford Speke, has declared and published (certain doctrines on the efficacy of baptism, which are recited at length with those of the Church.)

“Now, we, the undersigned, members of the Church of England, accepting without reserve these distinct declarations of her doctrine (denying also that her deliberate and unambiguous expressions in the actual ministration of the sacrament of baptism are to be taken in a qualified or uncertain sense), and holding that original sin is remitted to all infants by spiritual regeneration, through the application of the merits of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ in and by the sacrament of baptism, which doctrine we, together with the whole church, individually affirm whenever in the recital of the Nicene

Creed we "acknowledge one baptism for the remission of sins," do hereby solemnly repudiate and protest against the said judgment of the Judicial Committee of her Majesty's Privy Council; and do appeal therefrom unto a free and lawful synod of the Church of England, when such synod may be had;

Because—While the Judicial Committee exclude from their abstract of Mr. Gorham's doctrine (on which abstract alone they decide) all notice of the specific errors asserted by him in the aforecited passages—their judgment sanctions the acceptance in an hypothetical and unreal sense of the plain declarations of the Church—suggests contradictory interpretations of her doctrines, and requires institution to a benefice with cure of souls of a priest who professes doctrines utterly inconsistent with the sacramental character of baptism, and subversive of a fundamental article of faith;

And because—Through this decision touching doctrines of the church, the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council do (notwithstanding their formal disclaimer of "any authority to settle matters of faith") practically exercise in spiritual matters a jurisdiction for which they are utterly incompetent, and which never has been, nor ever can be, confided to them by the church."

"TO THE QUEEN'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

"The humble Petition of the undersigned Clergy and Laity of the Church of England,

"Showeth,

"That we, your Majesty's faithful and loyal subjects, dutifully acknowledging your royal authority as supreme governor within these your dominions, in all causes, over all persons, as the same is expressed in the Articles of the Church of England, humbly entreat your Majesty to grant us redress in a matter which aggrieves our consciences as members, and some of us ministers, of the same church.

"That in the cause of Gorham v. the Bishop of Exeter, lately decided by the Judicial Committee of your Majesty's Privy Council, a very grave point of doctrine, touching the foundation of the faith, has been treated in such a manner as, incidentally but effectually, to contradict the plain and obvious meaning of the Prayer-book.

"That, in consequence of this decision (whatever be its legal validity), great scandals have arisen, and very many are unsettled and disturbed in conscience, whose only wish is to serve God in peace in the portion of the church wherein they have been called.

"That it has always been allowed by the law of this country, as well as by the custom of the whole church from the earliest ages, that religious questions of faith and discipline should be settled, according to scriptural precedent, by synodical assemblies of the bishops and clergy.

"That Magna Charta begins by declaring 'That the Church of England be free, and shall have all her rights entire, and her liberties inviolate;' and amongst these it was secured by an ancient law of this realm that she should 'have her judgments free.'

"That, in the declaration of your Majesty's royal predecessor, King Charles I., prefixed to the Articles of the Church, her synodical functions are recognised in the promise—'That, out of our princely care, that the churchmen may do the work which is proper unto them, the bishops and clergy, from time to time in convocation, upon their humble desire, shall have license under our broad seal to deliberate of and to do all such things, as being made plain by them, and assented unto by us, shall concern the settled continuance of the doctrine and discipline of the Church of England now established: from which we will not endure any varying or departing in the least degree.'

"To the intent, therefore, that the grievance aforesaid may be remedied, and the church herself enjoy full freedom to exercise her inherent and inalienable office of declaring and judging in all matters purely spiritual, to the welfare of your Majesty, and the peace of these realms.

"Your petitioners humbly implore your Majesty—That all questions touching the doctrine of the Church of England, arising on appeal, or in your Majesty's temporal courts, may hereafter be referred to the spirituality of the Church of England.

"And, further, that your Majesty will be pleased to remove the impediments which now obstruct the exercise of the ancient synodical functions of the church, in order to the determination of the aforesaid question of doctrine, as well as of other matters affecting her welfare, to the salvation of souls, and the glory of her Divine Head.

"And your petitioners will ever pray, &c."

An address was then *voted* to the Archbishops of Canterbury and York requesting them to support the wishes of the meeting by their influence, and one to the Scotch bishops thanking them for their sympathy, and the meeting quietly evaporated—like a respectable flash in the pan.

BIRTHS.

On the 17th of July, at 18, Curzon-street, Mayfair, the **LADY BEAUMONT**, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

On the 12th of June, at Palermo, the Marquis **GIUSEPPE PASQUALIMO**, of Palermo, to **MARY**, eldest daughter of the late **W. J. Charlton, Esq.**, of Hesleyside, Northumberland.

On the 16th inst., at St. Werbergh's Catholic Chapel, Chester, by the Right Rev. Dr. Briggs, Bishop of Trachis and Vicar Apostolic of the Yorkshire District, **WILLIAM**, eldest son of Peter Nicholson, Esq., of Thirlwall Hall, Cheshire, to **CONSTANCE FERRERS**, second daughter of George Pickering, Esq., of Chester, and granddaughter of the late Edward Ferrers, Esq., of Baddesley-Clinton Hall, Warwickshire.

On the 20th of July, at the Sardinian Chapel, by the Rev. Dr. Melia, Signor **CARLO MAGLIANO**, of Turin, to **MARY ELIZA**, elder daughter of the late Thomas Williams, Esq., of Trinity-square, Southwark.

DEATHS.

On the 3rd of July, at his residence, Mansfield-street, **WILLIAM HENRY FRANCIS, LORD PETRE**.

On the 16th of July, at his residence, Maddox-street, **MR. DAMANT**.

On the 17th inst., at Bermondsey, aged 88, **THOMAS BUTLER, Esq.**, father of the late Rev. Peter Butler.

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VOL. XII.

RECOLLECTIONS OF EMINENT MEN.

THE RIGHT REV. PETER AUGUSTINE BAINES, BISHOP OF
SIGA, VICAR APOSTOLIC IN THE WESTERN DISTRICT OF
ENGLAND, &c.

(Continued from page 42.)

As, at this time, I often visited Bath, I had frequent opportunities of meeting Dr. Baines; and long and intimate and delightful were the conferences we held. But I grieved to find him always more and more annoyed by the hostility that was being organized against him for many causes, and which was increased by the stand which he felt himself called upon to make against the proceedings of those who thought that England was about to be reconverted to Catholic unity, and who would have promoted this object by changing our modes of worship, and almost our habits of every day life, for a system which they fancied to have existed eight or ten centuries ago; and which they thought would be more attractive to converts.

"I lately received a letter from one of these gentlemen—one of their leaders"—said Dr. Baines to me: "it was dated not on the day of the month, as popes, cardinals, and all of Christendom of which I know anything date letters; but with the name of the saint whose festival it happened to be written on. Well this saint, I doubt not, was a true and blessed saint: but was not one of such eminence that I remembered on what day of the month his festival was kept; and I was annoyed at having to go to book to find out. However; while so employed, I remembered that I had a little old botanical book that distinguished every day in the year by the name of some plant that blossomed upon it. I hunted out this little monkish volume; and, when I answered the letter of my reverend correspondent, I dated mine '*Prior Park, Marsh-Mallows blossom.*' I did not anticipate so angry a remonstrance as that which followed in the tone with which

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the gentleman wrote to ask me the meaning of my singular date. With the greatest urbanity, I replied to him that, from his having dated his letter to me with the name of a Saint instead of the day of the month, I presumed that the old system was abolished, and that each one was at liberty to adopt another: that I thought it a pretty idea to designate each day by the flowering of some plant then in season; and that after recurring to my breviary to find what day his Saint's festival stood for, I had looked into my little herbal book to see what flower was in bloom; and had found that, on that day, 'Marsh-Mallows blossomed,' and had dated my letter accordingly."

Sarcasm was not, however, the means by which to conciliate those whose enthusiasm suggested a plan, pious and innocent in itself, but certainly most inconvenient.

By the movement party to which Dr. Baines opposed himself, Gothic was deemed the national ecclesiastical architecture of England, and, consequently, the only style in which our churches ought to be built. His love of Italy and Italian architecture with many other motives (amongst which the principal one was his belief that, in our present condition, the greatest space ought to be secured at the least possible expense) disinclined Dr. Baines to adopt this fancy. He strongly objected to anything which might seem to nationalize Catholicism in England as distinct from that of the rest of the world: and when, in the Midland District, the shape of the sacred vestments was altered to some pattern of a Mediæval date, I think, though he did not avow it, but I think, from the twinkle of his eye as he related the anecdote, that it was his Lordship himself who had sent to Rome a boxfull of dolls dressed up in chasuble and other vestments cut in the new fashion. The innovation was, in consequence, forbidden.

All these matters occasioned a long and harrassing correspondence: and I seldom was at Prior Park without being consulted on some lengthy letter he was writing in Latin or Italian to Propaganda or to the Pope on the affairs of his district, or the position of Catholicism in England. Many documents, also, for which he was held responsible at head quarters, were the joint remonstrances of the Vicars Apostolic, and were only signed first by him as senior bishop.

At this time, I received from his Lordship the following note—dated, by the bye, on the 'Marsh-Mallows' plan to which he had himself objected:

"Prior Park, Holy Saturday, 1840.

"My dear Mr. ———,

"I am quite enough alive to thank you for your kind note of the 3rd instant, but not enough so to apologize for my long

neglect in acknowledging the receipt of for which accept a late but most grateful expression of thanks.

"I sing the Mass to-morrow, and then I shall have finished the labours of this holy time—of which I wish you and Mrs. ——— and all yours many happy returns.

"I wish you had been here during the Holy Week. The ceremonies have been really effectively and impressively performed: and what, when so performed, does this world supply so sublime and beautiful?

"Your approbation of my Pastoral *consoles* me. What would you think of a *pious* family abandoning their ordinary confessor and going to another because, one of the family being a convert, it was taken for granted that he was aimed at (which he was not) and the said confessor had had the presumption to read the Pastoral in the Chapel, as ordered by his Bishop? Is not this a curious comment on the *Mores Catholici*? Mr. Digby is not, I believe, the person alluded to.

"Ever truly yours,

✠ "P. A. BAINES."

In this note, is the first reference to the Pastoral which had been delivered at the beginning of the Lent then concluding. I will say nothing of it now; as we shall hereafter see the Bishop's own account of it, and the consequences which it drew upon him.

On the 18th May, I received the following note which only hints how the plot had thickened:—

"My dear Mr. ———,

"I am going to ——— on Wednesday, on my way to Paris; and as I find that the packet on Thursday sails at mid-day, I should be able to spend a few hours with you if you could receive me. The coach arrives in ——— at about five o'clock Wednesday evening; and I could thus pass that evening with you if I knew that you were at home, and you could inform me how I could get to you. If you write back by return of post, I might get your letter on Wednesday morning before I leave Bath; but at all events, I will hope to find a line when I arrive.

"With kindest respects to the ladies, believe me,

"Dear Mr. ———,

"Yours very truly,

✠ "P. A. BAINES."

Most delightful to me and, I think, not unpleasant to himself, were the three days which his Lordship spent at my house with his chaplain, Mr. Bonomi. That he was going "to Paris," as

he had told me by letter, was the truth ; but it was not the whole truth. He had been summoned to Rome. The intimation that had been sent to him was as follows :—

No. 28.

“ Illmo e Rmo Sige.

“ Affairi gravissimi concernenti la Religione, che debbon ora qui trattarsi richiedono, indispensabilmente la presenza di V. S. in Roma. Egli è perciò che la impegno a recarvi con ogni sollecitudine, dappoichè il di Lei arrivo quanto più pronto tanto più grato sarà alla sagra Congregazione e alla persona istessa del Santo Padre. E senza più dilungarmi, prego il Signore che benignamente La conservi e La prosperi.

“ Di V. S.

“ Roma, Dalla Propaganda 14 Aprile 1840

“ Come Fratello affmò

“ J. F. CARD. FRANSONI, Prefo.

“ Mgre. Pietro Agostino Baines

Vescovo di Siga, Vicario Apostolico
nel Distretto Occidentale d' Inghilterra.

Prior Park.

“ J. ARC. DI EDESSA, Segr.”

The following is a literal translation of this curious document :—

“ Most Illustrious and Rev. Lord,

“ Most serious affairs concerning religion that have to be treated of here, require indispensably the presence of your Lordship in Rome. Therefore it is that I engage you to betake yourself thither with all eagerness ; since the earlier your arrival the more agreeable it will be to the holy congregation and to the Holy Father himself. And without enlarging further, I pray the Lord that he may kindly preserve and prosper you.

“ Of your Lordship,

“ Rome, from Propaganda, 14 April, 1840,

As a most affectionate Brother,

F. F. CARDINAL FRANSONI, Prefect,

J. ARCH. OF EDESSA, Secretary.”

Dr. Baines requested me to take an exact copy of this letter, that I might make it known in England if need should be. He was nervous and anxious. The style of the letter was somewhat unusual : its excessive friendliness, I thought suspicious : he knew not with what object he was sent for ; nor how he might be treated or detained if once in Rome. It might be necessary to appeal to the English Catholic public or even to the government ; and he left it to me to act in his defence as circumstances might require. He knew of no matter “ concerning religion ” then under discussion at Rome that could

require his presence: the only subject on which he thought there could be a question, was the sub-division of the Episcopal districts in England, and the appointment of more Vicars Apostolic: this he had himself strongly recommended, and also that the London District should be divided by the Thames—London being, he considered, too large to be under the care of one bishop:—in fact, Dr. Baines told me afterwards that he had startled the Pope by telling him that there were more Catholics in London than in Rome. His Lordship judged, however, that this matter could not have occasioned his call to Rome:—in fact, the sub-division of the districts, though not in the manner he had recommended, was proclaimed shortly afterwards while he was on his journey, and without reference to him.

The Pastoral, he rightly judged, was at the bottom of the whole business. How curious, during these three days, were his revelations respecting his own position in reference to other ecclesiastical interests in England and at Rome! How earnestly he canvassed the prospects of Catholicity in England! Into these details, I would not willingly enter. They are not essential to the vindication of my Right Rev. friend.

On the second day of his visit, I took him to see a ruined monastery in my neighbourhood. The eagerness with which he ran from one part of the building to another, and the familiarity with which he assigned to each one its appropriate original use was as amusing as it was instructive.

The person who had compiled the Prayer-book, before mentioned, met him at my house: and together we looked over it and considered the remarks which the Bishop had before noted in pencil. I was surprised at the delight with which his Lordship repeated the hymns of the Church, which long custom seemed to have more endeared to him, and at the interest and minuteness with which he compared those translations of them with the originals. He seemed to have marked every expression and to weigh the rhythm with the feeling of a poet. I hope I shall not scandalize any one by recording that, when he came to the Vesper hymn, "Iste Confessor," and read the translation, he exclaimed: "Is that right? Is that the proper meter?"

Iste Confessor Domini colentes.

It is the meter of Canning's Needy knife-grinder:—

'This great confessor, God's most worthy servant,'—
'I give thee sixpence? I will see thee damn'd first!'

"All right!" he added, laughing at the test he had adduced.

Before I parted with him on board the steam-packet that was to take his Lordship to France, I strongly advised him to study Italian as much as possible during his journey. He was, indeed, a good Italian scholar; but with disuse, the tongue becomes rusty; and I foresaw how important it might be that he should be able to express himself at Rome with facility and fluency. He promised me that he would not forget my counsel.

Three months afterwards, I received from him the following letter:—

*“Palazzo Mignanelli Piazza di Spagna,
“Rome, August 16, 1840.*

“My dear Mr. ———,

“I will not lose time and space in apologizing for not writing to you sooner. I know you could not have wished me to write, if you had known how I have been occupied with business, or prevented by hot weather and weak health. You have heard all, I trust, from Dr. Brindle. I was sent for about my Pastoral! I can discover no other cause. The authorities at Propaganda received me civilly but coolly, and for three weeks would say nothing. The Pope received me coldly at first, and read myself and my brother bishops (Dr. Walsh excepted) a severe lesson in a true Papal style; quiet, dignified, well expressed, and cutting to the quick. I kept very composed all the time, and had my answer ready when his Holiness had finished. It was as quiet as his own, and, I hope, not less dignified. It admitted no fault nor sued for any grace. It asserted our good intentions, and complained of the misrepresentations that had been artfully carried to the Holy See, and it then ventured to assert that we were the injured party to whom, if justice had been done, favour, not reproof, should have been awarded, &c. His Holiness declared himself ‘contentissimo con Monsigr. Baines,’ to Dr. Wiseman, a few days after.

“My next interview proved the fact. Nothing could be so kind as his Holiness. As if to make me amends for my scolding, he invited me to his country seat, whither I went, and was most graciously received. During the two days of my stay I had audiences of many hours; or rather I was *so* long in his Holiness’s company, no other person being present, all ceremony being laid aside, and all subjects of conversation being treated as they happened to arise. It was interesting to see how different a thing sovereignty is in different hands. In those of Gregory XVI. it is a mere office, that has its duties, the performance of which makes no alteration in the performer. His manners are the same, his table not better; his bed the same, viz., a straw paillasse, without a mattress and without curtains, in a little room with one window. I spoke to him

about his cell and straw bed. He said he liked it better, that he never cared how hard his bed was, and that he had slept very well on a table. At the same time, he feels strongly the importance of the position he holds in the world; and his mind rises to the level of it without losing a whit of its native simplicity and humility. He is very clever—a clever reasoner, an acute observer, and an excellent speaker. His language is singularly accurate, clear and forcible. His reading on most subjects is considerable, on some very extensive—particularly on those connected with ecclesiastical matters, and he has a memory for quotation such as I have seldom met with. I need not add that I was delighted with my visit. I was dismissed with the most flattering assurances of regard, and invited to see his Holiness again on his return to Rome. His Holiness is in perfect health, though he has had some slight touches of fever, which he assured me never lasted more than a very few hours, gave him little inconvenience, and left him better than before.

“He came to Rome for the Feast of the Assumption, and the pleasure he evidently felt at meeting his subjects again, after his absence in the country, seemed mutual. He was enthusiastically received. I stood beside him all the time of the High Mass, and at the Benediction given from the portico of Sta Maria Maggiore, but I avoided putting myself in his way, as he was so much beset, and as I purpose having the honour of seeing him again soon at Castel Gandolfo, whither I returned on Sunday afternoon.

“As to the Pastoral, it was a mere trick of a certain party to get rid of me! But they were soon detected, and their dishonesty has recoiled on their own heads. On every account I have reason to feel grateful that I was called hither. I have removed much delusion respecting our affairs, and I hope to remove still more. Dr. Weedall is on a visit with me. He came to get rid of the mitre, which a certain party had determined to force upon his head. The Pope gave his assent the moment I stated to him the nature of Dr. Weedall's objections, so that the latter can be off, unless he should allow himself to be ensnared, which I think he will not. I hardly know when I can get away from Rome,—I think, perhaps, in a month. My health has not suffered from the heat, though the latter has been troublesome. I spent some days at Frascati on a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Englefield, and am going again at their kind and friendly invitation. Pray present my kindest and most respectful regards to the ladies, and best blessing to your little ones, and believe me, dear Mr. ———, yours very truly, &c.,

✠ “P. A. BAINES.

“P.S.—I should receive your letter if you should be charitably

disposed to write one. I hope I must have left a book or two and some papers with you. If not, I fear I have lost them; one is the letter from Propaganda you copied."

Dr. Baines afterwards told me that one of these interviews with his Holiness being appointed to take place after Mass in the Pope's chapel, he had attended the service, and that the celebrated Padre Ventura had preached: that during the sermon, he had inculcated amenity and kindness in the great towards their inferiors, and had insisted that sovereigns should make themselves more accessible to those who had complaints to proffer. "But," continued the preacher, "but you will tell me that, if he listens to all complaints, no hall in the Vatican will be large enough to contain them; that St. Peter's itself will not hold the crowd of applicants; that he will have to move his throne in the centre of the wide Campagna.....E perché no—and why not?" the preacher had abruptly exclaimed. However: after the service, Dr. Baines had been immediately admitted to the audience as appointed; and he told me that, in lieu of other greeting, as he entered, the Pope had looked at him with a sort of a cunning smile, and had whispered, "Che dice della predica"—"What do you say to the sermon?" and had then seated himself to enter on the business of the interview.

The following letter, written after his Lordship's return to England, appeared to me less constrained than the preceding one, which had to pass through the Roman post-office:—

"Prior Park, May 26, 1841.

"My dear Mr. ———,

"I have reproached myself daily for not writing to you; for to say the truth, I do not recollect when I wrote last. I am not even sure that I answered your kind letter sent to Rome. Had you been a person I loved less or feared more, you would have been better treated. But taking it for granted that you would forgive every thing, but a change of feeling on my part, (which I take for granted you know to be impossible), I have always omitted writing to you, whilst I wrote to others whom I feared more, but cared for infinitely less.

"A thousand thanks for the new contribution. That the Prayer-book in which you interest yourself should sell, in spite of my name being attached to it, I consider a proof that there is still soundness in the Catholic body, and that all have not bid adieu to common sense and good taste even in religion. The last edition is very pretty. By the bye, I suppose I forgot to mention that, properly speaking, the Litany of the Saints should stand immediately after the Penitential Psalms, to which, rather than to the Litany, the antiphon, 'Remember not,' belongs. This Litany forms a part of *the canonical office* of the Church,

and therefore ought to take precedence of *all* others. That of Loretto is approved by the Church by general use. That of Jesus has had no approbation, that I know of, except what the grant of Indulgences annexed to its recitation may imply—and this is a mere negative approval. But all I care about is the putting of the Litany of the *Saints* immediately after the Penitential Psalms. I will ascertain from Dr. Briggs whether his not answering the author's letter arose from any thing but inattention or want of time. I suspect not. Though, as he is the author of the best edition of the Garden of the Soul, there may be some *jalousie de metier* at the bottom. I think not: for his Lordship has a great mind.

“My business in Rome caused me great pain and great delight. It was deeply mysterious. At my first interview with the Pope I received a severe rebuke for myself *and my colleagues the other V.V.A.* He then declared himself *fully satisfied*, (*contentissimo di Monsigr. Baines*,) and for months treated me with kindness *unexampled*. Then he became again severe, and my enemies sung victory, and all appeared lost. Then on a sudden all was changed once more, and the kindness and affection of the Pope was something which I never before witnessed nor can fully explain. But the beauty of the thing was that his Holiness declared that he saw the necessity of supporting the bishops; that he declared that there was nothing in my Pastoral to retract, that he voluntarily paid the expenses of my journey,—invited me to write to him, and loaded me with every kind of favour. It was every where felt to be a complete triumph, and the *faction* was mortified and is so still in the highest degree. The bishops have already experienced a change of treatment, which I feel confident will last for some time, I hope for ever.

“I am about to put forth, when I can find time, some public explanations, in order to check the mischievous reports which some busy friends of the faction are spreading amongst the Catholics.

“Did I really carry off the key of a drawer? If so, pray get the lock picked and see what I have left. Present my kindest regards to Mrs. ———; sincere condolence in her sufferings to her relative, and best blessings to all your family, and believe me ever, dear Mr. ———, most truly and sincerely yours,

✠ “P. A. BAINES.

“P.S.—If when you come this way you could bring the lock, of which I carried away the key, perhaps I might find and restore it.”

An extract from another letter, written in October of the same year, will be interesting:—

".....The Prayer-book is beautiful and must now proceed and prosper. Thank God this will be some little check to fanaticism.

"I cannot make out whether you have read my 'History of the Pastoral,' an unpublished though printed work. If you have not, let me send you a copy. I expect a new storm, if the spirits of wickedness can raise it.

"The 'Tablet' is becoming magnificent. I am sure you liked the article *Gullibility*, as well as several of his late leading articles.

"A correspondent from another district tells me that a Puseyite parson of the name of ———, is now at Oscott, and means to go to the Cistercian Monastery, at Leicester, to become a Catholic and take holy orders! He is the author of ———. This one, report has magnified in 40!

"I am not *very* well, but quite as much so as on most years at this time. I wish you could stay with me awhile when you come hitherwise.

"Our numbers are increased this year, and all goes on well at Prior Park."

The "History of the Pastoral" was sent to me by his Lordship. Whatever interest of a personal nature it may have possessed at the time, it can now be only considered as a curious historical document, exhibiting the state of religion in this country a dozen years ago. I would, on no account, contravene the wish expressed by the Right Reverend author in his preface, and make "a contentious use" of his narrative: but time has made this impossible: and without misgiving, therefore, I proceed to quote:—

"A HISTORY OF THE PASTORAL, ADDRESSED TO THE FAITHFUL OF THE WESTERN DISTRICT, ON OCCASION OF THE FAST OF LENT, 1840. BY P. A. BAINES, D.D., BISHOP OF SIGA. V.A.W. NOT PUBLISHED.

"TO THE READER.—My object in putting the following narrative into print, is simply to prevent the evils likely to result from certain mistatements, which, in the absence of authentic information, are secretly making their round amongst the Catholics of England. In the discharge of what I consider a duty, I had the misfortune to incur the displeasure of a respectable party in the Catholic body, whose cause was warmly espoused by another very powerful party, to whom I was previously obnoxious. For motives of which I am ignorant, and which, therefore, I have no right to judge, a design was formed to embroil me with the Holy See, and, I have reason to believe, to inflict upon me serious injury. As there is not an individual, whom, in writing my Pastoral, I wished to injure or

offend, so is there not, if I know my own heart, an individual, who has entered into this crusade against me, towards whom I bear the slightest resentment, or to whom I would willingly give the smallest unnecessary pain. Were I a *private* individual, I would leave my adversaries to spread, respecting me, whatever reports were most agreeable to themselves. As a *Bishop*, I am bound to defend my character and conduct as well as I can, because with these are, in some measure, bound up the credit of religion itself. Such being my object in printing a few copies of the following narrative, let me entreat you, my Right Reverend Brethren in Jesus Christ, for whose use I principally design it, and you, my Catholic friends, whoever you may be, into whose hands a copy may chance to fall, to employ it only for the purpose of edification and peace. There is no adversary upon whom I wish to be revenged, no enemy, personal or professional, whom I do not sincerely forgive. Accustomed for many years past to this species of persecution, I have acquired a habit (and I thank God for it) of bearing no resentment to my persecutors, any one of whom I feel I could, if permitted, cordially embrace as a friend and brother.

"I should the more deeply regret any contentious use being made of this narrative, inasmuch as I know it would give great pain to the Venerable Head of the Church, for whom I have long had cause to entertain a strong filial affection, and to whom, for his most amiable condescension, penetrating sagacity and vigorous interposition in this affair, I must ever owe a debt of the most lively gratitude.

"A HISTORY, &c.—The Pastoral, which furnishes the subject of this narrative, was published at the beginning of the Lent 1840, and sent to all the Missionaries of the Western District. Copies were also sent to all the Bishops of England, Ireland, and Scotland.

"In the beginning of May the same year, I received an official letter from Propaganda, signed by the Most Eminent Cardinal Franson, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation, and by the Most Reverend Monsignor Cadolini, Secretary of the same, informing me that 'affairs of the highest importance, which were then under consideration at Rome, required indispensably my presence in that capital, and that the sooner I could present myself there, the greater gratification I should afford to the Sacred Congregation, and to his Holiness himself.'

"In obedience to this summons, I hastily arranged the affairs of my District and Colleges in the best way I could, and, on the 19th day of the same month, was on my way to Rome, where I arrived on the 9th of June.

"On the following day I presented myself successively to the Most Reverend Secretary and the Most Eminent Prefect of

Propaganda, but without receiving from either the slightest hint why I had been sent for. I then applied for an audience of his Holiness, which was granted me on the following Tuesday, the 16th of June. His Holiness received me in a way which manifested great displeasure against the English Vicars Apostolic, whom he had evidently been led to consider as wanting in devotion to the Holy See, and almost as factiously disposed. He spoke severely of certain letters that had been addressed to himself or Propaganda, by the said Vicars Apostolic, particularly of some which I had written, or of which I was supposed to be the principal instigator.

"In reply, I expressed my deep regret that we should have had the misfortune to incur his Holiness's displeasure, but assured him, that I had never heard a word from any of my colleagues which could justify me in doubting their sincere devotion and attachment to the Holy See. With regard to myself, as I had always entertained for his Holiness's elevated office the most profound veneration and respect, and for his sacred person the most respectful and filial affection, I could confidently assert, that if any letters or acts of mine had been understood to convey any thing contrary to these feelings, they had been misinterpreted. With these assurances his Holiness seemed satisfied; and I had the happiness to hear from a Prelate, who saw him a few days later, that he had so expressed himself in my regard. Indeed, from that time, not only had I the happiness of receiving from him the same tokens of regard I had formerly enjoyed, but other such unusual marks of attention, as to convince me that he was fully persuaded of the truth of my statements.

"In the meantime, though I frequently applied at Propaganda, to know for what particular reason I had been called to Rome, I did not receive the information till the 2nd of July, when the Cardinal Prefect and Most Reverend Secretary read to me certain charges which had been made against my Pastoral, and which I was called upon to answer. Of these charges I requested a copy, which, after a few days, was sent to me. I at the same time inquired, whether these charges were the only ones which had been preferred against me, and whether, if I answered them satisfactorily, I should be considered as acquitted. I was answered distinctly in the affirmative.

"I here subjoin a copy of the Pastoral, with a translation of the Charges in the margin, and the passages to which they refer placed between crotchets [].

"The clauses in *italics* were underlined in the Italian translation of the Pastoral which accompanied the Charges.

"TO ALL THE FAITHFUL, CLERGY AND LAITY OF THE WESTERN DISTRICT.—*See, Brethren, how you walk circumspectly: not as unwise, but as wise: redeeming the time, because the days are evil.*'—Eph. v. 15, 16.

"Sec 1. Dearly Beloved,—It was not without reason, nor happily without effect, that the apostle cautioned his disciples to walk circumspectly, for that they had fallen upon evil days. In every sense of the word, both civilly and religiously, the days in which the apostle wrote were truly evil. The Roman empire had extended its sway over the greater part of the then known world: that is, over all the southern countries of Europe, a considerable part of Asia Minor, and the northern coast of Africa. The boasted liberties of the Roman commonwealth had become to the mass of the people an empty name—a haughty and grasping aristocracy having, by the influence of enormous wealth, gradually possessed themselves of all the powers of the state. Under the usual pretext of bettering the condition of the people, but in reality to gratify their own jealousy and ambition, contending factions involved the commonwealth in a sanguinary revolution, till even the last semblance of political freedom vanished in the establishment of an unshackled imperial despotism. Never, perhaps, did the world exhibit so melancholy or revolting a spectacle. An immense military power arrayed itself under the leaders of different factions, and deluged the world with blood, whilst the public at large, upon whom the expenses were levied in turns by each contending party, was sunk in helpless poverty and irremediable distress.

"Such was the political state of the Roman empire during the series of years when St. Paul addressed his epistles to his different converts.

"The religious state of the empire was still more deplorable: A splendid idolatry was the established religion of the state. It was defended by a wealthy, gorgeous and jealous priesthood, and deeply rooted in the pride, sensuality and other depraved passions of the human heart. At first Christianity was treated with that contempt, which its humble appearance, its comparatively small numbers, and the poverty of its preachers were calculated to inspire. As, however, it began gradually to increase, and, though quietly yet steadily, to extend its ramifications through every class of society, the pagan priesthood became alarmed. They saw in the spread of a religion so pure, so holy, so self-denying, imminent danger to a system like theirs, which owed its favour to its impiety, imposition, and immorality. They cried aloud that religion was in danger and the gods despised. They called for vengeance on the impious wretches who refused to sacrifice on the altars of their country, and who dared to set at defiance its tutelary deities. The object of the alarmists

was to prevent the downfall of their lucrative imposture, and, as is usual in such cases, they were not scrupulous about the means employed for so laudable a purpose. The doctrines of the Christians were assailed by the most incredible and contradictory calumnies. They were asserted to be every thing that was absurd and ridiculous. At one time they were held up to thoughtless derision on the public stage, at another to serious execration in the writings of philosophers. Persecution was not slow in obeying the excited feelings of a fanatical multitude. The property of Christians was seized upon, without even the forms of law, the apostles were doomed to death, and their sainted successors condemned, like St. Clement, to work as slaves in the public mines, or, like St. Marcellus, to feed the horses in the imperial stables. Neither age nor sex escaped the cruel alternative of denying Christ and sacrificing to demons, or of renouncing all that was dear in life, and often life itself.

"Sec. 2.—[Nor was the state of the Christian Church itself one of unmixed consolation. Its converts, though strong in faith, were often lax in practice. They had renounced their religious errors, but they had not always subdued their natural passions. Vicious habits, which had become a second nature, often triumphed over the power of grace, and called for the vigorous exercise of those awful powers with which the apostles were invested. (Cor. v.) The Jewish converts, (No. 1.) loth to lay aside their darling privilege of being the exclusive people of God, felt a reluctance to allow the converted gentiles to be upon a level with themselves, unless they consented to practice the ceremonial law; whilst the gentile converts in their turn reproached the Jews as the murderers of the Messiah. Some converts of factious dispositions allied themselves to favourite teachers, and refused to receive the apostles; whilst some of those teachers had no better motive for their preaching than to give pain to their apostolic rivals. 'Some,' says St. Paul, '*out of contention preach Christ not sincerely, supposing that they raise afflictions to my bonds.*' (Phil i. 17.) Others, again, used the Christian ministry as a trade, or, as St. Peter expressed it, '*through covetousness, with feigned words, made merchandise of the flock.*' (2 Peter xi. 3.), whilst many, of an enthusiastic turn of mind, not satisfied with the frequent and undoubted exhibitions of miraculous gifts and prophecies, were perpetually han-

"CHARGES, No. 1.—Here begin the allusion to the new converts of England.

"See how, from the very beginning, the converts are treated. Hence, they fear that such treatment may prove an obstacle to the conversion of others, and stagger the weak."

kering after new ideal wonders, and listening, as St. Paul expresses it, to '*old wives' fables*,' (1 Tim. iv.) about the approaching end of the world, ^(No. 2.) &c.

["The wisest of men tells us, that '*there is nothing new under the sun*,' and least of all are '*evil days*,' novelties in this our fallen state. We need not wonder, then, that we should have been thrown upon times which *greatly resemble those of the apostles, in the particulars above mentioned.*' ^(No. 3.)] We, too, live under an empire which, for extent of dominion, if not for exclusive possession of power, is scarcely inferior to that of ancient Rome. Our empire, too, it is to be feared, has attained the zenith of its prosperity, and the usual symptoms of national decay begin to exhibit themselves in the unparalleled wealth and luxury of the few, and the almost unexampled poverty and destitution of the many. Under such circumstances, it is not to be wondered at, however much to be deplored, that open resistance to authority should be attempted by men who either themselves suffer, or who take advantage of the sufferings of others. We have witnessed, beloved Brethren, with excessive grief, the events that have recently taken place in one portion of our extensive District,* and we have not ceased to pray that God would give wisdom to our rulers to avert the evils that threaten us. In the meantime, one subject has afforded us inexpressible consolation. It is, that none of our beloved flock have been involved in these rebellious proceedings. No; not a single Catholic, thank God, we are assured, has risen up in rebellion against the lawfully constituted authorities. And yet, my poor Children, many of you are far more distressed than those who have been drawn into revolt. Exiles from your native country, and unwelcome strangers in this, you have toiled to procure for yourselves and families the necessaries of life, and, in many instances, you have forsaken your employments, and subjected yourselves to the severest distress, rather than involve yourselves in the guilt of rebellion. It is thus you have publicly refuted the calumnies of those who traduce your religion, and proved that you are not unacquainted with the apostolic precepts, nor want the grace to practise them in time of trial. Such precisely was the conduct of the early Christians. Their temporal condition, was, in many respects, still worse than yours, and their spiritual sufferings were infinitely greater. Yet the

"CHARGES. No. 2.—It would seem that the author has not quite understood in this place the meaning of the apostle.—See 1 Tim. i. 4. iv. 7.

"No. 3.—See here the allusions better explained, so that there may be no doubt about their meaning."

* South Wales.

early Christians, though frequently doomed to shed their own blood in testimony of the truth, were never found to shed the blood of others, either in defence of their civil or religious rights. They entered into no nice disquisitions about the quantum of oppression which justifies resistance to authority, but adhered literally and rigorously to the apostle's advice: '*Let every soul be subject to the higher powers, for there is no power but from God: therefore he that resisteth the poor resisteth the ordinance of God: and they that resist purchase to themselves damnation.*' (Rom. xiii.) They had also before their eyes a striking proof how resistance to authority only increases the evil it aims at redressing, and that the poor are always the victims whom revolution sacrifices on her ensanguined altar. They knew that God, the supreme Ruler of the world, can alone effectually redress grievances resulting from national oppression, and that he never fails to do so in his own good time.

"Do you, my Beloved Children, continue to act upon these wise and sublime principles. Never attempt to correct human laws by violating the divine. Employ, as far as truth, justice, and prudence permit, that powerful moral agency which has been so strikingly developed in modern times, to procure the redress of public grievances; but never listen to those wicked or deluded men, who would urge you to break the laws of your country, and offend God, for any purpose whatsoever.

"I have mentioned the opposition made by the pagan priesthood to the progress of Christianity, for it affords a wholesome lesson to us. It teaches us that we ought not to be surprised if the same religion should, in our days, meet with similar treatment from an adverse priesthood. God forbid that I should be understood as wishing to liken the priesthood of the established religion of this country to the pagan priesthood of ancient Rome. I allude to them only as exhibiting a similar hostility to the Catholic religion, and as opposing it by similar means. I intend not to convey an affront, whilst I assert a public and notorious fact, that, whatever may be the characters of the clergy to whom I allude, their daily abuse of the Catholic religion is not less contemptuous, nor their misrepresentation of its tenets less glaring, than were those of the ancient pagan priesthood. The doctrines which we hold are by them so distorted as to be no longer known whilst others which we hold not, but abhor, are falsely and obstinately imputed to us. Our remonstrances and disavowals are unheeded. '*Like the deaf asp that stoppeth her ears, and will not hear the voice of the charmer,*' (Ps. lvii.) our traducers refuse to listen to our statements, and continue to reassert the fables which it is thought to be their interest to believe. Whilst we are thus held up to public contempt and

abhorrence, if we are not delivered *to the lions*, as were the ancient Christians, it is because the liberality of our governors, and the honesty of the people, have outstripped the candour of their religious teachers. It is true that all are not guilty of these injustices. There are some, though comparatively few, who abstain from misrepresentation; and there are many who, unwilling to defile their own lips with anti-catholic calumny, have still no scruple in hiring shameless men to do it for them; as Saul, who refused to imbrue his hands in the blood of St. Stephen, '*kept the garments of them that killed him.*' (Acts xxii. 10.)

"Sec. 3.—Here, again, it is to us a subject of much rejoicing, that the Catholic body has shown itself, under this severe trial, observant of the apostle's admonition. Seldom have they '*returned railing for railing,*' and never, I believe, have they returned calumny for calumny. I remember no instance in which Catholics have misrepresented the doctrines of others. Generally have they remained silent, under the injuries heaped upon them, as our Blessed Saviour remained silent under the accusations of the Jews. In some few instances it is true, we have had occasion to regret that the meekness of our Divine model has not been kept in view. [We allude to *some controvertists* who have begun to apply certain reproachful terms, such as *heretics*, to our *separated brethren*, and to write of such in a style of asperity and harshness. It is easy to cloak the motives of such proceedings under the pretence of extraordinary zeal for the truth, and it is easier still to meet with those who will applaud a conduct which harmonizes so agreeably with the corrupt dispositions of the human heart. But oh! how much is it to be lamented that Catholics should, in any instance tarnish so good a cause as theirs, ^(No. 4.) with the smallest tinge of human infirmity. How much more Christian-like, and how much more efficacious would be their defence, if it were modelled upon the advice of St. Peter, '*not rendering evil for evil, nor railing for railing, but contrariwise blessing.*' (1 Peter iii. 9.) Let this advice, my Beloved, be the rule of your conduct under all provocations. '*Let no evil speech proceed from your mouth; but that which is good to the edification of faith, that it may*

"CHARGES. No. 4.—It has been remarked that the author, who shows such extraordinary tenderness towards the Protestants, might have been less severe upon the converts. If the former are to be called, as he recommends, by a milder name than that of *heretics*, surely it cannot be necessary to inveigh so bitterly against converts, and call them *perverse*. Such, at least, is the complaint generally made by the converts, who, as is unanimously attested by the most conspicuous amongst the Catholic body, are for the most part, distinguished for their superior virtue and eminent piety."

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administer grace to the hearers.....Let all bitterness and anger, and indignation and clamour, be put away from you, with all malice; and be ye kind one to another, even as God hath forgiven you in Christ.’ (Eph. iv. 29, *et seq.*) Imagine not that this advice is applicable only in your dealings with your brethren who are ‘*of the household of the faith.*’ The obligation of meekness and charity extends to all, whether believers or unbelievers, whether friends or foes. ‘*I say to you,*’ says Jesus Christ, ‘*love your enemies: do good to them that hate you: bless them that curse you, and pray for them that calumniate you.*’ (Luke vi. 27.) Remember, that by imitating, in however slight a degree, the conduct of your adversaries, you not only offend against charity, but may offend against truth and justice. They call you idolaters, blasphemers, enemies of God and man. What then? these unjust charges do not make you so. [But they injure you and your holy cause, and they involve you in injustice, if they provoke you to retort upon the adverse party even the milder reproach of *heretic*. *This term may be unjust,* and, if applied generally to all in error, is certainly so. ^(No 5.)] For, though the Church has pointed out to us what doctrines are heresies, she has not informed us what particular individuals are heretics, or, in other words, who are *obstinate* adherents of error; and it is pleasing and charitable, as well as reasonable, to hope that, amongst the erring, there may be many who are not guiltily so, and to whom, consequently, the term *heretic* could not, without falsehood and injustice, be applied.

“Sec. 4.—[I observed to you, that most of the evils of which the apostle complains as afflicting the body of the faithful, arose from the difficulty of *eradicating from the breasts of converts the vices and passions which held sway over them before their conversion.* It is painfully interesting to observe how distance of time *produces no difference in the workings of the human passions.* The greater part of our difficulties in this country still originate in *the same source*, though the number of converts

“CHARGES. No. 5.—The converts deny their showing any *asperity*, either in words or actions, towards Protestants; and, in proof thereof, adduce the numerous conversions which they make among their old co-religionists, and the amicable terms on which they live with them. On the other hand, they say that Dr. Baines had nothing else in view than to *flatter* Protestants, treating them almost like Catholics, whilst he reserves all his bitterness for the converts.... In fine, they declare that *none of them* have ever thought of giving the name of *heretic* to individual Protestants, or of exasperating them by other such appellations; but when they speak of or write against *any sect* notoriously *heretical*, how can they abstain from denominating it so, without confounding it with the Catholics, particularly in our times, when the Protestants of the Oxford University affect to call themselves *Catholics*.”

amongst us is a *small minority*; whereas, in the apostle's time they constituted the whole body of the faithful.

"Some filled with the presumption of their ancient sect, and strangers to the humility of the religion they have embraced, commenced their career by dictating to their spiritual rulers, as the converted Jews dictated to the apostles, the conduct they ought to pursue in the government of the Church. ^(No 6.) Having the same itching ears as before, they choose for themselves teachers to whom they give their confidence, and disregard those whom God has placed over them, in the same manner that, as St. Paul complains, the Corinthians had done in his regard: '*I will most gladly spend, and be spent myself, for your souls; although loving you more, I be loved less. But be it so.*' (2 Cor. xii. 15.) [Others having, before their conversion, ascribed no merit to human works, performed through the efficacy of divine grace, *now running into an opposite extreme*, ascribe to favourite practises of piety and self-selected good works a merit *which neither reason nor religion recognize.* ^(No. 7.) '*I fast twice in the week, I pay tithes of mint and cummin,*' seems to be their inward congratulation, if not their outward boast. [All who join or imitate them in these exterior practices are applauded by them as saints; all who walk in an humbler and more beaten track are scarcely allowed to be Christian. ^(No. 8.)]

"Others manifest in all their conduct an inveterate dislike to those whose errors they have forsaken.—Their language when speaking of them is that of harshness, if not of dislike, and, whilst they manifest an anxiety for their conversion, they take the most effectual means to prevent it. [Is there a practice of piety, *which the Church tolerates rather than approves, which*

"CHARGES. No. 6.—The *converts* observe, that while they are *respected by Protestants*, who have not brought any complaint against them, they are severely *ill-treated and abused* by what they call a *minority* of their *brethren*, i.e. by a *party*, who, being little friendly to Roman maxims and devotions, seem far more hostile to those who patronise them, than to heresy itself, which attacks the dogmas of the Catholic Church.

"Moreover, the converts add, that they only combat under the standard of their Bishop, the Vicar Apostolic of the Midland District; and that Dr. Baines's object was not so much to combat the converts as Dr. Walsh, from whom proceed in substance all those things, true or false, of which Dr. Baines complains. The converts constantly deny the accusations here brought against them; and, indeed it does not appear that they can be supported."

"No. 7.—He alludes to Sodalties, and various kinds of devotion to which the faithful are associated by some zealous missionaries of the Midland District appertaining to the class of converts."

"No. 8.—Such an assertion is absolutely denied by the converts, and declared to be a positive lie and calumny."

good taste cannot defend nor reason easily explain, ^(No. 9) which is calculated to confirm the prejudices of Protestants and rebut them at the threshold of inquiry?—this is the practice, of all others, which these *perverse* ^(No. 10) converts parade on all occasions, in preference to the most approved, most ancient, and most impressive forms of Catholic devotion.] [*Is there a doctrine peculiarly obnoxious to Protestants, which belongs not to the code of defined dogmas, and which Catholics, therefore, may without censure reject?* ^(No. 11)—*this doctrine is made a motto for the title-pages of their books of piety,* ^(No. 12) as if their object was to deter the unbeliever from reading another line.] [How different was the conduct of St. Paul! He knew that it was lawful in itself to eat meats that had been sacrificed to idols; but as others had not the same knowledge, or could not overcome their former prejudices, he declared that he would never eat meat again rather than scandalize a weak brother. ‘*If meat scandalize my brother, I will never eat flesh;*’ and he asserts that to act otherwise would be a crime against charity: ‘*When you sin thus against the brethren, and wound their weak conscience, you sin against Christ.*’ (1 Cor. viii. 11-13.) O how amiable, how kind were the feelings of this great apostle to those Jews, who obstinately refused to be converted by him, and who ceased not to persecute him and seek his life! ^(No. 13)]

“CHARGES, No. 9.—It is thought that he here alludes to the *Devotion of the Sacred Heart*,—nay, it is even affirmed, that undoubtedly the author, whose *principles and actions* upon this subject are said to be known, has here in view this devotion, for which, in spite of his fears, the Protestants have so great an affection, that they become converts to the faith.

“No. 10.—Why, it is again asked, such mildness and tenderness towards Protestants, to whom he will not even give the name of *heretics*, and why so much bitterness towards the *perverse* converts?

“No. 11.—A book dedicated to the *Immaculate Conception*, containing the prayers, with the indulgences annexed, for the conversion of England, published with the motto: *O Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee?*

“No. 12.—Are then the converts, and the sincere and tender devotions of the Roman Church, evils against which a person may inveigh?

“CHARGES, No. 13.—A wise economy will reserve the less essential parts of religion for the time when the new converts shall be prepared for more solid and substantial food, but it will not violate Catholic truth, for the purpose of caressing heresy: besides, the fact itself shows, that they who support a contrary system are as *unsuccessful* in making converts (even if *apostacy* be not frequent among them) as those are successful who follow the immutable principles of the Roman Church. Here also the accusation recoils upon the Vicar Apostolic of the Midland District, the flourishing state of whose vicariate seems to speak highly in his favour.

“Heresy penetrated into England by separating it from the centre of Catholic unity, and by rejecting the *authority of the Church*; conversion cannot be effected but by returning to that centre. When authority has been once admitted, it will be easy to admit also all the truths and pious practices sanctioned by it.

'I have great sadness,' says he, *'and continual sorrow in my heart; for I wished to be an anathema from Christ for my brethren, who are my kinsmen according to the flesh.'* (Rom. x.) In the same discreet and charitable spirit, with what skill, with what delicacy, with what kind attention to the prejudices of his hearers, does he preach the gospel to Festus, to Agrippa, to the philosophers of Athens! How anxious to conciliate their favour to his cause! How careful to avoid every expression or allusion that could give offence! Such was the charity which this generous convert and glorious apostle had learnt from his heavenly instructor, and never for a moment forgot.

"[We have seen that St. Paul thought it necessary to caution his converts against *'giving heed to foolish and old wives' fables.'* (1 Tim. iv.) which some of them found more attractive than the simple precepts of Christianity. He reminds these *'vain babblers,'* as he calls them, that *'the end of the commandment is charity from a pure heart, a good conscience and an unfeigned faith.'* The same natural dispositions have produced the same effects, and require the same reproof in these days. (No. 14.)] Dissatisfied with the humble and unostentatious practice of religious duties, some of our converts ambitiously aspire to higher things. Disdaining to walk amongst the crowd, in the lowly and beaten path of Christian simplicity and humility, they soar into the clouds and attempt to pry into the hidden councils of God. If the world is not governed to their satisfaction, or if the divine judgments are not distributed as they think they ought to be, instead of bowing in submission to the all-wise providence of God, they eagerly catch at *'old wives' fables,'* in the shape of prophecies, or at the opinions of enthusiastic men like themselves, on which to build their theories. Soon these idle speculations become to them realities, and the peace of the Church is disturbed in their attempt to induce, or rather to compel, its rulers to adopt their wild and wayward fancies. It is painful for us to say any thing that may wound the feelings of others, whoever they may be; and it is the more so in this instance, as for some of the individuals to whom we allude, we entertain profound respect. But our public station renders it necessary that we should publicly make known our sentiments; lest our silence should be interpreted, as we fear it has already been, as giving approbation to what we strongly disapprove.

"SEC. 5.—Every one has heard of the efforts that have, for some

"CHARGES, No. 14.—The converts loudly demand that these *'old wives' fables'* be explained, and that those who spread them, or give credit to them, be pointed out and made known. The converts declare themselves grievously hurt at such vague and ungrounded accusations.

time past, been made to obtain the sanction of the bishops for public prayers to be weekly offered for the conversion of England, which conversion is represented as an event so likely to occur, as to justify this extraordinary measure. Could we view the event in this light, we should think it our duty to offer up our most humble and fervent prayers for its speedy accomplishment, and we should most earnestly recommend the same to all, over whom we have authority. But even in this case we should hesitate, before we made a public display of our proceedings; lest we should thereby give unnecessary offence, and excite opposition to the object we wished to promote. [But so far from believing the event to be probable, (we speak of a general, national conversion), we consider it *as morally impossible, and therefore, not to be made an object of public prayer* in any other sense than is intended by the Church, when in her annual offices she prays that God '*would purge the world of all errors, remove sickness, dispel famine, open all prisons, loosen every bond, grant a happy return to all travellers, and a port of safety to all at sea.*' (Office of Good Friday.) In this sense we do and ought to pray for the conversion of England, always with the understanding that our prayers should be heard, in the manner, and at the time, most consistent with the merciful but inscrutable providence of God. The Church is well aware that it is within the range of the divine power to convert at once all pagan nations to the Christian faith, and to bring back all who have fallen into error to the unity of the fold; yet *has she never prayed for this event in any other than in the manner described.* She has never appointed a weekly form of prayer to be offered for this express purpose, nor encouraged her children to expect its accomplishment on the plea that '*whatever we ask we shall receive.*' (No. 15.)] As to the prophecies which some

"CHARGES. No. 15.—Therefore according to him, it was very wrong for the Holy See to have granted indulgences for such prayers; very wrong for the Catholic Institute of London to have published and spread them; very wrong for the Vicar Apostolic of the Midland District to have so strongly recommended them; very wrong for all the Catholic bishops in France and other kingdoms, who have warmly embraced them, without any complaint on the part of Protestants—the more respectable part of whom seem rather to deride the furious exertions of the Anglicans in support of heresy, which the Catholics can now combat the more openly, as the more thinking part of the English are less disposed to support it, and as they now begin reluctantly to bear with the exorbitant wealth of the so-called Anglican Hierarchy, an establishment ridiculed even by its own proselytes. Besides, every one knows, that the first author of the prayers for the conversion of England was the celebrated Dr. Wiseman, rather than the converts. Mr. Spencer was merely the author of an association of prayers introduced into France, and which afterwards penetrated into Germany, Holland and Italy, for the

pretend to have been made on this subject, and by which, we suppose, the promoters of the scheme in question must be really influenced, we consider them as the '*old wives' fables*' of which St. Paul speaks, and upon which, as rulers in the Church, we can neither consistently nor canonically allow public devotions to be grounded. We are well aware that prophecy, like the other miraculous gifts, has at all times existed in the Church; and had the prophecies in question been canonically investigated and pronounced genuine by the competent authorities, we should have given our assent to them as founded upon the strongest human probabilities; but to give credit to them on mere hearsay evidence, we consider imprudent, and to found upon such hearsay evidence, public practices of religion, we consider superstitious.

"SEC. 6.—[If others, invested with the same authority as ourselves, think proper to act differently, ^(No. 16) we take it for granted that they have reasons, which we have not, for believing the object prayed for to be within the range of moral possibilities; or that they are not acquainted with the reasons, which we have, for believing that object to be *as morally impossible as the return of the negro's skin to its antediluvian whiteness.* ^(No. 17.) So far, therefore, from approving this novel and extraordinary project, we disapprove it, and strictly forbid any of our clergy to offer up *publicly* in their Churches or Chapels the weekly prayers above mentioned. ^(No. 18.)] At the same time, we earnestly exhort them to pray, as has been customary, for all spiritual and temporal blessings in favour of our country, and for the conversion of such erring souls, as God in his mercy, may be pleased so to favour, and of whom, we doubt not, there will be a great and continually increasing number.

"There is another object which we recommend, dearly Beloved, to your particular attention, and for which we have the highest authority. A vast harvest lies open before us in this extensive district, but labourers are wanting to gather it: '*Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he send labourers into his*

imploping on Thursdays, the mercy of God in favour of England. The universal favour which these prayers obtained, and their prodigious diffusion encouraged by bishops, might be considered as an earnest of their efficacy. And, after all, who says that such a mercy has not been in other cases implored by the Church?"

"CHARGES. No. 16.—He alludes to Dr. Walsh, who in his District has authorized and ordered the prayers for the conversion of England."

"No. 17.—Let each one consider how far this is edifying in a Pastoral, and whether it be consonant with the divine mercy."

"No. 18.—And thus he disapproves and condemns what the Holy See encouraged and commended."

harvest.' (Luke x. 4.) [It has ever been the plan of divine providence to call unbelievers to the faith through the ministry of apostolic teachers. ('*How shall they believe Him, of whom they have not heard? and how shall they preach unless they be sent?*') If, then, our countrymen are to be converted, preachers must be provided. And how are they to be provided? Undoubtedly as they have been in every age, by the charity or voluntary contributions of the faithful. (No. 19)] On this resource did our Blessed Saviour himself and his apostles depend for their support; so that it may truly be said, that the Christian religion is founded upon charity, and owes its progress amongst unbelievers to the grateful liberality of those who, through the mercy of God, already believe. '*Pray then the Lord of the harvest that he send labourers into his harvest;*'—[and, to prove that your prayers are sincere, enter zealously into the plans which your pastors are establishing for raising funds for the education and support of Catholic Clergy.]

"This species of charity, '*the most meritorious,*' as you have often been told, '*of all others,*' because productive of the greatest public blessings, will be most acceptable to God at all times, but particularly at the present, when the Church commands you to join your brethren throughout the world in propitiating God by a solemn fast; '*for prayer* (says an inspired authority) *is good with fasting and alms, more than to lay up treasures of gold; for alms delivereth from death, and the same is that which purgeth away sins, and maketh to find mercy and life everlasting.*' (Tobias xii. 8, 9.)

"In the full confidence that you will thus make up for your inability to comply with the whole canonical rigours of this holy fast, we hereby grant you the following dispensations for the ensuing Lent:—

- "1. Flesh meat is allowed on all Sundays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays, beginning with the First Sunday of Lent, and ending with Palm Sunday inclusively; Tuesdays and Thursdays at dinner only.
- "2. Eggs are allowed every day, except Ash-Wednesday and the four last days of Holy Week. On week days at dinner only.
- "3. Cheese is allowed on all days except on Ash-Wednesday and Good Friday; on week days at dinner only. Eggs and cheese, when allowed at dinner, may be used at other hours of the day by those who are not obliged to fast.

"[We earnestly exhort you, beloved Brethren and Children that you cease not to offer up fervent prayers for our beloved

"CHARGES. No. 19.—He would not authorize the collection for the Propagation of the Faith; he even opposed it; and now he positively demands one for his own Clergy.

Queen, that God may crown her with all blessings spiritual and temporal; and as her recent union with the Prince Albert makes her happiness dependent on his, we enjoin that the name of his Royal Highness be added to that of her Majesty in the prayer usually added to the Post-communion, of which we subjoin a form:— (No. 20.)]

“*The grace of God be with you all, Brethren. AMEN.*

✠ “PETER AUGUSTINE,

“*Bishop of Siga, V.A.W., &c.*

“*Prior Park, 24th Feb., 1840.*

“*Oratio Post-communioni addenda.*—Et famulos tuos Gregorium Papam, Petrum antistitem nostrum, Victoriam Reginam nostram, cum Alberto consorte, cum domo regia, cum populo et exercitu ipsi commissis, ab omni adversitate custodi; pacem tuam nostris concede temporibus, et ab Ecclesia tua cunctam repelle iniquitate. Per Dominum, &c.”

“TO THE MOST EMINENT AND MOST REVEREND PRINCE, CARDINAL FRANSONI, PREFECT OF THE SACRED CONGREGATION DE PROPAGANDA FIDE, &c. &c. &c.

“Most Eminent and Most Reverend Prince,—Having been called upon by your Eminence to give an account of my late Lenten Pastoral, which, it seems, has been denounced to the Sacred Congregation, as a work highly censurable, I readily comply with your Eminence’s commands, and will first give a history of the circumstances which led to the composition of the said Pastoral, and then add a brief reply to the particular objections which have been brought against it.

“The twelve months which preceded the publication of the Pastoral, had been a period of great anxiety and alarm in England. A spirit of disaffection to the government, and even to the civil constitution of the country, had begun to manifest itself amongst the lower orders of the people. Private associations, bound together by secret oaths, were beginning to be formed in many of the great towns, and it was not without the greatest exertions, on the part of the Bishops and Clergy, that the Catholics were withheld or withdrawn from these dangerous and illegal confederations. At last the latent dissatisfaction broke out into open resistance, and rebellion took place, which was happily suppressed, though not without the shedding of blood, and the excitement of a general alarm throughout the country. It was a subject of peculiar gratification to me, as well as highly creditable to the Catholic religion, that, though the revolt took place in a part of the Western District,* where

“CHARGES. No. 20.—Of the Sovereign Pontiff, of the Catholic Church, not a word; and, therefore, the converts say, that the only object of his solicitude was to obtain the favour of the government and of the Protestants.”

* South Wales.

there were many thousands of poor Irish and some other Catholics, not one was found to have joined the rebels, whilst many subjected themselves to serious losses and dangers in their heroic abstinence from evil doing.

"This happy result was chiefly owing to the unremitting exertions of the Catholic clergy, who inculcated upon their flocks the Christian duty of submission, and discouraged amongst them all harsh and irritating topics, whether of a civil or religious character. I was anxious, both for the consolation of the Catholics and the information of the Protestants, to bring this important fact before the public, in a way which would explain to the nation the principles on which the Catholic bishops act in the government of their flocks, and make them understand that, whilst we are not blind to the abuses and errors of the government, we are firm and immovable in our determination to support the lawful authorities, and to resist all attempts that may be made to draw our flocks into acts of violence.

"The annual Pastoral afforded me an opportunity of accomplishing these objects in a quiet and unostentatious way; and I am happy to find that it has given the satisfaction I anticipated, both to Catholics and Protestants.

"It is evident, that if ever there was a time when it behoved the Catholic body to conduct themselves peaceably and to avoid all suspicion, either of being leagued with the disaffected, or of wishing the overthrow of the national institutions, it was the present moment. The alarm which prevailed among the Anglican clergy and their friends, lest Catholic emancipation should lead to the overthrow of the Anglican establishment, afforded another motive, which rendered it particularly desirable that all indelicate triumphs and public boasting should be refrained from by the Catholics, and that a quiet and conciliatory tone should be used by them in all their communications with Protestants. Unfortunately this was not the view taken of these matters by a portion of the Catholic body.

"Elated by the advantage gained by the Act of Emancipation, and misled by the rapid influx of Irish labourers, who every where swelled the numbers of the Catholic congregations, and rendered necessary the erection of churches of larger dimensions, they seemed to consider the Catholic cause as already triumphant—proclaimed aloud the rapid increase of the Catholic population—exaggerated beyond measure the number of the converts that were made—boasted that in a short time the Catholic religion would become dominant in England—and that the Anglican establishment, which they assailed with every species of vulgar and opprobrious epithets, would be presently swept away.

"As an earnest that these acts and predictions were sincere, a priest of high distinction for his Protestant family connexions and his great personal merits, undertook, with surprising energy and perseverance, to induce the Catholic body, not only in Great Britain but all over the Continent, to assist, by public prayers, in the conversion of England, which he described as an event already far advanced, and likely soon to be accomplished. Though the project was disapproved and discountenanced by three out of the four Vicars Apostolic, as likely to give unnecessary offence, and to excite erroneous impressions respecting the views and feelings of the Catholic body; and though the individual above-mentioned was repeatedly urged to desist from his pious but ill-timed project, he still continued to pursue it with fresh ardour, encouraged by the approbation of many foreign bishops, who were entirely mistaken as to facts, or wholly ignorant of the peculiar circumstances in which England was placed. The consequences were such as the Vicars Apostolic had foreseen. The English Protestants, knowing that all such public prayers, when used by the Church of England, had been ordained for political purposes, viz. to inflame the nation against the Catholics, did not doubt that the public prayers now proposed by the Catholics proceeded from similar motives.

"Hence the animosity of the Anglican party, already irritated and alarmed by Catholic Emancipation, was roused to the highest pitch, and a determined opposition was universally resolved upon.

"Associations* were formed all over the kingdom, for the express purpose of resisting the Catholics, and of rendering their religion and person odious; moneys to a large amount were annually collected, to pay for the writing and publication of anti-Catholic works, and a body of men, distinguished for their facility in public speaking, was organized as a standing polemical army.

"Whenever a public discussion was accepted or provoked by the Catholics, this body of men was sent to assist the Protestant disputants, and when they had no other occupation, they employed themselves in perambulating the country in every direction, challenging the Catholic clergy and vilifying their religion. The condition of the Catholic body became every day more and more critical. Calumnies, which had begun to be disbelieved, were revived, and the danger seemed manifest, lest, in the event of any national convulsion, the Catholic party, rendered universally odious, might be sacrificed to popular frenzy.

* The "Protestant Associations."

"There was evidently no way of appeasing the storm but by resuming that quiet and peaceable demeanour which had, for several preceding years, gradually allayed the public prejudices, and gained for the Catholics the confidence of the nation.

"But the party of which I have spoken was averse to such measures, which they represented as cowardly and deficient of zeal. They were for open war with '*the heretics*,' and for carrying every thing with a high hand. When they could draw a bishop into their plans, even by the most urgent importunity, they sheltered their proceedings under his authority, and, when they could not obtain the sanction of an English bishop, they asserted that they had the countenance of multitudes of foreign prelates, of the Holy See and even of heaven itself. That they possessed the sanction of heaven they attempted to demonstrate in the usual way, viz. by prophecies and miracles. It was asserted that various holy men, in Italy and elsewhere, had long prayed for England, and had predicted its speedy conversion, that others had foretold that this desirable event would be preceded by a great national revolt, the horrors of civil war, the overthrow of the throne, the spoliation of the Anglican Church, and a grievous persecution of Catholics !

"All these idle and mischievous ravings were whispered about and believed by the more fanatical of the Catholic body, but chiefly by certain enthusiastic converts. The chief of the prophets was a Cistercian lay-brother or oblate in a monastery of the Midland District. This man had constant visions relating to individuals and the nation at large. Amongst other divine communications, he was informed that a lady of exalted rank, since married, was never to marry, but to become the foundress of a religious community, which was to usher in the conversion of England. Another lady of rank, afflicted with a naturally incurable malady, was to be instantly cured by certain processes, which he detailed, one of which was the application of water to her face, blessed, not in any manner which the Church has approved, but according to a form revealed to the prophet. For the performance of this miracle the consent of the Vicar Apostolic of his District was said to be obtained, and the lady was brought, in an inclement season of the year, a distance of above two hundred miles to receive the promised benefit. Fortunately the indiscreet project was prevented by the firmness of the Vicar Apostolic of the north, in whose district the prophet had declared that the miracle was to be performed. Once the prophet himself was instantly cured of blindness and mortal infirmity, by a remedy which had been revealed to him, viz., the application to his eyes of the garment of some holy person dipped in the sacred ablutions at Mass !! He has since been

dismissed by the superiors of his order as a madman or impostor.

“Nor was he the only worker of prodigies. A medal, which it was asserted the Blessed Virgin had ordered to be struck, had become in the hands of other fanatics the instrument of numberless miracles, and, in the belief of many, whom I have myself heard speak on the subject, possessed greater efficacy than all the seven sacraments!! In many instances the uses made of these medals amounted to positive superstition—the confidence placed in their efficacy being wholly extravagant and not justified by any sound argument, either of reason or revelation.

“It is well known that persons who discover the true religion at a mature period of life, and who are obliged to make violent efforts, and perhaps great sacrifices, to embrace it, are apt to run into extremes. Their nervous system has been strung up to such a pitch, that none but the most highly seasoned practices, and the most prodigious interpositions of Providence, can satisfy them. Such persons require, in their first fervour, the restraint of a prudent religious guide, who may gradually bring them down from their exalted notions, and make them understand the humility, meekness, and charity, in which true religion consists. Some do not meet with such guides, and some will not follow them when they do; and hence, it has ever happened, and ever will, that, amongst the converted, there will be found a certain number of indiscreet and untractable individuals, who can be coerced only by strenuous measures.

“A small number of such persons had been the foremost, though not the only, agents in the extravagancies I have described.

“The follies into which they were daily hurried could not be concealed, and the Catholic religion, which had been gradually gaining ground in the opinion of the public, by the quiet and inoffensive conduct of its followers, began now to be considered as a fanatical and dangerous system.

“On one hand, the follies of the prophets and miracle mongers served as topics of ridicule amongst the Protestant orators, whilst on the other, the abuse which some of our controvertists heaped upon the Anglican Establishment, and the alarm which they excited amongst its followers, gave no small dissatisfaction to our political friends and embarrassment to the government. Some individuals of the highest rank, who had supported the the Catholic cause in Parliament for many years declared to me, that they could no longer support it, in the new character which the fanatical party was giving to it.

“I have already mentioned that three out of the four Vicars Apostolic of England greatly disapproved of the proceedings of

the fanatical party ; but as the latter contrived in some cases to obtain the sanction of one Vicar Apostolic, a delicacy was felt by the others in expressing public disapprobation of the said proceedings.

“The necessity, however, of expressing such disapprobation became every day more manifest, as the fanatical party became emboldened by the absence of opposition.

“Projects now began to be entertained by them for reforming the Catholic Church of England, both as to its religious observances and ecclesiastical ceremonies. Various practices of piety, which most of the bishops considered better suited to Catholic than Protestant countries, and some practices so deformed by ignorant and tasteless individuals as to be fit for no country whatever, were pushed forward with unusual assiduity, and the charge of indevotion was made against all who opposed their introduction.

“Under the pretext of diminishing the objections which Protestants have to a connexion with Rome, it was proposed to re-establish the ceremonial of the ancient Church of England. For this purpose the form of the sacred vestments was altered to what it was supposed to have been four or five centuries ago, and so entirely did these new vestments differ from those in use throughout the whole Latin Church, as to be no longer recognizable as of the same genus. The chasuble, being nearly six feet in width, hung in ample folds before and behind, and nearly resembled a large shawl.

“The communion rail was omitted in the new churches, even at the communion altar, the tabernacle was to be removed from the altar, and the Blessed Sacrament suspended from the ceiling by a chain or cord in a silver dove. On good Friday the Consecrated Host was to be inserted in the breast of a full-sized wooden or stone figure of our Saviour in the tomb, and the faithful were to watch before it till Easter Sunday. By degrees the Roman Missal was to be set aside, and the old English Missal of Salisbury substituted in its place. The formulas of the Church were, as soon as possible, to be regulated by ancient English Benedictionals, &c., and in short, the new English Catholic Church was to be made as like as possible to what the ancient one was, or was supposed to be, and to have as little resemblance to or connexion with the Roman Church as the unity of faith and communion would justify. For the same reason the term Roman Catholic not only ceased to be used by this party, but was objected to as conveying inaccurate notions of the nationality of the English Catholic Church. Many, it is true, abstained from the use of this term for other and better reasons, but some undoubtedly did so for the reasons above mentioned.

"Not content with introducing innovations within the limits of a single district, they endeavoured secretly and openly to spread them in others. Letters were written to the missionaries of other districts to gain them over to the party, whilst in certain periodical works, occasional violent and scurrilous abuse was heaped upon those who refused to have any connexion with them.

"At last the party became so emboldened as to distribute in the different districts without the consent of the Vicars Apostolic, certain forms of prayer to be used in the public Chapels, imagining that, as the Holy See had approved of some *similar prayers*, (for they did not pretend they were the same,) the bishops would not dare to oppose their introduction.

"It was at this juncture that my Pastoral was composed. Its objects were such as I have explained. I was well aware of the risks I incurred by opposing a body of innovators, who assumed the character of superior piety and zeal, and who had so long remained unopposed. I felt confident that they would carry their secret complaints before the Holy See, but I confess I did not expect they would find agents to misrepresent my motives and disfigure my writings as they have done. Their attempt to stigmatize the Pastoral as *heretical*, shows the spirit of the party, and must be my apology if, in commentary on the other objections they have brought against it, I treat them with little ceremony. I am particularly anxious that your Eminence should bear in mind, that I consider the following remarks as addressed to my unknown accusers, not to your Eminence or to any other authority of the Holy See, to whom I shall always be anxious to show, as, on every account I am bound to do, the most sincere deference and most profound respect."

But I must defer until next month the bishop's stinging reply to the accusations brought against him. *(To be continued.)*

A DREAM.

The following is no fiction. I did dream this dream many years ago. I did wake up in the manner described. I did relate it immediately; and, within a few hours, I wrote it down. B. S.

Last night, the page of Job had to my mind
 Its woes and reasonings for a while display'd.
 I sought my bed. I slept: and soon a dream
 Came vividly upon my spirit, thus
 Let me retrace its fancies, and declare
 Visions that beam'd most brightly o'er me then.



Methought that I were Job or some poor man
 Opprest by Fate with suffering dire, unjust :
 But the most heavy woe that smote my soul
 Was a decree that lately had gone forth—
 From whence I knew not—that I soon should cease
 To exist, to be ;—mine essence all-resolv'd
 To soulless, mute, unconscious nothingness.
 The prospect I deplor'd with many a sigh
 And a deep feel of utter misery,
 While gazing on the lifeless blank that Fate
 So soon decreed to be my cheerless lot.
 At length, a voice broke loudly on mine ear,
 Sounding as from above, that kindly said,
 “ Poor fool ! go ope’ the Book again and read.”
 Quickly I turn’d me to the ponderous tome
 Of Holy Writ ; and opening wide, at chance,
 Mine eager eye alighted first and dwelt
 On the conclusion of a verse which spoke
 On matter that escap’d my glance ; though thus
 The line concluded, after dots.....“ to die.”
 “ *To die*,” methought : and to my drooping soul
 The words a strange peculiar sense convey’d
 Of *Christian* death, and *only Christian* death,
 Leading to speedy resurrection.
 “ To die ! ” I suddenly exclaim’d ; “ is that
 The only woe this hostile fate decrees ?
 Is that the change this fainting mood foretels ?
 To die ! I heed it not : the word conveys
 E’en in its very essence promise sure
 Of future life ! Oh, joy ! oh, joy ! ” I cried.
 “ Resurgam ! ” I exclaimed, “ if that is all.”
 And staring on my bed, I clapp’d my hands ;
 While o’er me broke a strong uncertain light ;
 And billows of pale clouds were wav’d aside
 And through them stream’d a radiance bright from heaven.

I gaz’d in expectation wild—and woke :
 But with such feelings of most pure delight.....
 Oh, at my death, may I as gladly hail,
 With blissful, cheering hope, that word.....TO DIE.

SUNDAY CHIT-CHAT.

BY THE EDITOR.

SUNDAY.—No post day. No letter day. No newspaper day. What are we to do with ourselves? We have been working hard all the week in our chambers in the Temple. We have turned over musty papers and law books, and, by snatches, the pages of the last new novel, which we pushed under a heap of parchments whenever we heard a client's knock at the door: we have laboured, as hard as others do for six days; and now we are rejoicing, as others rejoice, to ruralise on this seventh day of rest. We have been to church: we have joined our unworthy prayers to the merits of the Sacred Victim. But now, shade of Sir Andrew Agnew! tell us how to employ the remainder of the day. We are too far from our church to be able to walk to it again. We will read Vespers by and bye, and a sermon (on the third commandment); but our mind needs relaxation; and we cannot do much more in the way of piety. We cannot take walking exercise for, as all the world knows, we are lame: let us, however, hobble round our garden as far as the white gate that opens upon the dull lane near which our villa has seated itself; and, turning to the left, beside the laurel bushes, let us creep under the weeping ash, and wind amongst the dozen apple trees at the foot of which virbenas, carnations, wall flowers, and sweet peas bloom: let us then (taking a nibble at the mustard and cress as we pass) creep on into the little kitchen garden as far as the bower in which we are afraid to enter, for, although the pea sticks have been, at last, removed, spiders hang down from its thatch, and the benches are so beguanoed that we dare not rest our weary limbs upon them: on, therefore, let us hobble—taking care not to tread upon the one chick of the hen that is tied by its leg to the cherry tree, nor upon the many voracious ones that rush from the coop that encumbers the narrow walk and riotously chirp for food: on, therefore, let us hobble—past the strawberry beds where there is nothing left to detain us—past the sweet jessamines trained against the paling of the coach yard, back into the flower garden and in at the open door of the pretty conservatory. We may tarry here a few minutes—moving every plant and flower-pot back to the place from which we moved it a day or two ago, and from which it will be moved again next time we come:—we may linger here or in the elegant little drawing-room beside it; but we have read all the richly-bound books on the shelves of the rosewood and marble chiffoniers; china and nick-knacks encumber the tables; and though anti-

Macassors protect every couch, we fancy that we shall be more comfortable in our little parlour up stairs. We hobble up, and throwing ourselves upon the sofa, listlessly take up yesterday's "Times," and are soon deeply interested in the advertising columns.

And is it to produce such a Sunday as this in thousands of homes from Hackney to Fulham, that Lord Sackcloth-and-Ashes and his co-peers have laboured?

"Papa, why is there no post to-day?" inquired a little girl.

"Because Lord John Russell thinks that Mr. Lee, our upholsterer and post-master, is too worldly-minded; and has therefore ordered him to spend the whole of the Sunday on his knees on the top of his counter."

"What! are all post-masters obliged to kneel on their counters all day long?"

"Every one of them. Their shutters are shut; but there they are kneeling: and they are to be severely punished if they get down on any account whatever."

As our eye drowsily wanders over the advertising columns of the old newspaper, it is caught by the name of Dr. Rock—announced as one of the contributors to a weekly antiquarian publication. Though we cannot but grudge to our contemporary any thing from the pen of Dr. Rock that would grace our own pages, yet will we occasionally endeavour to resign his support in the hope that the other learned contributors to that paper will, in time, know the difference between Mass and Tenebræ; and will no longer talk, as Sir Walter Scott ingenuously did, of "Evening Mass."

As mediæval lore and etymology are in vogue just now, we would ask some of these scholars to tell us whence is derived the word "asparagus"—vulgarily pronounced sparrow-grass.

"Unde derivatur?" they exclaim: "any one can answer that query: from *a*, privative and *σπείρειν* to sow—because it grows many years without sowing." So the dictionaries say. Wise dictionaries! On the same principle, wherefore is not an oak tree called asparagus?—it, too, grows many years without sowing.

"Lucy," we said to a child of sixteen, (she was not a dictionary maker, but a Catholic), "Lucy, what do you think is the origin of asparagus?"

"Asparagus," she replied musing: "in French, it is asperges: may it not have had something to do with sprinkling holy water? Asperges me hyssopo et mundabor—'Thou shalt sprinkle me with hyssop and I shall be cleansed.'"

Learned men are, doubtless, not aware that such is the beginning of the Anthem from Psalm l., sung before Mass, while the priest sprinkles holy water over the congregation with a brush. This we have seen done occasionally with the bough of a tree,

as, in former times, it was always wont to be : what could more effectually scatter the water than the feathering stalk of the asparagus, when too old to eat and before the red berries drop, like coral beads, from each tapering branch ? Learned men will perhaps have learning enough to twit us that this was a pagan custom used at ancient Roman sacrifices : they may quote

“ Spargite me lymphis ; carmenque recentibus aris
Tibia Mygdoniis libet eburna cadis.”

Propert : iv. 6, 7.

With water dew me : while Mygdonian wine
Drips round the altars, wake the pipes divine.

True enough : and we remember lines in Virgil of similar import :—

“ Idem ter socios purâ circumtulit undâ
Spargens rare levi, et ramo felicitis olivæ.”

Æn : vi. 230.

Then three times walked he round the social crew,
From a blest olive branch still sprinkling dew.

Very pagan indeed is our use of holy water ! we own it ; and, for our own part, we love it more on that account : as its very antiquity proves to us that the custom must either be in accordance with some unexplained natural sympathy of the human soul, or that it must have come down to us from some forgotten revelation. The pagan priest at the funeral of Misenus, from which we have quoted, sprinkles the people three times : there was a mysterious charm in the number three. To satisfy the infernal gods, earth was cast three times upon the dead body. The concocters of the Anglican Book of Common Prayer must have gone back to the same source from whence we all draw some of our ceremonies when, in the burial service, they directed the clerk to throw earth upon the coffin three several times while the minister should repeat the words : “ earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust.” Each number of this sentence means the same thing : it is much admired : but sober Protestantism has no more idea that the ceremonial is a continuance of a pagan rite than that the very word funeral is derived from the “*funes accensi*—the lighted torches,” formerly burned even at noonday, at the burial of the pagan dead !

Let us recur to the advertisements in the “Times.” WANT PLACES through two columns. Poor things ! What countless numbers of ladies'-maids, wet-nurses and governesses offer their fingers, their milk or their talents to an over-supplied public ! Cooks are the only people who seem to be in request :

here are fifteen advertisers who want "good-plain cooks." But wherefore, we thought as we drowsily lay on the sofa, wherefore should they be so anxious to have "plain" cooks? Why should a cook's beauty be a disqualification, as it apparently is? To our own taste, we fancy that the cream would be sweeter if it were smiled upon by good looks, rather than curdled by sour ones. If ever we have to advertise for a cook, it shall be for a handsome one rather than a plain one.

"The advertisement would be objected to," observed some one: "it would be thought improper."

"Improper!" we exclaimed: "Corpo di Bacco; as we say at Rome, what impropriety would there be in advertising 'WANTED. A pretty-good cook?'—we do not want a plain one: we want a tolerably good one:—a pretty, good cook:—the comma between pretty and good, may pass for an error of the press."

The cookery of the Reform Club used to be celebrated when M. Soyer presided over cet apartment le plus interessant de l'hotel, as every Frenchman thinks the kitchen; and his kitchen was also celebrated for the beauty of the cooks he employed. And yet it seemed to be a very quiet, unpretending little establishment. The kitchen itself was, by no means, large; though the fire places were of glorious dimensions—the bars being placed perpendicularly instead of horizontally. But M. Soyer himself was the great charm of the establishment: and as he pulled out little drawers in which were little cutlets ready trimmed and lying between ice till called for, and conversed familiarly or artistically on cookery or on his wife's painting, he reminded one of Reynolds, to whom the haunch was sent,

—"undrest,

"To paint it or eat it just which he liked best."

M. Soyer has an admirable talent of adapting himself to the people amongst whom he is thrown. During the famine, he went to Ireland; and knowing that the Irish delight in "a broth of a boy," he invented soup kitchens for them. He presided at the recent agricultural gathering at Exeter; and aware that farmers have been ever considered pudding-headed, he signalled himself by inventing a pudding. He called it a "buddine à la Exeter;" and has generously offered the receipt to the editors of all the newspapers of the country.

On the same festive occasion, he also improved on the art of gastronomy by roasting a bullock whole by gas.

What learned man will now question the derivation of the word gastronomy? He will expose himself if he does: but that will be no unusual accident:—

"Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat."

a fine Roman epigram, we have been told by them from our youth upwards! although, in fact, it is not Roman at all; but only a translation of a Greek iambic in Euripides. "Demento," so used, is not classical.

Between cooks and veterinary surgeons, scarcely an advertisement intervenes. All modes of life and of speculation are mixed up together in these columns, much as they are in the real world; and our present humour inclining us to etymology, we beg to inquire of the learned whence comes the word veterinary?

"Latin."

What Latin?—Do you give it up?—*Annimalià Větěřina*—Pliny Nat. Hist. 8. 42.—(*Veheterina seu vectarina*: from *veho*, to carry) beasts of burden. *Větěřinariūs*, a horse-doctor.

But the jumble of cognate languages, the use of words having the same sound to express different meanings, and the appropriation of different words to denote similar ideas, is even more amusingly traced in modern than in ancient languages. We have all heard the story of the English sailor who had been ashore in France, and who, returning to his fellows, exclaimed, "Jack, do you know what they call cabbage? why they call it shoe! d—mn 'em, why can't they call it cabbage." So a French girl, petting another, calls her not "her little duck," but her "cabbage" or "her fowl"—"mon choux," or "mon poule."

We say, in England, that the bird that is eaten at Christmas with tongue comes from Turkey; the French say that it is from India—*D'inde*; and we ourselves have puzzled English children by assuring them that *Dinde* was the French for goose:—in the moral sense, where, in English, we should call a person "a goose," in French, he would be called "a turkey—*dinde*."

It is not generally known that the Turkey oak, now so much cultivated in England, is so called because the turkey selects to roost upon it of all the trees of the American forests.

In England, we talk of "Venetian blinds," having derived the articles from Venice: French etymology gives them another origin and calls them "Persiannes."

Without much stretch of orthography or ideas, we may say that the French for a "town" is a "villa;" for a "city" a country "seat;" and that the English for a "bon vivant" is "bad liver."

Who can doubt but that our amiable exclamation "oh dear!" is engrafted upon the French "oh Dieu!" or that our national abjuration "God damn!" is a corruption of the French expletive "dame," and only means "by God and Our Lady";—having been so euphoniously improved by our dread of Popery and our avoidance of the Blessed Virgin?

The classical-sounding expression "hocus-pocus," was evident-

ly imagined by those who intended it as a slur upon the doctrine of Transubstantiation, and refers to the words of consecration—"hoc est corpus meus."

We once heard an Englishman curse himself for not having remembered that *bulli* was French for a bull! We were dining at a table d'hôte, where this person was relating that, in the course of his morning's walk, he had been run after by a furious ox. Unfortunately, however, he could not recollect the French for ox; and having explained "*j'ai été courru après par un* ——— I have been run after by a ———," he was thrown upon his ingenuity to supply the place of a dictionary. "*Courru après*," he resumed, "*par un* ——— *comment vous appelez ox* —run after by a ———; what is the French for ox?"

None of the French listeners could help him.

"Oh oui!" he joyfully recommenced: "*courru après par un* ——— *après la soupe*: qu'est ce que c'est après la soupe? —run after by a ——— after the soup: what comes after the soup?"

The hearers were still in the dark.

"Gaçon," cried the Englishman; as usual, omitting the *r*.

"Plait-il, monsieur?" said the waiter.

"Apportez moi après la soupe—bring me after the soup."

Still no sign of apprehension in waiter or company.

"Après la soupe, d—mn it! apportez moi le plat après la soupe—bring me the dish after the soup."

A ray of intelligence shot across the waiter's mind. He ran and fetched the remains of the dish of *bulli* always served then.

"Oh oui!" exclaimed our countryman, "*comment vous appelez ça*—how you call that?"

"Mais, monsieur, c'est du *bulli*—why, sir, it is *bulli*."

"Oh oui! oui!" joyfully cried the narrator; "*j'ai été courru après par un bulli*—I have been run after by a *bulli*."

"And what a cursed fool I was," he added in an "aside" whisper, "not to remember that *bulli* was French for bull!"

"But how is all this connected with our present Post-office observance of the Sunday?" a captious reader may querulously inquire. The connexion with it is that of cause and effect: a weary Sunday makes a man querulous; just as the patriarch of Constantinople found that fasting made him cross and, therefore, gave himself a dispensation. "Surely the English people," says Mr. Fabre in his charming Lectures on the Spirit of St. Philip Neri, "surely the English people are greatly in need of holiday and recreation. These long hours of work, these unwholesome atmospheres, these steel-filings; soap-boilings, poison-polished cards, stereotype-plate castings, gasometers, tan-pits, vitriol-works, and the rest of it, (he might have added legal studies,) well nigh drain the life out of a man. His gloomy, wearisome,

slow-footed Sunday is all he has for his own ; almost to be accounted lucky if, sometimes, work even then interferes with the dead weight of his reflective unhappiness on that day. The English artisans are in need of recreation. They will be a happier people when they have it, and a holier people when they are happier. Yet you must make a man happy in his own way. A king and an archbishop have no divine right to issue a book of sports, and thrust happiness down men's throats against their will and out of their own way."

Still less right, we think, have they to thrust unhappiness down men's throats by stopping their letters and their Sunday newspapers.

We must, however, own that the feeling which legislative enactments and Puritanism has engrafted upon the original English character, is really opposed to all recreation whatever on a Sunday—that it would have Sunday to be kept as a day of mortification:—an object which it has accomplished to perfection. Once, on a Sunday morning, we ordered post horses in a retired country town where we had tarried some days, but in which there was no Catholic Church, in the hope that we might reach the first stage in time for divine service ; and we overheard the waiter in the passage say to the chambermaid—

"On a Sunday ! Isn't it strange for them to set off on a Sunday ?"

"No : they are Romans : and they keep their Sabbath on Friday. Do'n't you remember, they did not eat any meat on that day ?"

That this really happened we do declare "upon the true faith of a Christian."

What a pious legislature is that of England ! With what conscientious and unwearied diligence has it balanced the meaning of these words, lest Baron Rothschild and his co-religionists should invade and overpower the House of Commons, and turn it into a Jewish Sanhedrim ! How strenuously at length they decided the matter against the member for London ; declaring that to be a positive enactment against him which was before doubtful, and so placing the Jews in a worse position than that which they occupied before ! Verily the bigotry of this country is a disgrace to Europe. But at the same time, we may observe that we see not wherefore Baron Rothschild should not have taken the oath, debateable words and all. His declaration that he would do so and so "upon the true faith of a Christian" could not have implied that he was himself a Christian. When a man says "I assure you it is so by heaven," it is not inferred that he thinks himself to be heaven : when he exclaims, "I declare by all that's sacred, no one sup-

poses that he means to insist that he is himself all that is sacred. So we think that the Jew might have pronounced the words with a safe conscience, and have saved our pious legislators from the shame of making an illiberal affirmation in their anxiety to show themselves liberal. But

“ Incidit in Scyllam cupiens vitare Charybdim.”

The learned men to whom we have before referred are fond of quoting that much-esteemed classical line ; which is not, however, to be found in *any* classical writer. It occurs in the “ Alexandries” of Philip Gualtier, a French poet of the 13th century ; and being in an address from the poet to Darius is, correctly, “ Incidis” &c.

Next year, however, the Jews are to be admitted into Parliament : so Lord John Russell says ; he said so three years ago. Next year the doors of St. Stephen’s are to be thrown wide open “ to *all* the faithful ;” as many Catholic priests, with the book of common prayer, please to translate the line in the Te Deum—

“ Tu devicto mortis aculeo, aperuisti credentibus regna cœlorum.

“ Death conquered, thou didst ope thy kingdom to believers.”

There may be imagined a motive wherefore *Protestants* should wish to generalise the number of those who are to be saved ; and Dupont, dean of Peterborough, has rendered the line

Συ νικήσας τὰ θάνατο το σεντρον ηνοιξας
πασι τοις πιστοις.” &c.

but we see not why Catholics should condescend to the corruption of the original text, in order to save the tender consciences of those who know that they are not “ *the faithful*” alluded to.

But the divines of the House of Commons have not been employed only in interpreting an oath : they have also passed a bill legalizing marriage between husbands and the sisters of their wives :—their dead wives, be it understood. When this shall have become the law of the land, it is in contemplation to introduce another bill to amend it and to allow a man to marry two sisters living at once. What other improvements of the sort may have been proclaimed, we know not ; as no member can, in the new House, hear anything that is said on his own side of the room. England always manages to disgrace itself in its public buildings ; and we have now spent millions in building a speaking-room in which no one can be heard to speak—which is about as clever as if a naval architect were to build a ship that would not swim. We think it right, however, to promulgate an opinion that is gaining ground amongst Protectionist members : namely, that instead of spend-

ing more thousands in disfiguring this room for the Commons; they should take the Lords' house, and that this one should be given to the Lords; for that as it becomes more and more evident that nothing that the Peers say is attended to, it is immaterial whether *they* be heard or not.

And thus it is that, debarred, by puritanic regulations, from an insight into our letters and journals that are, even now, lying beside our post-master, Mr. Lee, as he kneels upon his counter, we are forced to recur to the news of bygone days, and to muse again on events that had been otherwise forgotten, like Alexander, when

“Thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain.”

But what can one do when thrown upon ones own resources in a villa, such as we have described, near—where shall we say?—near Putney.

“Ou est on plus heureux qu'au sein de sa famille ?

Where is a man more happy than at home ?

asks the French poet : but Rousseau adds—“il n'y a rien de plus charmant qu'un portrait de famille—mais un seul trait manqué defigure tout le reste.—Yes : so it is : “un seul trait manqué, when one feature is missing,” and sad enough, heaven knows, becomes all the rest ! Then the mask fits ill upon the distorted features beneath, and can no more hide the real feelings than can be concealed the native tones of the Irish harp,

“Which so often has echoed the deep sigh of sadness
That e'en in its mirth it will steal from it still.”

“Home, indeed, is home be it ever so homely,” says the proverb : but what is it that constitutes its homeliness ? Is it the accustomed strawberry beds and flower garden ? Is it the well-known and well-used tables and chairs ?

“Parva seges satis est : satis est requiescere lecto
Si licet, et solito membra levare toro.
Quam juvat immites ventos audire cubantem
Et dominam tenero continuisse sinu :
Aut, gelidas hibernus aquas quum fuderit Auster,
Securum somnos imbre juvante, sequi !”

A little paddock is enough : enough to rest in bed
If it may be, or stretch upon the accustom'd couch instead.
How pleasant 'tis to lie in bed and hear the angry wind,
And closely fold upon your breast your lady-wife so kind !—
To hear the wintry south wind pour its frozen torrents down,
And, lulled by the tempestuous rain, securely slumber on !

Says Tibullus, the sweetest and most gentle and most hu-

manized and gentlemanly of Latin poets. Catullus, also, sings the praise of home :—

“Cum mens onus reponit, ac peregrino
Labore fessi venimus Larem ad nostrum
Desideratoque acquiescimus lecto,
Hoc est, quod unum est pro laboribus tantis.”

The mind lays down its load : worn out we come,
Worn out with distant toil, we hasten home,
And on our wished-for bed we lay us down.
This all our toil repays, this, this alone.

“Casa mia, casa mia
Qualche picciola che sia,
Tu sei sempre casa mia.”

My little cot, my little cot
Though small thou art, yet still I wot,
Thou art my home, my little cot.

Sings the Italian. The Frenchman talks of his *chez moi*: the German of his *heimath*; the Mahometan of his *harem*; and all mean to express the same idea, as all denote it by the same word. Let us not pride ourselves on the notion that *home* is a plant of peculiar English growth: What is “home” but “domus” without the d? What was the “larem” of Catullus, but the “haram” which is, to the Mussulman the house of his wife and children, the castle into which no officer of justice dare intrude? And when the Magyar lately aroused him and sang, “Tulpra Magyar hi a haza—up Magyar thy home calls on thee”—his “haza” implied to him all that the “harem,” the “home” the “heimath,” the “chez moi” and the “casa,” pronounced by Tuscans “hasa,” typify to other nations. Mankind is but one family, as their language will always reveal; however much they may at times forget it. Hence the good of etymology which may awaken an undreamed of family feeling amongst the most distant people; and may illimitably extend the kindred tie by telling us that our comparatives *better* and *worse*, instead of being derived from the positives *good* and *bad*, may find, in far off Persia, the same ideas expressed by the words *beh* and *behter* and *bad* and *badter*!

And now let us congratulate ourselves that we have got through this “slow-footed Sunday” in an appropriate glass of “heavy wet” to the health of General Brisot. “For years,” an old military officer said to us, “for years I had been in the habit of drinking the health of General Brisot at the mess-table without being able to find out who he was. When I first joined, I was ashamed of showing my ignorance by asking: and as this

wore off, and I began to make inquiries, I found that all my brother officers were as much in the dark as myself: but still we went on cheering and drinking the health of General Brisot. It is only lately that I have discovered that our friend, the General, merely typified a *Briséé Generale*—a general smash of bottles and glasses with which our predecessors used to rise from table—when they did not fall underneath it.”

11th August, 1850.

THE RUINED ABBEY.

[A reply to the “Two Worshippers,” published in *Eliza Cook's Journal*, Feb. 23.]

Yes, high the abbey walls are seen,
With turrets tow'ring to the sky.
For great and noble men I ween,
Did proudly with each other vie,
In raising structures that have been
A nation's pride in days gone by.

And do not mock the holy men,
Who to those cloister'd aisles retire;
Renouncing all—wealth, fame, and then
Themselves denying; but admire
Their inward grace. Think, think again,
What could such noble aim inspire?

Perchance a lov'd and loving son,
A mother's joy, a father's pride,
Nurs'd in wealth's lap—their only one,
Whose ev'ry wish is gratified:
Who might in heedless follies run:
With hound or hawk his hours divide:—

But no, within his inmost soul,
A secret voice did often speak;
Now luring him to self-control,
Now sweetly pressing him to seek
His only end: that heav'nly goal,
And ev'ry earthly tie to break.

And thus he leaves his father's halls,
Where pomp and splendour on him wait,
And seeks within the abbey walls,
True peace in the monastic state.
Nor ever to his mind recalls,
The sacrifice to deem it great.

But doth *he* "crouch" with servile fear,
When humbly kneeling to his God?
Can hope and love no portion share,
In hearts that on the world have trod?
If thus their lives be sad and drear,
Why freely seek they this abode?

Talk not of "superstition's glory;"
But to the sacred Scriptures turn,
And simply read a gospel story,—
A bard from hence might something learn.
When Christ, instructing young and hoary,
A lawyer would his counsel spurn:

He, like reformers now a days,
Has been brought up in God's commands,
But yearning for more perfect ways,
To hear from Truth's own lips he stands;
And while admiring all he stays,
* What is still wanting? he demands.

If yet thou wilt be perfect, so
That heavenly joys may welcome thee,
Sell all thou hast, thy wealth forego,
And let the poor its sharers be:
Despising pleasures here below,
Leave all—"and come and follow me."

Tho' sorrowful, he turns away,
And weakly yields to mammon's snare,
The seed is sown:—to this our day,
Those words rich fruit and blossoms bear.
Thou may'st the words condemn; but they
Are heard and followed every where.

And tho' those walls no longer stand,
Where once uprose in pious strain
The solemn chant. A holy band,
Increasing daily, still remain,
To raise new abbeys o'er the land,
When England is herself again.

MARY E. R.

* 19th chapter of St. Matthew, 13th to 22nd verses.

[THE DIARY OF MARTHA BETHUNE BALIOL.]

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF HER BELOVED GRANDMOTHER,
THE LADY BETHUNE OF LINCLUDEN: COMMENCED THE 1ST
DAY OF SEPTEMBER, 1753.

(Continued from page 15.)

September 6, 1753.—This day being Sunday we saw not Lord Derwentwater at breakfast, as he had left the mount early in the morning to ride to *Carbrechan*, where there is a Catholic Chapel and priest, as he belongs to that persuasion. My grandmother not feeling well, my brother and I preferred walking by the fields to the room where divine service is performed. The sun was shining brightly, and the air mild and clear, and we enjoyed our walk much. When we arrived near the village, where we do assemble to worship God after the manner of our forefathers, we found there was to be no service that day. We heard that a party of soldiers was there with orders to disperse the congregation, should it assemble, and lay violent hands on the clergyman. I fear they would have done both, but Mr. Erskine had been advertised of the matter by a safe hand, early in the morning, and had stationed scouts at different points to warn his flock *not* to assemble. Truly these are hard times: a stranger on the throne dictating to us the dress we wear, even the method in which we must offer up our prayers to heaven. My brother received the intelligence in silence, and looked deeply concerned when we turned. He then said:—

“I vow these severe enactments are enough to produce the evil they so much dread.”

“How much do they think we will bear?”—I remarked.

“I know not, but it is hard that a man may not worship after his own fashion, but must do so by parliamentary rules.—Fools that they are, they increase the evil they are trying to cure; and rather make (as in my own case) than gain the disaffected. There is a peaceable clergyman, one who has taken oaths; nay prayed for the king by name, liable to be siezed as if guilty of a crime, because he adheres to the bishops by whom he was ordained;—and I, myself, who have shed my blood for this king, prevented in my religious duties. If they strain the chord so tightly, it must break.”

“And in a happy hour—it cannot come too soon”—I replied.

“Dear child,” replied my brother, “you speak rashly, not knowing what you say; could you but *see* the horrors of war, you would ever pray from being involved in them. The *HERO*.

of '45 is no more, and the blood I would freely have shed in his cause shall never be wasted in attempting to bring back a man to rule over us, who cannot govern himself. It could be no light matter that could have induced Macnamara to take leave of him in these words: 'By what crime Sir, can your family have drawn down the wrath of heaven, since it has visited every branch of them through so many ages!'

"No my dear Martha, the hero of '45 I admire and respect. Prince Charles of '53—I would not help to mount the throne of his fathers."

"And does Lord D. judge thus severely his Prince?" I inquired with an aching heart.

"It is a subject we never allude to. Derwentwater is bound to the Prince and his cause by ties of blood and vengeance. The hour that restores to Charles Stuart his kingdom, restores Charles Ratcliffe to rank and wealth. To the present royal family, he owes nothing but vengeance: to the former gratitude. The Guelphs have been his merciless enemies: the Stuarts his constant benefactors; but look you, here he comes to give you his own answer."

Lord D. then joined us, and together we walked back to the mount. I asked if he had been more fortunate at Carbrechan than we had been; he said he had, and that he excited no little attention; or rather, he added, curiosity in the small Chapel, for there were not above twenty present, and the Drummonds being absent, they seemed quite at a loss to discover whom he could be, as they knew he could not be a guest at the castle. I asked him if he had seen many on his way there, he said several, but knew none. My grandmother was very wroth when she heard there had been no service, and she said to Lord D.:

"The church is in ruins, the state is in jars,
Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars,
We daurna weel say't, but we ken wha's to blame,
There'll never be peace till King Jamie comes hame."

Lord D. smiled sadly and said:

"Oh there's naught frae ruin, my country to save,
But the keys o' kind heaven to open the grave,
That a' the noble martyrs, wha died for loyaltie,
May rise again and fight for their ain countrie."

After dinner, my grandmother asked Sir Richard if he had shown Lord D. the view from the top of the tower, he said he had not, but if Lord D. felt inclined to climb to the skies, he would assist him. As we were leaving the room, she called Lord D. to her and said: "Mark weel the different bearings

Charley, (for thus she ever terms him,) ye may never need it: I pray heaven dear lad ye never may; but it can do ye no harm, and may be of use—*can do* is easily carried."

We then proceeded to climb the stair which leads to the top, and our eyes getting accustomed to the darkness we proceeded merrily, and without fear. I may truly say so, for so often have I been up and down, that even the ladder has no terrors for me. Lord D. complimented me on my bravery, but I did assure him I was a great coward, and only not frightened here, being used from infancy to ascend. When we got out on the top of the tower, the view never, I thought, appeared more lovely. In the foreground, were the fine old trees which are round the mount. To the north, a chain of hills, behind which the sun was setting in a flood of golden light,—to the right lay the river, broad and deep, and on the left the woods of the Deep-den-chase, the foliage of which already showed traces of autumn.

Lord D. was enthusiastic in praise of its beauty, and my brother appeared gratified at hearing his place judiciously praised. The evening was chilly, but we could not tear ourselves from the view. My brother has a little *awmrie* on the top, where the flags are kept, and where there is ever a supply of tobacco, for since he has been in the wars abroad he smokes much, having acquired the habit in Holland. He offered Lord D. a pipe, but he declined it, and then Sir Richard retired to one side, not to annoy me with the smoke, although, in truth, I do not dislike it.

Lord D. and I walked up and down the battlements: we talked not much: there is a silence that speaks: the words he *did* say I shall not note down: they can never be forgotten.

"So fair sister," said Sir Richard, joining us, "have you at last settled in what way, from which point the old tower may most easily be assailed; for the last ten minutes your eyes have never been raised from the hall door;—before that, the oriel wing attracted your attention, and as I have finished my fourth pipe since you commenced the survey, I think it best to warn you, that the shades of evening, as well as its dews, are rapidly falling, and with your leave we will leave the Sally Port, and North Bartizan till a future day."

I was very glad that the shades of evening *were* falling, for it prevented my brother from seeing how his pleasantry dyed my cheeks with blushes. We then descended. The descent is more perilous than the ascent, so Lord D. assured me, and therefore, he said, he behoved to assist me, more than I deemed necessary. My brother laughed, and begged of him not to spoil his little Mattie by teaching her to be a fine lady with nerves: and vowed that Madge Murray would run down the ladder as if

it were a stair : nay, if necessary, would not hesitate to jump it !

"Not presuming to censure Miss Murray, I cannot regret that Miss Baliol is so very different," said Lord D. : and then, in a voice that *I* only heard, he added : "In my eyes, Miss Baliol could not be improved by being otherwise than she is."

Truly it is exceeding silly in me to note these things in my book : perchance it may be the fashion of all gentlemen thus to talk, and I, never seeing any but my brother, may give more heed to these flattering words, than one who has seen more of society.

When we came down, my grandmother asked Sir Richard if he had pointed out the direction in which the different places lay to Lord D. :

"No, good sooth," said he, "I did not. I consoled myself with my pipe, and whilst the smoke curled around me, I thought such is life : flesh is grass, so is tobacco, and both turn to ashes, and our aspirations end in smoke. But Martha, who knows them well, pointed them out to Lord D."

I had *not* done so, but he came to my assistance, and asked Lady Lincluden where the Drummonds were : in her anxiety to assure him they would be here on the 17th, she forgot the matter she had been discussing before. She then, as is her custom, assembled all the servants ; first, the younger ones repeated their catechism, and then my brother read a sermon aloud. I am ashamed to own, I gave it not the attention I ought to have done ; for in despite of my resolutions, my thoughts would revert to the top of the tower, and the sweet words Lord D. there spoke to me : but I will not continue this subject, and yet I fear I think on little else, for when I fell asleep his image was the last before me.

September 15th.—It is some days since I have written in my diary. Though unmarked, they have been very pleasant to me : we have either walked or ridden together each day. My brother has been trying the fishing : as Lord D. cares not for that sport, we generally accompanied Sir Richard to the river side, and, leaving him there after a little, explored the banks, and wandered through the woods : but to day Lucy Græme comes, and she will join our rambles. He tells me that Lucy is now of exceeding beauty. I have not seen her since her return from school ; but ere she went, she gave great promise. I asked what style her beauty was. He replied : "fair and feminine, as a woman should be." I long to see her. I wonder if I shall like her as much as Madge, as much as I did when we were young.

Lucy has come—truly she is very beautiful ; so delicately fair, with deep blue eyes, and a complexion like a rose. We were

in the pleasance when the coach drove up with her in it. My brother hastened to meet her. Lord D. did not go. I ran to welcome her, and found her the same dear girl I parted with some two years ago. My grandmother folded her to her heart, and then desired me to lead her to her room. As the dinner hour was close at hand, I requested her to dispense with a *grand toilet*, as we purposed going in the evening to the Devil's Chair, to see the moon rise. She requested me to remain with her, and soon was ready.

"Burdalane," said the Lady Lincluden to me, "how do you purpose going to the rocks to night? I dare say it is a matter of four miles from this: do you walk?"

"No truly: we purpose riding, and Ringwood, my fosterer, is to meet us at the crags; he is the best cragsman in the country, and will assist us."

"Complimentary to Edward and me," said my brother.

"Dear cousin," said Lucy to me, "pray leave me behind. I am such a wretched coward, I should only be a burden to the party."

"Leave you, Lucy—nay, that I wont: if you don't go, I shall not; but, indeed, you need have no dread; you shall ride old *Britomart*, and it is so steady, it never shies, and so old it cannot run away."

"Impossible," said Lucy: "indeed, I cannot ride. I'd sooner walk."

"Walk!" exclaimed my brother: "never, whilst I have arms to bear so fair a burden: you shall do neither—you shall sail up. Then you will have only half a mile to walk; and Martha will meet us at the foot of the rocks, unless she prefers to row in the same boat."

Willingly! Thanks, cousin! we both exclaimed: and then we hastened to prepare for the sail. We were soon equipped and hastening to the little creek where the boat-house is. The stream was against us, so they had to row up. Ringwood was seated at the foot of the crags waiting us; and, after great exertion, we *did* sit in the chair. Lucy was very frightened, and required the assistance of Sir Richard and Ringwood; and Sir Richard, who dearly loves a joke, told her of an adventure he and Madge had here, by way of raising her courage, and how they lost their way in the mist, and he actually paused once or twice, ere he followed Madge, who skipped from rock to rock and across the yawning chasms like a young kid, till they reached a little cave where they rested till the mist cleared away. But at last we did sit in the Devil's Chair. I asked my brother why it was so called—he knew not.

"If Madge were here she could, or at least would tell you the

why and the wherefore, but for the life of me I never can recollect a legend. Do you know, Ringwood?" turning to him.

"An it please ye, Sir Richard," replied he. "Its no aither chancy to speak o' sic things here: there's the mune rising abane the Witche's Cairn, and wha can tell what may be rising wi her."

"Surely you are not afraid," said my brother.

"Na deil a fear hae I—gude forgive me for naming him here—na, gin you and the leddies are no fleyed, I'm nae," replied he.

"No, Ringwood, we have no fear; tell us what you know," I said.

The substance of the tale was this—Long, long ago, in a cavern near the Devil's Chair, dwelt a pious old hermit, renowned for his sanctity far and near. One of the neighbouring barons, a rude and riotous man, did mightily oppress this poor hermit. This Baron—so ran the story—had sold himself to the Evil One, on condition, that for a certain number of years every wish of his should be complied with: if that promise was broken, then was the Baron free. Years rolled by—the Baron had every wish gratified—he was powerful; he was rich; he was feared; and, look where he would, he saw his own land stretched before him. At last he was warned that the treaty was nigh over—three more days and the enemy would carry him off; and then of what avail all his rank, wealth, or power? Was not the meanest of his serfs more to be envied than he—the lord of all around him? On the last night but two, the Evil One appeared—reminded him of the bargain, and how he had kept his faith: cited up the number of wishes which had been promptly gratified, and warned the Baron that in three nights he would return for him. The Baron was in despair: now, when too late, the horror of his situation came over him, and he felt how poor was the gain compared to the loss. He thought seriously how little time was left for repentance, still less for reparation; but something might still be done. At that time, the course of the river was quite different from that it now is, and the peasants suffered much from want of water; the Baron therefore wished that, ere the morrow, the bed of the river should be altered. Next morning his domestics awoke him with the astounding news that the river had altered its course to the present one; and the Baron knew that it was as he willed it. He then thought on the holy man whom he had so cruelly oppressed, and determined to do him a service. Near the place where the chair now is, there is a deep hole where the water collects, and to this hole the poor hermit had to repair when he wished for water: so the Baron ordered a path to be cut in the rocks to the well, and a chair made for the old man to rest his wearied limbs in, what time he climbed the rocks to draw water.

Now such was the sanctity of the holy hermit that the enemy of mankind scarce dared approach the cave where he was, and had the old man, as was his wont, continued most of the night counting his beads, the Evil One durst not have ventured near him, and so, the Lord of the Castle would have been saved by the prayers of the poor old hermit. But the Baron now began to reap the fruits of his evil deeds. He had forbid the peasantry to assist the old hermit, and they, dreading his wrath, only ventured by stealth to do aught for him; and having been without food or water all the previous day, he had been occupied this day in climbing the rocks to the well, and in wandering through the woods in search of roots and pulse, which formed his meagre diet;—and, wearied out with these exertions, soon after midnight the old man laid himself down on his bed of leaves, and slept peacefully though the enemy was near; for his guardian angel was more powerful, and kept watch over his slumbers.

Next day, a forester brought the Baron word of the changes; and, trembling, he felt there was no hope, and bare-headed and bare-footed he went, a humble penitent, to the old hermit to beseech his forgiveness, and to implore his counsel. The old hermit received him, as if he had never been wronged and listened to his tale: he then told him to remain all the day in prayer in his cell, at night to return to the Castle; and when the enemy appeared, to speak as he would instruct him.

The Baron did so, and at night returned to his Castle; and, the first time for many years, he took a rosary his mother had given him when he was a child, which had long lain neglected and uncared for in a cabinet, and hung it round his neck; and seating himself in his large chair, he quietly awaited the terrible visitor. At length he knew he was in the presence of the Evil One!

"I have fulfilled your behests," said the awful figure; "I now come to claim the fulfilment of your bargain."

"Stay," said the Baron, "I have yet one more to make."

"Haste, then, for time presses."

"Heretofore my every wish has been granted: this now is my last:—That ere I go with you to the place of torment I merit, you undo all the evil I have done?"

"Impossible! in a moment, undo the evil done in a life of unlimited power, of unbounded license and rapine!"

"Hence, then, foul fiend! your power over me is at an end. Hence, and know if thou canst not undo it, I may live to repent it,—for by this I swear," and here the Baron raised the crucifix to his lips, "by this I swear that the life over which you have now no power, shall henceforth be devoted to repentance and atonement."

Next day, the Baron was sought for in vain; but on the table

near his chair, was found a deed conveying his own lands to holy Mother Church, and those which he had unjustly wrested from his neighbours were restored to them or their heirs. Next evening's sun set on two hermits in the cell: and soon after, a goodly monastery stood where the Baron's proud castle had been. The old hermit died there in peace, but the younger passed his time in the cell, and lived but to help and succour the poor and aged; and when the first gallant band of warriors crossed the seas to fight for the Holy City, this hermit also went, and was heard of no more.

"Bravo! Ringwood," cried my brother, when the youth had finished. "Bravo Ringwood, you speak like a book-man; now how much of this story do you believe?"

"No muckle abane the half, Sir Richard: but ye sued hear Miss Murray tell it. It gars my flesh creep to hear her—ye wad think auld hornie was stannin glowrin at ye the wye she looks at ye."

"Madge is flattered by the comparison, no doubt. Wrap up now, ladies. Lucy, remember what Lord Chesterfield says:—

'Keep all cold from your chest,
There's already too much'—

and now, my Lo—ved friend, Master Edwardes, take care of Martha whilst I assist Lucy."

"Ha Messieurs, en route—en route;" said Lord D., and, taking my hand, he assisted me down. We were soon seated in the boat, and whilst the bonny Lady Mune shone on us, we sped gaily along, wind and steam favouring us. The moonbeams glittered on the waters broken by the track of our pretty boat, and our white sail caught the night breeze which sighed as we passed. We requested Lord D. to sing to us; his voice is ever rich and melodious; and as I now heard it, never did it sound more lovely: he sang Sir C. Sedley's lyric:—

"Ah, Chloris, could I now but sit
As unconcerned as when
Your infant beauty could beget
No happiness, or pain.
When I this dawning did admire
And praised the coming day,
I little thought that rising fire
Would take my rest away."

My brother and Lucy were loud in their praises, but I could not speak mine. They were talking of music, and requesting another song, when suddenly, I know not how it happened, a fearful gust came down the mountain pass: the river, in one instant, seemed covered with foam.

"Hard up!" shouted Lord D.; "down with the sail:" but ere the order could be obeyed, the gust took us, and the next moment the boat was capsized! I remember distinctly struggling in the water. I tried in vain to support myself: my wet clothes clung to me and dragged me down—down—down. I felt the waters closing over me. I thought of my poor grandmother; of my dear brother. The words I had just heard sung were ringing in my ears, and a thousand little incidents of the childhood we had passed together and long since forgotten, in that dreadful moment came fresh across my memory. I made a final effort, and once more my head was above the water. I saw some one approaching: "Save me, Charley!" I exclaimed, for again I was a child, and he my champion and protector. It was a final effort; I was again sinking, gasping for breath, but still conscious. And then I saw and heard and knew no more till I opened my eyes, and found Lord Derwentwater kneeling beside me, my head resting on his shoulder, my brother chafing my hands, and Lucy Græme more dead than alive, weeping beside me.

"Cheer up; there's a brave girl," said my brother: but I could not cheer up, I felt so weak.

"Have you your flask?" said Lord D.: my brother shook his head.

"Here, Ringwood, run to the nearest cottage; get whisky; blankets—anything—but make haste," cried my brother.

Ringwood returned speedily; and after tasting the whisky, we managed to walk to the cottage, where we found a blazing fire, which did more to restore cheerfulness than aught else. So getting some garments dried, and the loan of others, we were soon equipped, and found that Lord D. had been harnessing a horse and cart to convey us home, which, I thank heaven, at last we reached in safety. My dear grandmother's gratitude for our preservation may be imagined. She made us all pack off to bed instantly, and with her own hands made a posset for us to keep out the cold. I was horrified to find that in his anxiety to procure a cart for us, he, Lord D. I mean, had not changed his clothes at the farm-house, but he laughed at my fears, and said he felt so like a kelpie, that water never harmed him. I could not but laugh at a speech Ringwood made to my brother, when we were safe at home.

"Eh! Sir Richard, I'm thinking ye hae the wyte o' hies: ye gard me tell that story about the Baron, and troth I'm thinking changing the course o' the river is the only gude turn that auld cloutie ever did in his life, and the carle is ashamed o' it now, an tries to stop the mou o' a them that speak aboot it."

I was soon in my bed, but I had disturbed dreams and slept

little till very late, for my mind was wearied with all I had gone through, and conjured up painful combinations of the events of the last few days.

September 16.—“ The stormy clouds did roar again,
The raging seas did rout,
And my luvie and his bonnie ship
Turned widdershins about.”

These were the first words I heard on awaking to-day, and on opening mine eyes I met those of dear Madge Murray.

“ My little Martha,” she said ; throwing her arms round me.

“ Madge, dear Madge,” I exclaimed ; returning her embrace.

“ I got word of your adventure,” she said, “ exaggerated, of course, but rest I could not, till I had galloped over and seen you all ; and thank heaven you are all safe. I have been here the last two hours chatting with dear grannie ; and now it is so late, past eleven, that I resolved to break your slumbers. I am going to take your place now, and shall be deep in the mysteries of soups and pasties ere I am ten minutes older ; so when you want me you may seek for me in the still room,” and so saying she left the room.

I rose immediately and hurried through my toilet to make up the time I had lost. I found that Madge had done all, and more than I could have done ; and she and the cook were disputing whether a fitless cock, crappit heads, or oatmeal flummery, would be the proper corner dish. I gave my wishes in favour of a fitless cock.

We then proceeded to see that the chambers were properly prepared for our guests. As we passed the blue room, Madge said,

“ I must have one look at our hero, Lord Derwentwater ; his son is out, so fear not to enter the enchanter’s cave.”

But I did fear, and hesitated till Madge, opening the door, showed me that the room was empty, and then I took courage and went in. We stood in silence a short space gazing at the picture.

“ Master Charley had best allow none to enter his chamber, for they would be dull indeed if they did not perceive the likeness,” said Madge. She then examined the picture more minutely, and exclaimed, “ Ha ! this is newly done, is it not ? ” and, pointing to a carved part of the frame, she read these words—

“ Carolus Ratcliff, Comes Derwentwater
Decolatus, Die 8 Decembris, 1746.”

“ Yes,” I said, “ I don’t think it was there the other day : do you know what it means ? ”

"Too well," she replied: "it is part of the inscription that was on his coffin."

"And who has written it here?"

"Part is Richard's writing, the rest, I suppose, is his son's:—" and then, her dark eyes flashing while she looked at the picture, she added, "Fear not, the 8th of December is not forgotten; a day of reckoning and vengeance may yet come for that and many another bloody deed;—your son yet lives to avenge your murder."

I shuddered whilst she spoke; for the gipsy's prophecy flashed across my mind. "Oh Madge," I said, "don't talk of vengeance; think to whom vengeance belongeth."

"And would you have Charles Ratcliff kiss the hand that slew his father?" she inquired.

"No, surely, but ———. I know not what I wish—I think if peace" ———.

"Hush, girly, it is enough to make the picture step out of its frame, to hear you name the possibility of peace between a Derwentwater and the Usurper."

"Death is a fearful thing, Madge."

"And shamed life a hateful ———. Death fearful? Yes, to the coward and slave; to the brave, never! Did he think death a fearful thing," she continued, looking at the picture, "no!"

‘There was glory on his forehead,
There was lustre in his eye;
And he never went to battle
More proudly than to die.’

Do not even our enemies say of him, ‘That, dressed in scarlet faced with black velvet and trimmed with gold, a gold laced waistcoat, and a white feather in his hat, he looked liker to a gay bridegroom going to meet his bride, so debonair was his demeanour, so gay and galliard his gallant bearing, rather than a rebel traitor going to meet his just doom.’ We, Martha, —we know that a higher and a holier courage than the mere animal carelessness to danger or death sustained him in his last hour. And the brave old Balmerino, let us never forget his last words: ‘Perhaps some may think my behaviour too bold, but remember that I now declare it is the effect of confidence in God, and a good conscience, and I should dissemble if I showed signs of fear.’ Ours, Martha, was a high and holy cause, and of all the eighty who were murdered in cold blood for it, it is allowed that every one behaved with such firmness as gained the respect and admiration of all. To them, death was not a fearful thing; for could a long life of pleasure compare to the proud glory of

sealing with your heart's blood your devotion to your king and country? But whilst we are talking of dying, we forget that your guests are still living; and so come along, 'up stairs, and down stairs, and to my lady's chamber:—'—and so we quitted the room, I giving a last look to the picture as I left, the eyes of which seemed to follow me; and I sighed when I thought that visions of peace were not likely to visit the son's mind, whilst the picture of his murdered father was before him, and seemingly ever watching him—perchance instigating him to revenge. We met Lord D. in the corridor: he inquired tenderly after my health. Madge questioned him where Harry was, he told her he had gone with Sir Richard to shoot partridges: had he been?—No, he had remained *at home* with Lady Lincluden, if he might presume so to term Mount Baliol, for it was many a long and weary year since he had known a house of his own. This speech set me a thinking. Years since he had known a home. Homeless, restless, wandering over the wide world,—how sad the history contained in these few words, "many a weary year since I have had a home of my own," and I had never fully appreciated the blessing of *a home*, till these few words revealed to me how much I had, in that respect alone, that others pined for. He took my hand, and, raising it to his lips, added, "And now I wish for a home, only that you might grace it." I know not what I might have said, but at that instant Sir Richard and Harry appeared at one end of the corridor looking for Madge; and when we entered the drawing room, we found her there seated with Lucy Græme.

Harry was in great glee, he had hit every shot.

"And Madge," he said, "only think, Madge, Cousin Dick twice missed, and if I had had my own gun I am sure I could have done more, but the one I had tired me so: I wish I had had my own; but I hit every shot, indeed I did."

Madge began to banter my brother on his gallant conduct the previous evening, in having saved us from drowning in the Kelpie's Pot, which, to her certain knowledge, she affirmed to be *nigh two fathoms deep*.

"Two, Madge," said my brother, "two! say six and you will be nearer the mark. Why, I am two fathoms deep myself, and I swear I never touched the bottom of it, Ask little Martha if she does not think, and did not *feel* it full fathoms five."

"Do not talk of it: I tremble yet when I think of the danger we were in," I replied.

"And if Miss Murray be so determined," said Lord D., "to rob us of the wreath of water lilies, which, I suppose, is our guerdon,

'By Thetis' tinsel-slippered feet,
And the songs of syrens sweet,'

I swear I know not whence arose the anxiety about us which prompted her to ride across this morning to inquire after our lives, which, she avers, were in no danger."

"You have me, there," said Madge laughing and half aside; and then she said aloud, "my anxiety was to know whether you and Cousin Dick would have the assurance to make heroes of yourselves, for wading out of a pot six feet deep, and to see if he would actually attempt to impose on *me*, that he had done somewhat."

"I'll tell you, Madge,—my dukedom to a beggarly denier,—the Kelpie's Pot is twenty feet deep if an inch. Harry is well nigh two fathoms, if not over; he shall wade across with a hat on, and if the crown of the hat be not covered, aye, and something over, the best steed in my stable shall be yours: do you say done?"

In an instant Madge's expression altered,—Harry appeared quite eager; but, with a face of dismay, she replied, "Heaven forefend!—no, Harry, I have already cost you too dear!" and then, in her own gay tones, she replied, "I know the pot well, and it is over twenty feet deep: I was nearly in it myself some weeks ago. I had hooked a fish, if not auld kelpie himself, and thought I should have a splendid run; but if I was strong, it was stronger, and then I stumbled and fell, and, determined not to lose my rod, it was dragging both into the water, when, luckily, Harry came to my assistance, and held my rod, when snap! went the top joint and off went fish and line. Old Peg was passing at the time, and she consoled me by telling me that it was lucky I had lost my line, or the kelpie would have had me into the pot, and ne'er a one ever thrived that was christened in the water o' his hame,—don't look so dismayed, Lucy. Peg hinted that the doom only applies to those who, of their own free will, disturbed him under the translucent wave."

"Then we need have no fear," said Lord D., "our visit to his serene kelpieship was not a voluntary one."

"For my part," said Madge, "I attribute the disaster to your conduct on Sunday;" and, in a snuffing voice, she continued, "my brethren, let us enlarge and improve on this matter, which is clearly a device of the enemy, and shows the power he has over the prancing Popish prelaacy, now unhappily stalking in the noonday, under the forms of Richard Baliol, called, by the profane, *Sir* Richard, Charles Edwardes, and Martha Bethune Baliol, spinster,—let us consider firstly, that had they attended the comfortable, cordial condemnation of me, Habakkuk Howlingrace, this would not have taken place:—secondly, that that Moabitish young maiden, Madge Murray, was preserved from this danger, in consequence of having been present on the last Sabbath in our tabernacle, when I wrestled for her."

"Hush, Madge," said my grandmother,— "Hush, Madge, and respect the preacher for the sake of his calling."

"Ah, Grannie, had I known that you were near, I had not thus laughed at your pet:—but commend me, for I actually listened to him on Sunday. Knowing there would be no service in our church, I strayed to the kirk;" and then, in a snuffing tone, which, we could not fail to allow resembled Mr. Mackenzie's, she said, "my brethren sing as follows—

'The Lord shall come and he shall not
Keep silence bit speak out.'

Up started the precentor, and quavered out, 'sing to the teen o' mony musk:' he was from the far awa north by his accent, and voice he had none;—two men grunted and growled by way of bass, three women squealed and squaled by way of treble, and the whole reminded me of my favourite dish, bubble and squeak."

My grandmother tried to look grave but did not succeed very well, and we all laughed aloud.

"Miss Murray, as you seem to know every one, can you tell me what became of the celebrated *Mr. M'Vicar*?" said my Lord Derwentwater.

"Certainly; he is still in Edinburgh," replied Madge.

"Celebrated for what?" inquired Lucy.

"For the originality of his prayers. This time eight years ago, he was minister of St. Cuthbert's; and, being protected by the castle guns, he thought he ran no danger from *our* party, for I suppose you are aware that I am an adherent of the Stuarts."

"As we *all* are," said Madge; but you have been able to prove it by *deeds*, we by *words* only."

Lord D. bowed in acknowledgement, and continued, "Though the Prince had given orders that divine service should be as usual, the ministers were so terrified at the Highlanders that only two would officiate: one was Mr. Hog, one of ourselves, and the other Mr. M'Vicar, whose prayer ran in this style: 'Bless the King: Thou knowest what king I mean, and for this man that is come among us to seek an earthly crown, we beseech Thee in mercy to take him to Thyself and give him a crown of glory.' The Prince laughed heartily when he heard it, and declared that he was perfectly pleased with the petition."

"And were only two clergymen found who would perform their duty?" said Lucy.

"Only two; the rest, frightened at the Highlanders, forsook their flock and fled,—or certainly lay perdu for a season," replied my lord.

"Alas for the brave spirit of the good old times; though even

then the black coats of Edinburgh were a little afraid. Where was now the spirit which led the celebrated

‘Mass David Williamson,
Chosen o’ the twenty,
To run up the poopit stairs,
An’ sing Killiecrankie,’ ”

said Madge, laughing.

“Oh Madge dawtie,” said my grandmother, “have dune wi these idle sangs, and come, like a gude bairn, and eat your muncheon, or bonny Lucy Græme will think that ye are clean dementit.”

We three girls were seated in the oriel room after luncheon, when Lucy began asking me some questions I could ill answer about Lord D.; but Madge came to my assistance, and told her he was a particular friend of *hers*, (Madge), and that I could tell little about him. Lucy says they liked him much at the Knowe the two days he was there, he made himself so agreeable: he had brought letters from a cousin of theirs, Dr. Græme, who resides in Paris: but Dr. G. had merely said, that he was a young Englishman, and not a word who he was.

“Oh,” said Madge, “luckily *I* can tell you all about that. His father was a man, and his mother was a woman, and although Master Edwardes never boasts of his birth, I know pretty well he is descended from Adam. And yet what matter *who* he is,—it is more consequence *what* he is. I am sorry I have not time to tell you that also; but there is a carriage driving up the approach, and so exit Madge Murray.”

“We shall meet again to-morrow, dear Madge,” I said.

“Indeed I know not, and you will value me twice as much if you have some trouble in getting me.”

“You are worth the trouble, dear Madge, and if I could obtain you I should not grudge it,” said my brother in a low voice.

“I knew not that you were there, coz.,” she replied, blushing, “and indeed I dance so vilely that I shall ill repay your preference.”

“Come along, Harry, we shall have a smart ride to escape that shower now coming over the hills;” and, not perceiving my brother’s offered hand, she flung her arm round Harry, and left the room, my brother accompanying them, whilst we proceeded to the landing place to receive the guests, and presently he returned with the Murrays of Kilmaine. The family consists of Mrs. M., a son, and a daughter. The son is not good-looking, but agreeable and of pleasant address: the daughter appears to me to be proud and stiff.

This has been a day of disappointments. The Drummonds cannot come, being detained in Edinburgh by the illness of their son. Then I had set my heart on Sir Richard losing his, to pretty Lucy Græme, and opening the ball with her, and instead he has engaged Madge Murray, whose appearance is uncertain, and has vowed not to dance till she comes, and lo! his friend Kilmaine has secured the hand of Lucy, and appears as much struck by her beauty as I hoped my brother would be. She tells me that she has known Kilmaine some time having met him at Carbrechan, and she says she believes he admires Mary Drummond. I do wonder if such *really* be her belief. Besides the Murrays, we have Lord George Wemyss, Sir A. Primrose, the Stirlings, the two Miss Hunters, the Kays, and the Douglasses, and several more are expected to-morrow.

And to-morrow I shall be seventeen. How many changes will have occurred ere this day next year, and I must own that I long for some stirring scenes to vary the monotony of my quiet life.

September 17.—My birth day! The sun shines brightly; I accept it as an omen of a happy year. Some one knocks. It was my dear brother Richard, who came to be my first foot, and to present me with a handsome gold watch and *etui* which he has got all the way from London for me, also a beautiful lace cap from Flanders: he had two, which he tells me he brought from foreign parts for me. I accepted of one, but bid him keep the other for his wife:—he laughed, and said that ere she appears the fashion would be changed; and if I wished it not, I might present it to Madge or Lucy.

I shall give it Lucy, I said; for Madge cares not for head laces nor powder, but dresses in a fashion of her own, but not in *the* fashion. But now I must repair to my dear grandmother.

(To be continued.)

REGISTER

OF

NEW PUBLICATIONS, CORRESPONDENCE, AND EVENTS.

The Editor of the CATHOLIC MAGAZINE AND REGISTER desires that his Correspondents and Contributors may alone be held responsible for the opinions and sentiments that each may express. But he invites our Venerable Clergy and all Catholics to send him information on all matters of religious interest in their several neighbourhoods.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Catholic School. No. 1. August. Vol. II. Published by the Catholic Poor School Committee.

This little publication ought surely to find its way into the hands of every English Catholic interested in the education of our poor. And yet we grieve to read, amongst its notices to correspondents, the following remark: "We are informed that the *Catholic School* has been translated into German: are we guilty of vanity or presumption in wishing it were read in English?"

This is a reproof which ought to be felt.

The number before us contains much statistical information on the government grants and the grants from Privy Council hitherto made to our schools. These are put forth with authority. We have also a short account of the method of teaching adopted by the Brothers of Christian Instruction, and part of the Official Report of the Government Inspector of Catholic Schools, who seems to entertain opinions peculiar to himself as to the anxiety he alleges to be felt, by all the Catholic clergy and laity throughout Europe, that the state should everywhere "interfere in the extension and diffusion of popular education:" stating that, in all the inspected English Catholic Schools, the obligations of *citizens* are included amongst the very highest class of religious duties," and that "they aim at making good subjects as well as good Christians." Are we to understand that our school-system is to be that of a supplemental police?—that, in the words of the state catechism, it is to teach our children "to order themselves lowly and reverently to all their betters?"

We are surprised that the committee should have republished this report without comment: which may, however, be reserved with the conclusion of the paper for a future number.

Unity and Stability considered in respect to the Anglican Church. A Sermon preached by the Rev. R. Sumner, S.J., having reference to the Gorham Controversy. Burns and Lambert.

As the talented preacher of this little discourse observes, the public begins to tire of the Gorham question. It has not led to the results anticipated; and, in real fact, there is no appearance that it will affect any disruption of moment in the Established Church. We cannot agree with Mr. Sumner that the fall of the establishment, which he anticipates, would not be a subject of rejoicing to Catholics: because we feel that its wealth and connexions

are the principal bar to the greater diffusion of our holy religion: but, as yet, we see no symptom of the breaking up of the system—looking upon it as a system of police, a political engine. Some conscientious and consistent men will fly from the contradictions which, to them, will prove its origin: but the great mass of the people and Anglican clergy “care for none of these things,” and will go on as before: but with increased zeal, as being in face of an avowed antagonist.

The sermon before us gives, however, an eloquent and concise history of the controversy and of the relative position of the Catholic Church and of the Anglican establishment, and may be read and remembered with pleasure.

England with Reference to the Monastic Institute. An Essay upon the Restoration of Catholicity to that country in its full glory. By the Rev. M. Scally, C.C.C. Burns and Lambert.

This is an eloquent appeal to the people of England to restore the monastic institutions of our country. The state of the poor in Catholic times is vividly contrasted with their present degradation: and a pleasing picture is drawn of the interior of a monastery of the days of old. We are told that the profits of the publication are to be given to the preservation of the fourth Carmelite Church that has been solemnly consecrated in Ireland “since the accursed reformation.” Rather a strong term that to English ears! It sounds much the same as would “the d——d reformation.” Accursed and d——d that so called reformation was and is of heaven and of all who understand it. But we should like for works of this class to circulate widely—to startle without giving offence.

[Correspondents would much oblige us if they would send their communications earlier.]

The following publications have been received, and, with others, will be noticed next month:—

Discourse on the Popes. By Right Rev. Bishop Gillis.

Wilhem's Method of Singing.

St. Margaret of Scotland.

Newman's Lectures.

The Church and the World. By Bishop Hughes.

The Lamp.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DR. ROOKER ON THE STATE OF PRIOR PARK.

To the Editor of the “Catholic Magazine and Register.”

SIR.—It is very unusual for the President of a Seminary to address the public through the medium of the daily press, and most certainly I should not take such a step, if I did not feel myself imperatively called upon to do so. But opinions have been entertained respecting the College of Prior Park, most injurious to its stability and success, and I think myself bound to contradict them. Involved as we have been in the most serious difficulties, we might with some show of reason be supposed to neglect those committed to our care; but the charge, I believe, has been brought forward by those who know nothing of the resolution and cheerfulness with which every individual devoted himself to the preservation of the College. It has been said that we were a few private individuals, vainly struggling to carry out a speculation of their own, and therefore no ways entitled, except by their evident success, to look for patronage or support of the public: yet there

was not one of those, who sacrificed his time and labour to the cause, who did not feel within himself, that it was for religion alone, and her interests that he was contending.

This conviction, perhaps, would not have been sufficient to support us, if the Holy See had not so frequently and so emphatically expressed an ardent wish for the preservation of the Seminary of the Western District, and made use of extraordinary means for the purpose. 1st.—In the year 1847, by appointing Commissioners to examine into the pecuniary Status of the College, which they did most rigidly, and laid their report before the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda; on which occasion it was decreed, that an effort should be made to save the College, and collections for the purpose should be raised throughout England. 2dly.—In the year 1848, by calling upon all the Vic. Apos. of England to meet upon this question, and send each of them, separately, their deliberate opinion upon it: the result of which was, that the Sacred Congregation renewed their former decree respecting the collections to be made, and, moreover, called in Bishop Brown, of Wales, to assist the Vic. Apos. of the District, in what to them appeared so important a work. 3dly.—By frequent letters since written, urging individuals to greater exertions, and more confidence in carrying into execution the earnest wishes of the Holy See: and, lastly, when Alex. Raphael, Esq., M.P., had come forward with such noble generosity, and relieved the College of much of its embarrassment, by handsomely acknowledging the deed as a great benefit to religion, and conferring on him the dignity of Knight of St. Silvester.

All this is sufficient to prove that we are not acting as private individuals, nor for private ends, but under the sanction of the Holy See, and for the benefit of religion only. Notwithstanding the repeated recommendations of the Sacred Congregation de Prop. Fide, and the strong feelings, expressed by His Holiness himself, for the preservation of the College, our collection was, from a variety of causes, not successful; and consequently, we are still subject to the greatest difficulties: nevertheless, with the sincerest gratitude to those who have generously aided us, we shall still persevere in our efforts: and have the fairest hopes that, by the blessing of Heaven, their charity will be productive of invaluable blessings to future generations. I may be allowed to express this hope so far as I can confide in human means, since I have secured the assistance of the Rev. Dr. Logan, now Vice-President of the College, and the Rev. J. B. Morris; and am daily expecting to hear of other assistants. Therefore, we have not only at command a sufficient force to carry on the studies of the two Colleges of St. Peter and St. Paul with vigour and success, but feel justified in enlarging our plan, so as to receive into the Mansion, which is distinct from the Colleges, a number of young men, who wish to prosecute their studies, after taking their degree at the University of London, or revise their academical course, under the ablest professors. To these, of course, greater liberty would be allowed, but none would be admitted, on whom the most perfect reliance could not be placed, that, without the stringency of college rules, they would conduct themselves on all occasions with the most perfect propriety, as gentlemen and as Christians. Every one acquainted with the College will be aware that we have every facility for carrying out this project, and I hope the foregoing statement will show that we are justified in undertaking it.

Since, however, the education of ecclesiastics is the principal end of the establishment, our first care and greatest solicitude are devoted to that all-important object. And if we seek to give a stimulus to the youthful mind, we have chiefly in view those higher and more serious studies that must afterwards engage their attention, in the pursuit of which we hope to provide the Alumni with Professors as distinguished as those, who now preside over

the schools of Classics and Philosophy. Neither need any apprehension be entertained that, by carrying out the proposals before-mentioned, we shall trench upon that discipline and seclusion, so essential to those who are preparing to serve the altar, and thus endanger the vocation of the young ecclesiastic, and direct his thoughts and aspirations from their sacred purpose.

We have abundant room for all; and are enabled to make such arrangements as to keep the different classes of students as completely by themselves as if they were residing in different colleges. Thus, though our plan is thus considerably enlarged, we trust that, by the increased number of Professors and the extraordinary advantages afforded by the disposition of the buildings and grounds, we shall do full justice to all, and render the College not unworthy of the patronage and support to which we humbly aspire.

THOMAS ROOKER, D.D.,

President of Prior Park.

22nd August, 1850.

CORRESPONDENCE.

HON. AND REV. G. SPENCER ON THE CONVERSION OF ENGLAND.

To the Editor of the "Catholic Magazine and Register."

JESU CHRISTI PASSIO.

DEAR SIR,—In my last letter I said I should perhaps return again to the subject of the children. I have wished to see all classes of persons enlisted in the great cause, the great work of saving England; but children I have had particularly in view, and this not only for the sake of England, but for their own sake. Is it not important for them that correct thoughts should be instilled into their minds with regard to the value of the true faith, and the important duty of gaining to it others who are astray? I submit whether it is not almost necessary in our days, for the security of their own faith, that they should be trained up to a proper feeling of what it is to be without it. They will naturally, when they come out into the world, be in constant communication with Protestants, every one of whom, we may depend upon it, the enemy of their souls will try to employ as an instrument to pervert them, and to spoil either their faith or morals. It seems to me that the only way to make them safe is to arm them with great charity and zeal for the conversion of these, their poor brethren; and what a powerful additional incentive will be thus furnished us with which to move them to profit by our care and instructions. If I am right in the choice of the three means, which I proposed in my last letter, for carrying out this work, prayer, good example, and instruction, and we put these before our children and stir their zeal, we can press them, by this new great motive, to learn to pray well, to become models of every virtue, and to be attentive scholars, that they may learn their religion perfectly, and thus, in due time, be able to give answers to objections, and to teach others. And what might not one child, thus well trained, do for his country? and if one could do so much, what might not thousands? There is a case in ancient history which shows powerfully what a child well trained may do. During the wars between the two great rival powers, Rome and Carthage, there was a Carthaginian boy, whose father used to take him to the altars of their gods, and make him swear an eternal hatred against Rome. That child was Hannibal, who, when grown to man's age, had learnt to beat all the Roman armies, and, but for one false move, would have demolished Rome herself. Oh! why are not English Catholic boys trained up like Hannibal; not indeed to hatred, but to love; trained, like him, to cherish one thought,

and only one; to live for one purpose, and but one, excepting always their own salvation; that is, the salvation of their country. What a host of heroes might we thus prepare for the conflict, and how sure would the victory become? What heroes have faith and charity produced in all times! and why not now? I often have thought of a saint, called Simeon the Sindonite, from the single linen tunic which he always wore, whose example we might thus see imitated with great success by many. He was a hermit in the deserts of Syria, in the early ages of the Church, who, moved by compassion for souls, left his hermitage and went and sold himself as a slave to an infidel family. We may be sure his servitude was not the most agreeable. Accustomed to a hermitage, as he was, he could not have been much of a servant, and with his single tunic, which he never changed, he would not gain a distinguished place in the family; and his religion would gain him no favour at first, but all the contrary. This, however, was all to his mind. He went in search of sufferings, which he might offer to God continually for those who inflicted them; and he went on bearing them and offering them, and praying and working, and astonishing all by his patience and virtue, and sometimes saying a word in season, till he saw the whole family converted and baptized. They were then ready to give him all they had, but he had not come for that. He had gained his point there, and went to another place, where he played the same game, and then to a third; and having gained all three, in about three years each, nine years in all, he judged his apostolic days were past, returned to his cell, and finished his course, as he began it, praising God, and fasting and praying for himself and for all the world. I first thought of St. Simeon the Sindonite as a saint to place high in my calendar for England when I was preaching the crusade for England in Ireland, in 1842, and I said to myself, and said to others too, how grand a thing would it be for the Irish reapers who come over to England in those vast troops every summer, and for the Irish girls who come too to find poor places and earn their poor wages in Protestant families, if all could be fired up with the spirit of this saint, and look not so much for the little bit of money they get as for a harvest of souls. I do not flatter myself that my few words eight years ago created many Sindonites among the boys and girls of Ireland. Poor things! they wanted reminding, and I could not go and remind them, and no one else cared to do it. They might hear plenty about England, but not much of charity or compassion for our miseries. Well, I fancy, perhaps, a day may yet come for Ireland to take notice of the glories that are before her, if she will take up God's work for England; but just now I am writing for the English boys and girls, and I want to see if any one will think of teaching them what they might do for God and his Church, and for their own country too, if they would take up the spirit of the saints of God's Church, or the spirit even of the hero patriots of Rome and Carthage. What they might do for God, the Church, and their country, did I say? Oh! do not forget to tell them what they would be doing for themselves.

And now a word or two for *Unus* whom I shall be pleased in due time to know how to call by a more definite name. I will say, to begin, that if we had many such as he seems to be, we might do something to the purpose. We want something of an army, but so long as we can see but one *Unus* here and another *Unus* there, who shows a spirit for the cause, and of these hardly one who will yet make bold to give his name, what can we do? We should make but a sorry figure if we took the field. Now, for myself, I have made up my mind to making this sorry figure; I have been preaching the crusade for twelve years nearly, and it is good for me that I may be told: Well, did not we say so? it will all end in nothing

But in the matter before us now I have others to consider. I have already had my thoughts in the direction that *Unus* points out in this last interesting letter. I have thought of secular confraternities in connexion with our Congregation of the Passion, which might serve as rallying points for those who would devote themselves as soldiers of the great army which, I sometimes hope, will at last be raised to fight with spiritual weapons, and conquer England for the Church of God. But this was to be no new foundation of mine. There are already Confraternities of the Passion in Italy, which are devoted to various good objects, and work very well in connexion with our body; and one of dear Father Dominic's last favourite wishes was to see them established in this country. The only new feature which I thought of adding to his idea was, that in addition to their other objects, or, if it were approved by our superiors, as their principal object, they should be devoted to the conversion of England, as I have said; and, moreover, I did not think of this as something suitable to the object because of my being a Passionist myself. No; there is another much more worthy reason to show the congruity of this proposition. The Venerable Father Paul of the Cross, founder of our congregation, was most wondrously devoted to England during fifty years of his life. He never could have known an Englishman by sight, but he was always thinking of England, speaking of England, praying for England, and he is the only one of the distinguished servants of God who is recorded to have had such a special and engrossing attachment to this object. On this account I conceived that if Catholics of England would at last take up the object in earnest, a nucleus for the movement might with propriety be formed thus. But although, as I was saying above, it matters not that any project of mine should come to nothing, our superiors at Rome might not think it right that a move like this should be attempted with a probability of its proving a failure; and though, I trust, we shall begin to be in earnest in time, I question whether at present there are such signs of earnestness among us as to give much hope of its succeeding, so I fancy we must yet wait a while and see what will come!

I am, dear Sir, your faithful Servant in Christ,

IGNATIUS OF ST. PAUL, *Passionist*.

Convent of Mercy, Sunderland, August 13th, 1850.

ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.

DR. WISEMAN AND THE LONDON DISTRICT.—Nothing more positive is as yet known, as to the elevation of Dr. Wiseman to the Cardinalate, or as to his Successor to the London Vicariate. His Lordship is on his journey to Rome, where he will doubtless continue; if, as seems to be understood, the new dignity be conferred upon him. He will there be the channel through which all communications between England and the Holy See, whether on the part of individuals, of the Secular Clergy or the Vicars Apostolic, must pass. Accustomed, as he is, to the atmosphere and to the habits of diplomacy of the Roman Court, he will be able to represent every matter that may come before him in its true light, and to advance the cause of religion in this country, without fear or favour,—without object of personal ambition, without personal jealousies, predilection or aversions. Such a Minister of English Catholicism at the Court of Rome, would do incalculable good.

Rumour is, of course, busy in naming a successor to Dr. Wiseman in the London District. Dr. Cox has been much spoken of; Monsignor Brindle, who was before pressed upon the Holy See, by the united voice of the Vicars Apostolic, and unaccountably superseded, is, by many, looked upon as the

future Bishop or Archbishop; while the name of Dr. Gillis has been circulated as that of the prelate who is to assume the onerous charge. We will only express a prayer that the choice of the Holy See may fall upon a priest acquainted with England, and with missionary duties in England; upon one who may practically and personally know the feelings of parties in England, the requirements of the age, the aspirations of hope, the drawbacks of necessity: upon one who, advancing onwards to the utmost limits that prudence may warrant, will remember that this is still a missionary country, and will husband our resources of every kind so as to be able to put them forward at special times, when and where they may do the greatest good to the greatest number:—upon one who shall be a man of business, acquainted with the business that is to be done in England. The talents of a preacher, a controversialist or a writer, are overlaid by the cares of an English vicariate.

THE LATE LORD PETRE—We regret that our limited space does not allow us to insert the full details that have been supplied to us of the funeral of this lamented nobleman. It was, we are told, "strictly private:" but six mourning coaches and four conveyed the members of the family of the deceased; and between three and four thousand persons assembled to witness the procession and to pay the tribute of their respect and sympathy. The body was not interred with the ancestral dead of the family: but in a large new vault in the Catholic Chapel of Brentwood, where it was received by a large body of the clergy. The Rev. R. Lythgoe preached an eloquent funeral oration.

MR. NEWMAN AND THE POPE.—His Holiness the Pope, to express his sense of Mr. Newman's services in the cause of theology, has conferred on him the degree of Doctor in Divinity by diploma.—*Times*.

The association for the propagation of the Roman Catholic faith, received for the month to the 1st July, in Ireland, £202.

In consideration of the large and seasonable aid extended to the College of Prior Park, by Alexander Raphael, Esq., M.P. for St. Alban's, the Pope has been pleased to confer on the honourable gentleman the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Sylvester.

On Tuesday evening the Right Rev. Dr. Wiseman held a levee at his Episcopal residence in Golden-square. Bishops Wareing, Morris, and Naker (whose see is near Mount Lebanon), the Earl of Fingall, the Right Hon. R. L. Sheil, M.P., Mr. R. M. Bellow, M.P., Mr. Clarkson Stanfield, R.A., Mr. C. P. Cooper, Q.C., and a very numerous body of the Roman Catholic Clergy and laity attended. The Earl of Arundel and Surrey was absent on account of illness; and in the course of the evening Mr. T. Barnewall, (the Chairman), accompanied by a numerous deputation, presented the address (agreed upon that morning at the Thatched-house Tavern) to Dr. Wiseman, to which his Lordship, who was deeply affected, made a very eloquent reply. His Lordship will forthwith proceed to Rome to attend the Consistory, which, we are informed, is likely to be held about the 10th of September.—*Times*.

At Northampton, on Sunday last, before the High Mass, a partial indulgence was published by command of the Lord Bishop, which was recently granted by his Holiness Pope Pius IX., in an autograph rescript on occasion of a private audience. The indulgence is of 300 days to all the faithful, who shall devoutly pray for the Conversion of England "*ut specialiter*," by saying a "*Hail Mary*."

SENTENCE OF PENANCE.—In the Consistory Court of the diocese of Ripon an action for libel and slander was last week brought by Miss C. Mary Luis Fernandez, the second daughter of Mr. J. L. Fernandez, of Sandal, near Wakefield, against Mr. Joseph Horner, the elder, of Wakefield, corn miller, and a member of the town council of that borough, for certain

slandrous reports which had been circulated by the defendant, tending to prejudice the character and reputation of the plaintiff, and reflecting upon her virtue. The Chancellor (the Rev. John Headlam) decided that the defendant "ought to be duly and canonically corrected and punished," and that he be compelled "to perform a salutary and suitable penance, according to his demerit, for his excess aforesaid." The act of penance enjoined was performed by the defendant on the 25th of August, thousands attending outside the church, cheering and hooting.

INSTITUTION OF THE REV. G. C. GORHAM.—At the termination of the ordinary business in the Prerogative Court yesterday (6th Aug.) the Rev. G. C. Gorham was introduced to Sir H. J. Fust. Having signed the articles and taken the customary oaths, Sir H. J. Fust addressed Mr. Gorham to the following effect:—

"We, Sir Herbert Jenner Fust, Knight, Doctor of Laws, and Official Principal of the Arches Court of Canterbury, lawfully constituted, do, by virtue of the authority to us committed, admit you, the Rev. George Cornelius Gorham, clerk, B. D., to the Vicarage of Brampford Speke, in the county of Devon, diocese of Exeter, and province of Canterbury; we do give you true, lawful and canonical institution, and do invest you with all the rights and appurtenances thereunto belonging, and do commit you the care of the souls of the parishioners of the said parish."

Mr. Gorham then bowed to the learned judge and retired, accompanied by his proctor, Mr. Bowdler. The proceeding was quite unexpected, and when Mr. Gorham was introduced very few persons were present, but information of the fact spread with great rapidity, and a large number of the practitioners at Doctors'-Commons entered the court before the completion of the institution.—*Times*.

THE REV. G. C. GORHAM. [from 'Bentley's Miscellany.']—Mr. Gorham is a native of St. Neot's, in Huntingdonshire, and in 1805 entered Queen's College, Cambridge, of which the late Dr. Milner, Dean of Carlisle, was then president. During his usual academical course, Mr. Gorham obtained the mathematical, classical and theological prizes, which that society had to bestow on the students and bachelors of arts of the college. He obtained also two university prizes. While yet an undergraduate in 1808, the Norrisian gold medal was awarded to him for an "Essay on Public Worship." He took his degree of B.A. in January, 1809, on which occasion he was third wrangler of his year, the present Baron Alderson being the senior wrangler. On the contest for Dr. Smith's two mathematical prizes, the examination for which take place immediately after the conclusion of the bestowment of the degrees on the bachelors of arts, he had the distinction of dividing the second prize with second wrangler, Mr. Standley, afterwards Vicar of Southoe. This is, we believe the only instance of that prize having been divided.

Immediately after this, Mr. Gorham quitted Cambridge for a year and a half, and resided at Edinburgh as the companion of a nobleman of his own standing and university, on the recommendation of Dean Wilmer and the late William Wilberforce. During this period (in 1810) he was fellow of Queen's College, and in 1811 obtained a divinity prize, given annually to a bachelor of arts of that society. In 1811 he was ordained deacon and in 1813 priest by Dr. Dampier, Bishop of Ely. On the former of these occasions the bishop instituted a private examination and threatened to withhold ordination from him on the very subject of baptismal regeneration on which the Bishop of Exeter thirty-seven years afterwards, refused him institution. The young deacon stood firm to his principles, and the worthy bishop, wiser or more tolerant than his brother prelate, had the grace to give way. Mr. Gorham resided in Queen's College for three years after his ordi-

nation, taking private pupils and exercising his ministry in parishes in the neighbourhood of Cambridge.

In 1814, he left college for the curacy of Beckenham in Kent. From 1818 to 1827, he was curate of the parish of Clapham, Surrey, under the late Dr. Dealtry. In the latter year, he married Jane, the second daughter of the Rev. John Martyn, and grand-daughter to the Rev. Thomas Martyn, late Regius Professor of Botany in the University of Cambridge, of whom and of whose father, also a very eminent botanist, Mr. Gorham published very interesting and much desiderated memoirs in 1830. After having served several curacies in different dioceses, Mr. Gorham was presented in 1846, by Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst, to the vicarage of St. Just in Penwith, Cornwall, and diocese of Exeter, to which he was instituted in February of that year, by the present bishop, and which living he still holds, the benefice being nearly £500 a year. In November 1847, he was presented by the late Chancellor, Lord Cottenham, to the smaller vicarage of Bramford Speke, near Exeter returned as worth £216 a-year, the exchange being accepted (as it was stated in the late pleadings) as being more agreeable to Mr. Gorham, that gentleman wishing for a less onerous charge in the decline of life, and as affording greater facilities for the education of his children.

THE GORHAM CASE.—The Puseyites are in a ridiculous minority in the Church, in spite of the noise they contrive to make in the world. The "Church and State Gazette" says—"It is believed that the following prelates have declared their approval of the decision of the Judicial Committee of Privy Council in the late Gorham Case:—The Archbishops of Canterbury, York and Dublin, the Bishops of Durham, Peterborough, Ely, Hereford, Lichfield, Chester, St. Asaph, St. David's, Worcester, Norwich, and Manchester, as not affecting the doctrine of the Church. The Bishops of Salisbury, Gloucester and Ripon, have returned unambiguous replies to the Tractarian addresses. The Bishop of Bangor dissents from the judgment. The Bishop of Rochester claims for it 'legal respect.' The Bishops of Exeter, Bath, London, and Oxford, are hostile. The Bishops of Lincoln, Carlisle, Winchester, Chichester, Landaff and Sodor and Man, are not yet known to have expressed themselves upon the subject. The two Universities of Oxford and Cambridge have each declined entering into the controversy; but about one-fourth of the members of Convocation of the first-mentioned have separately addressed the Archbishop of Canterbury against the decision. This address is signed by two only out of the twenty-four heads of colleges and halls, and six professors only—all of the Tractarian party, viz., Professors Pusey, Hussey, Reay, Earle, Kenyon and Cooke, and includes the names of Judge Coleridge and the well known Archdeacons Thorpe, Wilberforce, and two Scotch bishops, who, notwithstanding their secession from the English Church, retain their names on the University register as members. The University of Cambridge has not moved. From a Summary of the results of the agitation which has reached us, it would appear that the total number of clerical dissentients from the judgment throughout England does not exceed 2,000 out of 15,000, and the number of laity who have come forward is insignificant. After the failure of the last effort at St. Martin's Hall, which was remarkable for the absence of Mr. Gladstone, M.P., and others whose presence or absence on such occasions is regarded as indicative of the probability of success or the reverse, we may dismiss the agitation as something beyond a Denison power to resuscitate."

PARLIAMENTARY RECORD.

JULY 31.—SUNDAY TRADING BILL.

The **EARL of ARUNDEL and SURREY** observed, that his views respecting the observance of the Sunday differed very materially from those entertained by a great majority of members of that house, and also by the great majority of those for whom Parliament legislated. He did not regard the observance of the Sunday as commanded by Divine authority. He regarded the observance of Sunday, and of other holydays, as a precept of the Church. (Hear, hear.) He regarded those holydays as set aside by the precept of the Church, to be as strictly observed as the Sunday; and he considered that the Church had the power, if it thought fit so to do, to alter the observance of the Sunday to Tuesday, Wednesday, or any other day of the week. If the observance of the Sunday were established by Divine authority, the Church would have no power to make such an alteration. In Rome, in Sardinia, and in many of the German Catholic states, the shops were as generally closed on the Sunday as they were in any part of London, while in some of the German Protestant states the shops were as generally open on that day as they were in Paris. He could not sympathise on the one hand with those who wished to have the Sunday desecrated, as he considered, or, on the other hand, with those who desired to have it observed with a rigidity he thought unnecessary, and therefore he would not vote upon the principle of this measure.

AUGUST 1.—**BARON ROTHSCHILD.**

The **ATTORNEY-GENERAL**: Before proceeding to the next order of the day, perhaps the house will permit me to give notice that I shall on Monday next move the two following resolutions:—

1. "That the Baron Lionel de Rothschild is not entitled to vote in this house or to sit in this house during any debate, until he shall have taken the oath of abjuration in the form appointed by law."

After that has been disposed of I propose to move—

2. "That this house will, on the earliest opportunity in the next session of Parliament, take into its serious consideration the form of the oath of abjuration, with a view to relieve her Majesty's subjects professing the Jewish religion."

The reading of these resolutions, and more especially the latter, was accompanied by a storm of "oh"s from honourable members.

AUGUST 6.—**ROMAN CATHOLIC PRELATES.**

Sir R. INGLIS said that a certain foreign potentate having appointed to certain offices certain persons in her Majesty's dominions abroad, a circular had been issued from the Colonial Office, which, it appeared, would have the effect of giving those persons precedence over other persons appointed to offices by her Majesty. He wished to know whether it was intended to keep this circular in force?

Mr. HAWES said that directions had been issued to the Colonial authorities that the Roman Catholic prelates in those colonies should have their titles recognised; but those directions included no precedence to be given to the parties.

FOREIGN.

ROME, AUG. 8th.—St. Peter's, the Pope, and "your own correspondent," are the only notabilities at present in Rome: St. Peter's, because like St. Paul's, it never leaves town; the Pope, because he will not move to Castel Gondolfo before the approaching consistory; and "your own," because the post of duty is the place of honour. How far flesh and blood can bear a month of August in the Vatican and the Corso is a question yet to be determined; but, if I am to judge by the bilious and awfully pale faces of the people condemned by poverty or other circumstances to remain, his Holiness and the humble personage who has the care of your correspondent will, when the shooting season begins, have little reason to congratulate themselves on their appearance. The weather is certainly most unpropitious, but the *malaria* has as yet done but little mischief, and the season is, I hear, anything but sickly; so that, putting tolerably good health into the one scale, and a cadaverous aspect only in the other, the balance of good is in our favour, and the Holy Father and his unworthy son may have reason to be satisfied. I met the Pope and his retinue of Noble Guards, Cardinals, and Monsignores, the night before last, on the Civita Vecchia road, about half-a-league distant from St. Peter's. He had left his carriage, and, attended by a few of his personal friends, was on foot, enjoying the freshness of a beautiful evening, and admiring the last rays of the setting sun. Just as he had reached a hill on which the glory of the "god of day" still lingered, a convoy of five carriages coming from the coast appeared; and one of the persons in the leading carriage, exclaiming in Italian and French, "On foot, ladies and gentlemen!" the whole of the passengers, at least forty in number, some French, some English, some American, some Spanish, and the rest Italian, jumped out and fell on their knees just as the Supreme Pontiff joined them. The Pope was dressed in a flowing white robe, with a wide crimson hat, and in the midst of the cardinals with their gorgeous costume presented a most picturesque object. The people kissed his feet and his fingers, each receiving a word of devout consolation, and when that ceremony with all was accomplished, Pio Nono, raising his hands to heaven, said with his fine melodious voice,—"*Siamo contentissimi à dare à voi, appena arrivata sotto l'ombra della cupola di S. Pietro, la benedizione in nome dell' onnipotente Iddio de Fedeli.*" The Holy Father then passed on, the group remaining on their knees until he was out of sight, and then only all arose—the ladies weeping, and the men imploring blessings on his sainted head. I chanced to know some of the party, and in particular more than one person who had been the decided enemy of the Church, but the whole were converted on the spot, and all declared they were ready to shed their blood in the service of the the Supreme Pontiff. As for myself, not wishing to attract attention, I had retired to a quiet corner on the roadside, but I was struck with awe, and admiration at the impressive spectacle, and cold as one becomes to scenic effects by long experience of the realities of life I can never forget this scene."

It is to be deplored that the Papal government will now take advantage of this state of public opinion to establish such monetary and administrative reforms as circumstances imperatively demand. With French bayonets here, and Austrian at Bologna, full security is obtained; but if these bayonets were removed to-morrow, or if they be removed 20 years hence, another revolution must take place, unless in the meantime sound principles be adopted, and the only security which sovereigns can have—that of public opinion—be wisely invoked. In my humble opinion there are no parts of Europe which have so many resources as Tuscany and the Papal States, or where the mischiefs of years of misrule can be so easily repaired; it only requires the will to dare and the will to do to make all right, and a man of

ordinary firmness and capacity is all that is at present demanded. The Papal throne, above all others, is that which is the most easily supported. It has the basis which Archimedes required to move the globe, and the fact cannot be overlooked, that respect to the Madonna and all the forms which Protestant England calls superstition were strictly adhered to during the worst days of the revolution, and are even now upheld with the same fidelity that they were in the last century. Infidelity has no doubt taken the place of religion in many minds, but the mass of the people remain the same, and are likely, whether they be right or wrong in your opinion, to remain so. That fact, added to the liberty of action insured by the Austrian and French armies of occupation, should convince the Pope that now or never a wise and strong Administration should be established, and the first stones laid of that constitutional fabric, by which, sooner or later, all parts of the Peninsula must be ruled. I have reason to believe that sentiments like these are entertained in high quarters at Rome, and I begin to see the dawn of good government through the mist of the present feeble and corrupt administration.—*Times*.

DEATH OF LOUIS PHILIPPE.—The ex-King of the French expired at Claremont, on the 26th inst., after dictating the conclusion of his memoirs and receiving all the sacraments of the Church. The "*Globe*" says, that the funeral will take place at the cathedral of St. George; and then sagely adds, "on Sunday next, in all the Catholic churches in London, there will be high mass."

BIRTHS.

On the 23rd of August, at No. 25, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, the lady of **MR. ALFRED RYMER**, of a daughter.

On the 24th of August, at North Hyde, the lady of **MR. JAMES SCOLES**, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

On the 23rd of July, at the Catholic Church, Kemerton, by the Rev. P. A. Ridgway, **MR. JAMES F. HEALY**, Cheltenham, to **ANNE**, youngest daughter of the late Charles Tidmarsh, Esq., of Kemerton, Gloucestershire.

On the 8th of August, at the Catholic Church, and afterwards at the Parish Church, Pontefract, **T. H. PEDLEY**, Esq., of that place, to Miss **GULLY**, daughter of John Gully, Esq., of Ackworth Park.

DEATHS.

On the 14th of July, at St. John's, Newfoundland, the **RIGHT REV. DR. FLEMING**, Catholic Bishop of Newfoundland.

On the 22nd of July, **SISTER MARY AUSTIN CUDDON**, aged 33, Superioress of the Convent of Sisters of Mercy, at Wolverhampton, whilst staying at the Handsworth Convent for the benefit of her health.

On the 31st of July, Miss **BYRNE**, of Cabinteely.

On the 2nd of August, the **REV. WILLIAM BROWN**, of Great Crosby, near Liverpool, in which Mission he had laboured assiduously for 25 years.

On the 11th of August, at Great Eccleston, the **RIGHT REV. DR. SHARPLES**, Coadjutor Bishop of the Lancashire District.

At Kingstown, the **REV. JOSEPH BEHAN**, Professor of Logic, at Maynooth.

On the 12th of August, at Penzance, **MARY ANNE**, daughter of Samuel Cox, Esq., M.D. of Eaton Bishop, in the County of Hereford.

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VOL. XII.

RECOLLECTIONS OF EMINENT MEN.

THE RIGHT REV. PETER AUGUSTINE BAINES, BISHOP OF
SIGA, VICAR APOSTOLIC IN THE WESTERN DISTRICT OF
ENGLAND, &c.

Continuation (from page 99) of the History of the Pastoral, addressed, in an unpublished letter, by his Lordship to the Cardinal Prefect of Propaganda, who had summoned him to Rome to meet the charges of the "English Converts."

"I SHALL now proceed to the charges brought against the Pastoral, taking them in the numerical order in which they occur.*

"No. 1.—This number, as well as several others, insinuates, if it does not positively assert, that these charges are made by the 'new converts of England.'

"Now, is this true? Most certainly not. I have already informed your Eminence, that the number of converts made in the Western District, during the year 1839, amounted to 221, which number bears the proportion of 1 to 113, with reference to the whole Catholic population of the district. Suppose, then, that the number of converts in the other districts bears as large a proportion to the number of Catholics as in mine; and suppose the total number of Catholics in England to amount to 600,000, then the total number of converts in one year ought to be 5309. Suppose, also, that by the term '*new converts*' are meant the converts of the last five years, then will their number amount to 26,545. These, then, are the '*novelli convertiti*,' the new converts of England. And have these persons made or authorized the charges presented to your Eminence against my Pastoral? Not one in a hundred, if left to his own judgment, would have done it—not one in a thousand has done it.

"I have been informed that the person who sent the copy of

* These charges are given at length in the September Number of the MAGAZINE.

the Pastoral to Rome, which fell into the hands of the Sacred Congregation, was Henry Bagshaw, Esq. Now, I am intimately acquainted with Mr. Bagshaw, and I feel confident that he is as incapable of preferring against me the charges, which have been grounded upon the Pastoral, as he is unlike the characters described in it.

"If, then, he is the only complainant on the part of the 'new converts of England,' it will follow, that this long list of awful charges does not come from these converts at all, but has been concocted in Rome, by some individuals, whose activity in this affair is well known, and whose want of sympathy towards me and my concerns admits of no doubt.

"That other converts, besides Mr. Bagshaw, may have sent complaints, is no more than I expected: but I feel quite confident that not one of them ever imagined the precise charges which have been presented to the Sacred Congregation. These charges bear upon their front the evidence of an author, who understands the art of framing his accusations in a way that will produce the greatest effect, in this particular place and at this particular moment. This is not the work of the new converts of England.

"No. 2.—The converts insinuate that the author of the Pastoral did not understand St. Paul, when he speaks of 'old wives' fables.' They are mistaken. He understood the apostle perfectly. Who are these learned converts, who understand the Scriptures better than their bishop? This sounds rather Protestant. And why was the important '*et cetera*,' omitted by them in their translation? Was this done to give greater plausibility to their charge?

"No. 3.—I do not know what is meant to be complained of in this number, unless it be that the author of the Pastoral should have had the presumption to compare the converts of England with those of St. Paul!

"No. 4.—In this number, the converts are made to complain that, whilst I call them 'perverse converts,' I will not allow them to call Protestants, *ad libitum*, 'heretics.' My reason is explained in the Pastoral itself (sec. 3).

"No. 5.—This is a curious article. The converts deny that they have ever used harsh language towards Protestants. I never said they had. I asserted that *some of our controvertists* had begun to do so; but I did not say that these controvertists were converts. (Pastoral, sec. 3).

"As a proof that they have not used such language, the converts assert that they have made many converts, and are upon good terms with their Protestant brethren. They allow, then, that the use of harsh language would prevent their making con-

verts, and being upon good terms with Protestants. This is just what I maintain, and therefore I am glad to have the converts with me in disapproving of the conduct of those Catholics, whoever they may be, who write controversy in a style of asperity and harshness.

"The converts go on to say, that 'Dr. Baines had no better motive for what he wrote than to flatter the Protestants, whom he puts almost on a level with Catholics, whilst he reserves all bile for the converts.' This is an uncharitable charge. I am not given to flattering any body, nor can I understand what I should gain by flattering Protestants in particular. Were I to flatter my superiors, or those who could reward me for my adulation, my conduct, if not very creditable, would be at least intelligible, and I might quote great examples in its favour; but to flatter, where nothing is to be gained, is as foolish as it is discreditable.

"The converts go on to say, that they have never thought of calling any individual Protestant a heretic. I never said they had, but I am delighted to find that they disapprove with me of such uncivil and uncharitable conduct.

"The converts add, that 'as Protestants are a sect notoriously heretical,' they fear that, if they do not call them heretics, they may confound them with the Catholics, particularly since the divines of Oxford have begun to affect for their party the name of Catholics.—I am happy to have it in my power to assist the converts in their difficulty. I could refer them to St Augustine's charitable mode of addressing the Donatist Bishops, but I will rather direct their attention to the more recent conduct of St. Francis of Sales in his intercourse with the Calvinists, whom he converted in such immense numbers, or I would recommend them to read the controversial works of the great Bossuet, of Dr. Milner, Dr. Wiseman, Dr. Lingard, Dr. Fletcher, Mr. Husenbeth, and a host of others, who have contrived to write most powerfully against the Protestant religion, without ever applying reproachful terms to its followers. I do not say that the latter do not often deserve reproachful language; nor do I mean to disapprove always of its being applied to them; but as a general rule, I consider reproachful language towards the erring as both impolitic and uncharitable, and it was to such language as this, which it is certain *has been* used amongst us, and which I could quote, were it necessary, that I objected in my Pastoral.

"As to the Oxford divines assuming the name of Catholic, the converts need not trouble themselves on this account. It has been done constantly, by every heretical and schismatical sect, since the days of St. Augustine. Its assertion, on the part

of the Protestants, may always be met with a denial, on the part of the Catholics. But there is no reason why Catholics should say an uncivil thing because Protestants say a foolish one. Let the converts in all doubtful cases, stick to the term Roman Catholics, and they cannot be mistaken.

“No. 6.—This number causes in me a mixture of pleasure and pain; pleasure to be informed that the converts are respected by the Protestants, (for I had feared that it was not the case), and pain to hear that they should have been abused and ill-treated ‘by a party of their brethren,’ and this for their attachment ‘to Roman maxims and devotions.’ I am still more grieved to hear that there should be a party in the Catholic body more hostile to these maxims and devotions than to heresy itself!! I cannot understand how such a party can consistently call itself Catholic; for to reject the maxims and devotions of Rome is to reject the maxims and devotions of the Catholic Church, whilst to favour heretical doctrines is to participate in their guilt.

“I am happy, however, to assure the converts that there is no such party in the Western District. *There*, not only the doctrines and essential discipline of the Catholic Church are universally received amongst the Catholics, but all that concerns the exterior of religion is rigorously fashioned upon the Roman model. Every one who has been at Prior Park must have seen with what scrupulous exactitude the clerical habits, the sacerdotal vestments, the ceremonies, rubrics, and religious observances of every kind, are observed as in Rome, both by the bishop himself, and by the clergy, seminarists, and secular students. In fact, having enjoyed the singular honour and advantage of assisting, for several years, at the throne of the Sovereign Pontiff, and witnessing the manner in which all the sacred functions are performed in the presence of the august Head of the Church, it was impossible for me not to feel how superior is the Papal ceremonial to any other, and how infinitely better suited for a country like England, where it is desirable that every thing connected with religion should be as conformable to ancient usage, as free from modern local innovations, and as consistent with good taste, as possible. Now all these particulars are so admirably combined in the Papal ceremonial, that I have long considered it as the model which ought to be followed by us, and have therefore established it in my district.

“In this district, then, I must again assure the converts, that no such party as they complain of exists, nor do I think it does in the London or Northern Districts. Possibly there may be something of the kind in the Midland District, though I hope not much. Indeed, I have feared, for some time, that the

attempt to change the sacred vestments, liturgy, and ceremonial of Rome for others used, or supposed to have been used, at some former period in England, might, by degrees, weaken the respect and veneration which all national churches ought to bear to the parent Church, and thus give birth to some schismatical party similar to what the converts describe.

“However, as the Holy See has resolved to suppress those dangerous innovations in the Midland District, and has just sent thither a prelate who has of late distinguished himself as the supporter of every thing Roman, I console myself with the hope that the root of the evil will be entirely destroyed, and that the party, of which the converts complain, will of itself wither away.

“I am the more confirmed in the persuasion that the party, complained of by the converts, is some small confederation in the Midland District, from observing that the complainants in No. 6 are not the converts of England, as elsewhere, but the converts of the Midland District; for they say, ‘that they do nothing more than serve under the standard of their bishop, the Vicar Apostolic of the Midland District.’ It gives me great satisfaction to find that these converts are so deeply impressed with the impropriety of dictating to their spiritual rulers, and I am not a little consoled to think that, notwithstanding public gossip and general belief, I should have refrained, in my Pastoral, from making any such charge against them, confining my censures rigorously to the actually guilty, not scattering them abroad amongst the innocent and calumniated.

“No. 7.—The converts assert, that when I speak of ‘certain practices of piety and self-selected good works,’ to which some converts attach too much importance, ‘I allude to different confraternities and devotions, to which certain zealous missionaries of the Midland District, belonging to the class of converts, associate the faithful.’ The converts will excuse me, when I beg to be allowed to know what I alluded to better than they. I was not before aware that a single converted missionary of the Midland District, associated the faithful with a single confraternity or devotion of any kind, a subject about which I should never think of troubling my head. I alluded to that very large class of mistaken devotees, so admirably described in the first chapter of the *Spiritual Combat*, a book which I have read daily for years, and which, after the sacred Scriptures, is my humble text-book in all matters relating to practical Christianity.

“Ye converts, whoever you may be, read, I beseech you, and study well this admirable book, paying particular attention to chapter first.

"In sec. 4 of my Pastoral I said that, amongst our converts, there were some who attach an undue importance to favourite exercises of piety, and I alluded, as an illustration of my meaning and confirmation of my assertion, to the false devotee so eloquently described by our Blessed Saviour, in the parable of the Pharisee and the Publican. I said, as the *Spiritual Combat* also equivalently says, that 'all who joined these false devotees in their favourite practices are applauded by them as saints, whilst all who walk in a more humble and more beaten track are scarcely allowed to be Christians.'

"There is nothing whatever in the Pastoral which points these remarks, nor was it my intention to point them, at any particular person or persons of the 26,000 'new converts of England.' I merely threw them out as a caution to those, whoever they may be, who answer the description given; and that, in so great a number of persons, there must be many such, no one, alas! who is at all acquainted with poor human nature, can doubt.

"Yet, what is the stricture made by the converts on this passage? They simply say that my assertion is an 'unqualified lie and calumny!!' Such is the language of the converts! What would they have said and done if I had used such language as this to any individual of their party, when, for speaking as I have done, not of individuals, but of large masses of people, they have caused me to be summoned to answer for my conduct before the highest authority in the Church.

"No. 9.—In this article the converts modestly express it as their opinion, nay, conviction, that when I speak of some 'practices which the Church tolerates rather than approves,' I allude to the devotion of the Sacred Heart. But has not the Church *approved* this devotion? Then how can I be thought to allude to it, when I speak of a devotion which she only tolerates, and does *not* approve? I did not allude either to this or to any devotion which the Church approves; for what the Church approves, that I approve; but I alluded to certain devotions, not uncommon in England, which the Church never has, nor, I am sure, ever will, approve. What those devotions are I am ready to state in due time, when called upon by proper authority.

"The converts assert, that my '*principles* and *acts* respecting the Sacred Heart are known,'—by which words, I fear, they mean to insinuate that neither are exactly what they ought to be. I wish the converts would deal less in insinuations, and more in open and distinct charges. I might then, I doubt not, defend both my principles and my acts. As it is, I can only say, in self-defence, that my principles are precisely those of

the Church, whatever they may be, and that, as to my acts, I remember none on this head. I am told it has been said, that I had ordered the taking down of some pictures of the Sacred Heart. This is not true. I have neither ordered the taking down nor sanctioned the setting up of any, except in a convent or two of nuns, where they have been erected with my consent.

“If it be true, as the converts assert, that the devotion of the Sacred Heart ‘causes the conversion of Protestants in the Midland District, they cannot do better than encourage it. I had fancied it was intended more for exciting the devotion of Catholics than correcting the errors of Protestants. It would be highly gratifying to me to receive more ample information on this curious subject.

“No. 10.—In this article the converts cannot understand why I should be so mild and gentle to Protestants as to refuse to call them ‘heretics,’ and so harsh to converts as to call *them* ‘perverse.’ The word in this place means *wayward*, whatever the Italian word ‘*perversi*’ may mean, as I should think the translator must have known. And are there no wayward converts in England? Who will step forward and say nay? But I must again remind the converts that my Pastoral was not a censure upon converts in general, but only upon those whose conduct was such as I described. That the latter are *perverse* there can be no doubt; that it may be lawful to tell them so as occasion requires, and to treat them with less ceremony than Protestants, I infer from the conduct of our Blessed Saviour, who was all kindness to Samaritans, publicans and sinners, and all severity to the hypocritical scribes and pharisees. Had not the converts in question possessed a large share of the simulation of their Jewish prototypes, they would not have had either the ingenuity or hardihood to constitute their own diminutive numbers the representatives of the whole body of the converted, and to assert that whatever we say of themselves must be said of all. Certainly, had I been disposed to speak of the converts of England as a body, I should have said that I considered them at least equal in merit to the original Catholics. Nay, I should have remarked that, in many instances, the virgin earth had appeared to me more prolific of good works than the olden soil, and that I had been often tempted to consider the grateful and fervent converts of England as the hope of the flock to which heaven, in its mercy, has associated them. If I did not say all this in my Pastoral it was because I did not think that it required to be said, and because my object was not to panegyryze the good, but to correct the bad. I feel confident that none of the good converts have taken offence at the omission of their praises. If the others have taken fire at my gentle admonitions,

this only proves the truth of the wise man's saying, that the perverse are not easily corrected—'Perversi difficile corriguntur.' (*Eccles.* i. 15.) The remainder of the proverb is inapplicable on the score of numbers.

"No. 11.—I had mentioned, as a piece of perversity on the part of some of our converts, (sec. 4), their prefixing to books, which they wished Protestants to read, mottos which would cause the latter to throw them aside. The converts seem to admit that such is their conduct, but defend it on the plea that the mottos I allude to assert the immaculate conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary, which they seem to think cannot be unseasonably brought forward at any time. I suspect, from certain underlinings of my words, that they wish to insinuate that my orthodoxy or piety is compromised when I say that 'this doctrine does not belong to the code of defined dogmas, and may therefore be rejected by Catholics without censure.' But is not this true? and has not the Holy See repeatedly prohibited even the public discussion of the subject? This prohibition I always have and always shall observe to the letter. Indeed, I have never found time to investigate the grounds of the different opinions, and probably never shall. In the meanwhile, though I could, without fear of censure from the Church, if not from the converts, embrace or reject privately either opinion, I shall do neither the one nor the other. Not knowing sufficiently the grounds of the two opinions, I cannot consistently believe or reject either of them. I think Bellarmine somewhere says, 'that the doctrine which asserts the immaculate conception cannot ever become an article of faith.' Were it ever to become so, I should instantly believe it with undoubted assent. At the same time it appears to me that my belief of this mystery could never increase, in the slightest degree, either the profound veneration I feel for the immaculate Mother of God, or the humble confidence I trust I shall ever place in her maternal compassion and most powerful intercession. In the meantime, if any one choose to believe the mystery without knowing the reasons upon which it rests, I shall certainly leave him to the free enjoyment of his liberty. But I shall strongly object to his conduct if, whilst I am endeavouring to convince some unfortunate Protestant of the divinity of Christ, or the real presence in the blessed Eucharist, he interrupt me with his clamours about the immaculate conception of the Virgin Mother.

"What a pity it is that these thoughtless or empty-headed converts cannot be induced to mind their own business, and allow their teachers to attend to theirs!

"No. 12.—This number is incomprehensible. Against what 'sincere and tender devotions of the Roman Church' have I

inveighed? This is some new insinuation, which verbal representations, secretly given, might perhaps explain.

"No. 13.—I quite agree with the converts, when they say that 'a wise economy will reserve the less essential parts of religion to the moment when the converted are become susceptible of more solid and substantial nutriment;' and it is on this account, that till the English Protestants have learnt to digest the simple dogmas of our faith, it is my opinion that they should not be compelled to swallow the more highly seasoned dishes, in which the converts so complacently luxuriate.

"The remainder of No. 13 is very intelligible, though conveyed, as usual, in the form of insinuation. It means to assert that, 'in order to caress heresy, I violate the doctrines of faith.' If this charge be true, I ought no longer to act as a Christian bishop. If it is not true, does not the charge recoil upon my accusers, and prove them to be what I have described them, the scribes and pharisees of modern times? The remaining part of No. 13 asserts that, in consequence of my caressing heresy and violating the faith, I make no converts. If it be meant that I personally do not make any converts, the assertion is founded on mistake. Were it lawful to boast on such subjects, I might do it; but God forbid I should. However if making converts is a proof of orthodoxy, I am safe; for I have had the happiness of making many, and such too, as have done honour to the Holy Religion, to which God in his mercy has called them. If my accusers mean to assert that no converts are made in the district over which I preside, their assertion is disproved by the authentic statements I have delivered to Propaganda. By them it appears that, during the year 1839, the number of the converted, in the Western District, bore, to the number of the existing Catholics, the proportion of 1 to 113. It is asserted, as a proof of the superior orthodoxy of the Midland Catholics, that they have been more fruitful in conversions. In this case, every 113 of them will have made more than one convert in a year. It will give me exceeding great pleasure to find that this is the case: but I doubt the fact.

"Why should not the Sacred Congregation order, from all the districts, a return, like mine, containing an authentic account, signed by each missionary, of the number of converts received by him into the Church in one year? This would point out with certainty the real progress of religion in the country at large, and its relative increase in the different districts. I am much mistaken if such statements would not prove that they, who have been the loudest in their boasting, have not been the most successful in their labours. The question may then be entertained or not, as shall seem best to the Sacred Congregation, how it has happened that, for some years past, the Midland

District, and its respected Vicar Apostolic should have been so highly extolled at Rome, whilst the other districts and their ecclesiastical superiors, have been less thought of. I am sure the inquiry would give great satisfaction, and, I think, confer some credit upon the Vicars Apostolic of England.

"The converts proceed to inform us, that England became schismatical by forsaking the centre of Catholic unity, and shaking off the authority of the Church!! How must the Sacred Congregation be indebted to them for this information! What follows is not less instructive. They affirm that 'England can become Catholic again, only by again connecting itself with the centre of unity, and submitting once more to the authority of the Church!' They add, that it will 'be useful if, at the same time, England would embrace *all the truths and pious practices* which the Church has sanctioned.' This is not quite so clear. The Church has sanctioned many pious practices in particular places, which would not be suitable in others. If *all* these pious practices were adopted in England, I fear we should find them inconvenient. A room may be too full, even of valuable furniture, and a table overloaded even with the choicest luxuries. But the truth is, that what the converts wished to insinuate, by their sage remark, was, that, in spiritual matters, I am too fond of simple furniture and plain wholesome food for their refined taste and luxurious habits.

"No. 14.—In this number the converts indignantly call upon me to state what are the *old wives' fables*, to which I allude, and to give the names of the individuals who pay attention to them. I have already stated what were *some* of these old wives' fables, and I think the converts will be satisfied with the selection. If not, I have many more in readiness. The names of the individuals alluded to, I will not mention; nor is it necessary I should. I have mentioned the old wives' fables themselves. Let each examine his own conscience. If he believe in those fables, I alluded to him; if not, I did not allude to him. Whoever is proud of the distinction, can claim it for himself. Some, I think, would not wish to claim it, and why should I expose them? My object is answered, if the foolish are ashamed of their follies, and will avoid them for the future.

"No. 15.—In this number the converts became eloquent. I had forbidden certain public prayers to be offered in my district; 'Therefore,' conclude the converts, according to my view of things, 'the Holy See in granting indulgences for these prayers did very wrong: the Catholic Institute of London, in printing and publishing these prayers did very wrong: the Vicar Apostolic of the Midland District, in ordering them did very wrong: and in fine, all the Catholic bishops of France and other kingdoms, in ardently adopting these prayers, did very wrong!'

"All these awful conclusions I beg leave to deny.

"1st.—The Holy See did not do wrong in granting indulgences to the prayers which I forbade, because to such prayers no indulgences were ever granted. The only prayers which I forbade, as already mentioned, was a *public weekly Mass on Thursday for the immediate national conversion of England*. For such Mass the Holy See never granted an indulgence.

"2ndly.—Whether the Catholic Institute did wrong in printing the prayer-book in question, I have not, and shall not decide ; but if they circulated that book in the different districts, without the consent of the bishops, I think they did wrong.

"3rdly.—The Vicar Apostolic of the Midland District knows best why he ordered the prayer-books. I never knew before that he had ordered them, nor does my Pastoral make the slightest allusion either to the bishop or his books.

"4thly.—It is not for me to judge the bishops of France, or other kingdoms, some of whom, *not all*, have ordered weekly prayers for the conversion of England. I had personal communication with some of these prelates, and found that they had been led into the notion that the national conversion of England was already far advanced, and that its speedy completion was to be expected as a probable event. On this supposition there could be no impropriety in *their* offering up prayers for it. But had these bishops known the real state of affairs in England, I am of opinion that they would no more have offered public prayers for the *immediate conversion* of England, than they would for the *immediate conversion* of China or Hindostan. Probably, indeed, the prayers ordered by them were only such as have been always offered by us, in which case I have no fault to find with them. Independently of all these considerations, the bishops of France and other countries are the proper judges of what public prayers ought to be used in their respective dioceses: I claim the same privilege for myself, and deny the right of any authority, save that of the Holy See, to dictate to me on this head.

"The converts say, that 'the Catholics may now fight openly against the Established Church, and that they will have on their side many English Protestants, who can ill brook the exorbitant wealth of the so-called Anglican Hierarchy.' This sounds very valiant, but it is not wise. The Catholics are a very small body in England, about one in twenty-six. So weak a party should not go to war. Peace is its true policy. If the war party were not blinded by their heroism, they might have learnt, by the issue of their first desultory campaign, what must be the result of continuing the contest. They have brought into the field against us such a force as never was levied before ; a force against which it were mere knight-errantry to attempt to contend.

In other words, they have caused the Catholic Religion to be more numerously opposed, and more virulently calumniated, than it has been for many years; they have given occasion to thousands of blasphemous and scandalous publications, for which no remedy has, or can be applied; and in various public contests, in which they have engaged, they have either been actually defeated, or considered so by the public. If, therefore, it be true that the Catholics 'may now *fight* openly with the English Protestants,' it is equally true that it is bad generalship to do so. But of all imprudencies, there is none equal to that of attacking the treasury of the Established Church. Combat its doctrines in a quiet way, and you may gain many converts and gradually advance your cause; attack its revenues, and you raise a storm which nothing can resist or appease.

"This same number affirms that the 'celebrated Dr. Wiseman was the first author of prayers for the conversion of England,' and that Mr. Spencer was the author only of an association for a weekly Mass on Thursdays. I never heard that Dr. Wiseman had been the author of such prayers till I received a letter from him, a few months ago, informing me that he had introduced some prayers for this purpose into the English College at Rome, and had requested the Pope to grant some indulgences to the Collegians who used them. He added that, contrary to his intention, his Holiness had made the indulgences general *to all* who should use these prayers. With these prayers, therefore, I did not interfere, confining my prohibition, as already stated, to the weekly Mass on Thursdays, recommended by Mr. Spencer, to whom I wrote on the occasion, assigning my reasons for so doing, and from whom I received an answer worthy of so good, humble, and charitable a priest, and as unlike the effusions of some of his brother converts as solid gold is unlike hollow brass, or genuine piety pharisaical pretension.

"No. 16.—This number asserts, that when I spoke of other bishops who had acted differently from myself, I alluded to Dr. Walsh alone, probably because I used the plural number! This is a mistake; I did not allude to Dr. Walsh at all, but to the foreign bishops.

"No 17.—I had said, in sec. 5 of the Pastoral, that I considered the *immediate national conversion* of England as morally impossible, comparing it to the return of the negro's skin to its antediluvian whiteness. In this persuasion I had insisted that we should content ourselves with praying for the conversion of England in the way that has been customary, viz., '*on the understanding that* our prayers should be heard in the manner, and at the time, most consistent with the in-

scrutable providence of God,'—these were my words. The converts are shocked at such doctrine, and exclaim, 'is this edifying in a Pastoral? is this consistent with the divine mercy?' Unhappy me! Here I am, a priest of thirty-years' standing, and a bishop of seventeen, engaged since my youth in theological studies or ministerial duties, and yet, after all, I have to be taught what is edifying in a Pastoral, and what is consistent with the Divine mercy, by some 'new converts,' probably mere laymen, perhaps lay women, whose very names are unknown! Yet, what was my fault? Some of these converts got into their heads that England was on the eve of conversion, and insisted upon a public weekly Mass being offered in every chapel, in aid of the good work. I saw no signs of such conversion, and refused my sanction to the Mass. However, as the converts insisted upon the truth of their opinion, in order that I might proceed upon sure grounds, I issued a circular to all my clergy, ordering them to send me in the number of the converts made by them in one whole year, 1839. They had made exactly 221. The total population of my district was, according to the public census in 1831, 3,000,195. It is now considerably increased. To obtain the number of years required for the conversion of my district, (*at the rate we are now going on*), I divided the whole population, 3,000,195, by the converts of one year, viz., 221, which gave me 13,575½ years. It is true that the arithmetical progression, here followed, is not the true one; but neither would the geometrical be so. As in this mode of calculation I take no account of those who fall away from the faith, (of whom, in No. 13, the converts insinuate, too truly, that I have many), I do not think that it is very inaccurate. But if we suppose the number of converts to become double what it is, we must still allow nearly 7,000 years for the conversion of my district. Nay, if we suppose it to become thirteen times as great as at present, still the conversion of the Western District will require above 1,000 years! This does not look much like an immediate national conversion. The case may be, and I have no doubt is, better in the other districts, the number of the existing Catholics in them being greater. But suppose, as I have already done, that the total annual number of converts throughout all England be 5,309, and the population only what it was in 1831, viz., 13,894,574, it will require, for the conversion of the whole country, 2,617 years. In short, in whatever way I made my calculation, taking always for its basis facts, not prophecies and imaginations, I found no signs of an immediate national conversion, and therefore felt the more convinced that I ought not to allow public prayers to be established on a

supposition so manifestly erroneous. Now what is there in this conduct to disedify the converts? They insinuate that my disbelief of the immediate conversion of England 'is inconsistent with the mercies of God.' This I cannot understand. I believe that the mercies of God are infinite. I cannot believe them greater. I believe that God could, if he pleased, convert all England next year as easily as next century. But if one man think proper to believe that God will actually convert England next year, and I do not believe that he will accomplish the merciful work in less than a century, does it follow that that man's opinion accords better with the divine mercy than mine? I think not. I think that both opinions are equally consistent with the mercies of God. The only difference is, that the man who believes that God *will* convert all England next year, believes so contrary to reason and common sense; whilst I, who believe that he will not do it in less than a century, refuse to set at defiance reason, facts, history, and all the ordinary principles of judgment. But the converts have the authority of prophecies in favour of their opinion. Then let them bring forward these prophecies, and allow the bishops to examine into their genuineness and authenticity. If the converts do not venture to do this, let them keep their prophecies to themselves, and offer up, *in private*, whatever prayers they please; but let them excuse me, as bishop, from looking at my duty through their coloured spectacles, and guiding my public conduct by their elastic judgments.

"But I ought not to have said these things in a Pastoral. And why not? A bishop's Pastoral is the customary medium through which he gives such instruction to his flock, as the circumstances of time or place seem to dictate. It is the ordinary mean by which he contradicts erroneous assertions, refutes false principles, opposes dangerous innovations, and lays down suitable regulations for the conduct of his flock.

"Had the converts been silent, or had they published only correct accounts, respecting the progress of religion in England, my Pastoral would in all probability have been mute upon this head: for it is my opinion, that the less we say of our success, the fewer obstacles we throw in our way, and the greater progress we make. But when statements, which I knew to be grossly exaggerated, were put forth, however innocently, by the converts—when the public was thereby deluded, and I was called upon to aid the delusion, by sanctioning certain public devotions founded upon it—I felt myself compelled to speak out, and to rescue the Catholic religion from the reproach of employing, for its advancement, the sectarian arts of boasting and exaggeration. Convinced, as I am, that the conversion of all England would

not justify the smallest wilful exaggeration, I cannot see why my Pastoral should be deemed disedifying, because it opposes itself to such exaggerations, and asserts what its author firmly believes to be the truth. I am sure Almighty God does not require the aid of error for the advancement of His truth: nor do I think He would approve the conduct of one of His ministers, who should even connive at the employment of such means in His divine service. 'Non tali auxilio,' &c.

"No. 18.—I never heard that the Holy See 'praised and commended' a public weekly Mass for the immediate conversion of England, which was all I forbade.

"No. 19.—This is one of the articles which betrays its authorship most clearly. It evidently does not proceed from the converts of England, but from the same party who, on a former occasion, endeavoured to excite against me, and some of the other Vicars Apostolic, the feelings of the Holy See, on the ground that we opposed the introduction of the Lyons Association into England, which association, it was asserted, the Pope was desirous to see established there. Now, what was the fact? I will speak only of myself. I had under my jurisdiction a district containing, according to a late census, besides the Catholic population, above three millions of Protestants, *for whose spiritual assistance I possessed not the smallest resource*. I had not the means to educate, for their assistance, one single priest, nor to support, for one single year, any volunteer missionary who might offer his services. In fact, *there are not, in any part of the known world, three millions of people more completely destitute of the means of Catholic instruction than the Protestant inhabitants of the Western District*. Yet, it is thought, that in some provinces of this district, religion would make great progress if there were missionaries to preach it. That it would make infinitely greater than it does in Hindostan or in China, there is not the smallest doubt. Under these circumstances, it had been agreed upon, at a meeting of the bishops, that a general contribution, on the plan of the Lyons Association, should be organized in England, for the benefit of our own destitute districts, particularly the Western. But before we could carry the plan into execution, we were called upon by certain laymen, to assist in organizing one for the benefit of foreign missions; and we were told, but not in any official way, that such were the wishes of his Holiness. I, for one, said, that if his Holiness had expressed such wishes, I felt confident, either that he was not aware of the urgent wants of our native districts, or of our having previously formed the plan of a national collection in their favour. As soon, however, as I had ascertained that his Holiness had really expressed a wish for

the establishment of the Lyons and Paris Association in England, I not only withdrew my opposition, but gave my name to the said association, as one of its patrons or supporters, in which position I now stand. Yet the converts assert the contrary, and reproach me for soliciting assistance for my own destitute district!

"No. 20.—This number is worthy to close the list of accusations against me, and to crown the converts' work. The Pastoral was issued soon after the marriage of our gracious Queen. The question had been started, what was to be done on the occasion. Should addresses of congratulation be presented by Catholics, as a body distinct from the rest of the community? I thought not, inasmuch as the Catholics, being now by the Act of Emancipation, incorporated with the rest of the people, must be supposed to join in all the local addresses presented from different parts of the kingdom. Others were of a different opinion; and, amongst the rest, the Seminary of the Midland District presented a congratulatory address. I presented none, nor was any presented from Prior Park. Another question arose in which I was obliged to take a part. Ought the name of the Queen's Royal Consort to be inserted with her own, in the prayer usually added to the post-communion? I consulted with the nearest of my brother bishops, and we agreed that it ought. This information I gave to my clergy and people in the conclusion of my Pastoral, exhorting them to pray both for our beloved Sovereign herself, and for him, with whose welfare and happiness her own are now associated.

"Now, what are the comments the converts make on these proceedings? They exclaim that, whilst I recommend the Queen and her Consort to the prayers of the Catholics, I say 'not a word of the Sovereign Pontiff, not a word of the Catholic Church!' Yet, it is a fact, that the form of prayer which I recommended for the Queen and her Royal Consort, and which was given *verbatim* in the Pastoral itself, began with the name of the Pope, *at full length*, and ended with the Church in general, as has been the custom in England. This prayer, however, the converts wisely omitted in their translation, though they were so scrupulously fearful of omitting any thing else, as to insert even my regulations for the fast! And what is the accusation they build on this uncandid statement? Why, they assert that 'my only solicitude was to gain the favour of the government and the Protestants!' The same charge was before insinuated. Here it is asserted as a fact. Yet I presented no address to her Majesty, as was done in the Midland District; nor have I any reason to suppose that the Queen ever saw a copy of my Pastoral. I am happy, however, to hear that she did see a copy of that of the Right

Reverend Vicar Apostolic of the London District, (which contained the same form of prayer as mine), and expressed her great satisfaction that her Catholic subjects made herself and her Royal Consort the object of their prayers, which she has been informed they did not do. Whatever royal favour, therefore, the ordering of these prayers might command, must have fallen to the lot of my Right Reverend Brother, not to mine; nor have I ever made the slightest attempt to share it with him, by asserting an equal and simultaneous merit."

"I have now, in compliance with your Eminence's wishes, gone through the whole of the charges brought against my Pastoral.

"I again beg leave to remind your Eminence, that if there is any thing in the style of my replies which argues little respect for my accusers, I do not consider myself as addressing your Eminence, or any authority of the Holy See, nor even the converts of England, but only the insidious and uncharitable individuals who have sheltered themselves behind this respectable body, whilst they discharged their treacherous and envenomed shafts. This hostile act is only the last of a series, to which I and some of the other Vicars Apostolic have been the victims. What private ends such persons had to answer—to what hostile parties they associated themselves, to strengthen their weakness or conceal their interference—what exaggerated reports they spread in convenient quarters—what complicated agencies they employed to poison the ear of venerable authority—it is unnecessary that I should here disclose.

"The history of the Pastoral is alone sufficient to justify the style of the remarks I have already made, and those which I shall take the liberty to add.

"There are above half a million of Catholics in England. As a body, they are well conducted and deserving of praise. Perhaps no body of Catholics in Europe has given stronger or more unequivocal proof of sterling and disinterested piety. I speak of the whole body, laity and clergy. Respecting the latter, in particular, I have not seen in any other country, nor do I think that there exists in the world, a body of clergy so generally edifying, so decorous in their conduct, so disinterested in pecuniary matters, so anxious to devote every superfluous acquisition to the improvement of their missions; so unsparing of their labours, so fearless of dangers, and so ready to encounter martyrdom itself, in the discharge of their sacred duties.

"I speak of the whole body of our Catholic clergy, secular and regular; for, in these respects, whatever partisans on either side may say, there is little difference. Such is the English

Catholic body. But there are in this, as in every body of equal magnitude, a certain number of persons, who are infected with all the faults to which human beings are liable. These faults it is the business of bishops to restrain, as far as they can, and according as times and circumstances may permit. At one time certain errors or offences will become prevalent, which are less prominent at another, when the attention of the bishop must be directed to that point. He must endeavour to be as 'opportune' as possible in his interference, but if he is occasionally 'importune' he will only be what the apostle recommends. He must often 'argue,' oftener 'entreat,' but occasionally he must venture to 'reprove,'—for, as the same apostle says, '*there will be times, when men will not put up with sound doctrine, but will turn their itching ears to fables.*'

"This is really the case at the present moment, or at least it was so some months ago, in England. A party was getting up in the Catholic body, which I have already described, in which a few neophyte converts figured as leaders. It was a bustling, noisy, conceited, and untractable little party. It affected extraordinary piety, without knowing what piety meant. It was for reforming the Church, before it had learnt to reform itself. It imported all sorts of pious practices, and exported such home-spun articles as charity, truth and humility, in return. It was so loud in its own praises, that many believed its boasting; and so bitter in its hostility, that all feared its resentment. This party was becoming every day more formidable, by the forbearance of the bishops—till, at last, the question rose, who should devote himself to check the headlong evil. It fell to my lot; and I only predicted my own fate, when I said of this little knot of devotees, 'all who join or imitate them in their exterior practices, are applauded by them as saints: all who walk in an humble and more beaten track, are scarcely allowed to be Christians.'

"The remark is not new. It has been made on this class of persons by almost every spiritual writer. How truly it was applied in my case, is abundantly proved by the facts that have occurred.

"I issued a Pastoral, the objects of which I have already described. They were perfectly legitimate and laudable, not to say necessary. They were to encourage and recommend my poor Irish Catholics, who had behaved so admirably in the late insurrection, and to check somewhat the mischievous little party I have described! To the individuals of this party I bore no personal ill-will. On the contrary, I had a great regard for some of them, as amiable and well-meaning, though misguided and obstinate persons, and regretted that I should be under the

necessity of chastising them. For the same reason, I was careful to treat the offenders with the greatest possible lenity. I therefore simply, and in the gentlest manner, raised the mask which some of them wore, and enabled the public to obtain a glimpse of their genuine features. At the same time, I carefully avoided mentioning names, so that all might, if they pleased, preserve their *incognito*. In fact they have all done so; for, whilst it is pretended that *all* the *new converts* of England have come forward, as the accusers of my Pastoral, not one of the twenty-six thousand has given his name, as an original of my portraits. The real fact is, the vast majority of the English converts were as much disgusted as I was with the conduct of their noisy associates, and were right glad that the latter had at last met with a check. It was only a very, very small minority, whose indignation was roused, because their pride was hurt. Of this very small minority, some very few individuals rushed into the presence of the highest authority, declaring that, in their saintly persons, the whole body of English converts had been grossly insulted; and so loud were their clamours, and so ingeniously were their numbers exaggerated, that they were for a time believed. And what were the accusations they preferred against me? Why, at first they actually attempted (this I know) to charge my Pastoral with *heresy*! or, in other words, to prove me hardly a Christian; but finding that this would not do, and having sought in vain for any faults, in what I had actually written, they assailed my motives. They declared that, in my heart, I am hostile to the approved practices of the Church, and more averse to pious Catholics than to the abettors of heresy! that my anxiety is not to convert the erring, but to curry favour with the great! that I am disaffected to the Holy See, &c. &c.

“And why am I thus treated? I defy my greatest enemies to assign any better cause, than the disapprobation I have always expressed, and, with the grace of God, always shall express, to that class of false devotees, whose characters I sketched in my Pastoral. I can say, without fear of contradiction, and I hope without vanity, that, in my public duty, I have not been remiss. I believe few bishops have exerted themselves more than I have done, in preaching the gospel, in defending the truth, in opposing error and in promoting, by every means in my power, the cause of religion. If I have laboured hard, I have also suffered keenly. I might have been a much greater and better man than I am, by the preëminence of obloquy and persecution that has been allotted to me. My great comfort has been, that my humble endeavours, though opposed from every quarter, have generally been crowned with success; that I have accomplished some objects in favour of my district, which were

pronounced impossible, and have gained to the truth no small number of erring children, not one of whom, I am sure, has taken offence at my Pastoral. I received, only yesterday, a letter from one of these, a convert as distinguished for high rank as for genuine piety, whose words, in self-defence, I may be permitted to quote :—

“ ‘ Yesterday, the anniversary of your admitting me into the Church, came your letter of the 5th instant. It certainly is difficult not to feel vexed and puzzled at seeing the *one* Bishop of England, who has done most for religion, treated as you are ; called to order at the suggestion of a set of raw converts, whose conduct in all this business is, after all, the best commentary upon and justification of your Pastoral possible ! But, however, we must view all things, I suppose, like David, by the light of the ‘ sanctuary,’ and find consolation in the thought, that such has been the lot of all the servants of God ; and in the hope that you do not, at least, run much risk of ever hearing that ‘ you have *had* your reward !’ I should like to be able to get up a sort of counter-address from the more sane portion of the English converts, especially all those converts you yourself have been instrumental in making, and a pretty good long list it would be.’

“ I do not lay claim to the commendations here bestowed upon me, but I do to that of having done my best to merit them : and I certainly think that the remarks here made upon the converts, and upon the treatment I have received at their hands, are perfectly fair.

“ That it would be easy to get into the good graces of this class of persons, by joining them in their favourite practices, was ludicrously elucidated here some days ago. Happening to inquire for a copy of a certain English prayer-book, relating to the Sacred Heart, from which I wished to make extracts, the person to whom I applied remarked, when I was gone—‘ I am glad Dr. Baines is becoming pious, as he is inquiring for the Devotion to the Sacred Heart !’ So that, in this person’s notions, it was lawful to take it for granted that I am not pious, no reason being assigned ; and reasonable to consider me as a convert to piety, the moment I adopt his favourite devotion !! Does not this prove the truth of my assertion, that, to pass as a saint with these misguided persons, you have only to join them in their pious exercises ? So little do they know in what piety consists ! Yet these are the persons who have had influence enough to cause a bishop, who dared to reprove their conduct, even in the abstract, to be grossly misrepresented, and then dragged as a culprit before the highest authorities of the Church. God forbid that I should complain of these authorities. Their open, candid, and straightforward mode of proceeding, in allowing me to know the charges brought against me, and affording

me an opportunity of refuting them, proves their love of justice, whilst their extreme kindness towards me, in other respects, shows how little they were disposed to participate in the hostile feelings of my opponents.

"I shall conclude this lengthened dissertation with a few extracts from letters, which I have received from various distinguished ecclesiastics, whose residence in the country, and knowledge of the state of Catholic affairs, enabled them to judge of the merits of the Pastoral. So convinced was I of the unanimous feeling of the episcopal body on this head, that, when I sent the Pastoral to my different missionaries, I, at the same time forwarded copies to all the bishops in England, Scotland, and Ireland.

"I have had no reason to suppose that any of them disapproved of it, whilst from several I have received assurances of their entire concurrence in my views."

Here follow extracts from letters in approval of his Lordship's views. Dr. Baines continues:—

"But it is useless to multiply authorities. These few I have quoted because they are from persons whose station, character, and talents must command universal respect. If more authorities are wanting, I have been assured that, with very few exceptions, the whole body of the Catholic clergy of the three kingdoms will give me their names.

"Of the approbation of such men I must ever be proud, nor can I doubt of the merits of a work which has had the good fortune to obtain such approbation. I may, however, add, and it is no small satisfaction to me to be able to do so, that I know sufficient of the sentiments and feelings of the ecclesiastical authorities in this capital of the Christian world, not to be well aware that the conduct of the English 'new converts' would have been far from meeting with encouragement here, where, to the immortal honour of the Holy See, all imposition, pious fraud, false piety, and every species of spiritual *charlatanerie* is so jealously watched and so rigorously suppressed. Had the English zealots attempted to perform their antics in Rome instead of in England, the only difference would have been, that, instead of smarting under my gentle and common placé castigation, they would have writhed beneath the more dignified and weightier Apostolical stripes, which we have seen of late so frequently and so powerfully administered to ecclesiastical innovators in other countries.

"What, then, Most Eminent Prince, I will confidently but respectfully ask, must be thought of those individuals who have had the assurance to assert that their ill-natured, captious, insulting, and uncharitable comments on the Pastoral, were

those of the 'new converts of England,' and to insinuate, as they have done, far and wide, that the same were the sentiments and feelings of the Catholic body in general? Fortunate, indeed, shall I esteem myself, if the inconveniences to which I have been subjected, and the obloquy to which I have been exposed in this business, should have the effect of guarding the Sacred Congregation, in future, against the intrigues and conspiracies of unscrupulous, vindictive, or fanatical partizans, and of inducing that exalted and respected tribunal to establish, in all cases of similar accusation, a system of inquiry which would restrain the malevolent, by rendering it morally impossible for them to escape detection before their iniquitous machinations had injured the objects of their malevolence.

"I have the honour to sign myself, with the most profound respect, Most Eminent Prince,

"Your Eminence's most obliged and obedient Servant,

✠ "PETER AUGUSTINE BAINES,
"Bishop of Siga, V.A., &c., &c."

"On the 18th of August, I carried the foregoing answers to the Propaganda, addressed under cover to the Prefect, Cardinal Frasoni, who was out at the time. On the 21st, I called upon his Eminence; and found he had not read them, but had sent them to Monsignor Cadolini, the Secretary. His Eminence informed me that the Pope had ordered the affair to be laid before a special Congregation of Cardinals, which would not be able to meet before the end of September, after which would follow the public vacations, when no business would be done; so that he considered it impossible that I should return home till after the winter! I complained of the delay, and stated the great inconvenience and severe losses to which so long an absence from home exposed myself and the colleges at Prior Park.

"After leaving the cardinal I called on Monsignor Cadolini, who, I found, had received the answers to the charges, but had not read them. He held out hopes that the affairs would soon be finished, and that I should not be detained much longer.

"The prediction, however, of the cardinal proved true. Though I frequently urged expedition, by representing the extreme inconveniences to which the delay subjected myself and my district, the affair continued to linger. First, the Pastoral was to be printed, together with the charges made against it and my answers to those charges; then a lengthened paper had been written upon the business by a *Consultor* of Propaganda, which was in the press, and would take some time. I asked Monsignor Cadolini if I should be allowed to see this paper?

He replied no, that if such liberty were allowed the business would never end. Upon my observing that I must, therefore, consider Propaganda as a *secret tribunal*, he answered that 'it was strictly so, precisely the same as the Holy Office; that secrecy was commanded under oath; that I could not be allowed to know any thing that was said or written during the trial, and had nothing to do but to wait till the decision was made known to me.' The secretary did not seem to understand what I could mean by expressing my dissatisfaction at such kind of trial. I was not allowed even to know the names of the cardinals who composed the Select Congregation, nor that of the consultor, who wrote the paper above-mentioned.

"I afterwards discovered that the following distinguished members of the Sacred Congregation were upon the list, viz., Cardinals Pacca, Giustiniani, Lambruschini, Mai, Castracane, and Mezzofanti. Mr. and Mrs. M. M. affirm in their letters, which are now circulating amongst the English Catholics, that there were eight cardinals in the Select Congregation; and as they received their information from a body who certainly knew all about the business, I think it probable that such was the fact.

"This Select Congregation met on the 9th of December, but their decision was not communicated to me till the 18th of January, when I received it in a letter from his Holiness, who confirmed the same by his supreme authority, and prescribed certain conditions with which I was to comply.

"I have reason to believe that his Holiness did not wish the contents of this letter to transpire, and I do not, therefore, consider myself justified in putting it into print; nor is it necessary I should do so, inasmuch as I have his Holiness's gracious permission to lay before the public the document which I wrote in obedience to his commands, as an explanation of the Pastoral, and an autograph letter, in which his Holiness is pleased to declare that the said document perfectly satisfied not only his own demands respecting the Pastoral, but also those of the Sacred Congregation. The following is a copy of the document in question, which I delivered into the hands of his Holiness on the 15th of March, 1841:—

DECLARATIONS PRESENTED TO HIS HOLINESS.

"*First*.—I engaged publicly to declare, as I now do, that I never intended in any way to allude, in the Pastoral, to the Decrees of Propaganda, of the 29th September, 1838, which decrees, as explained by Propaganda, I fully receive, and consider as the conscientious rule of my conduct. As to ridiculing those who patronise or observe them, I should think it wrong to do so, and certainly never intended to do it.

"*Secondly.*—I engaged to declare that, in no part of the Pastoral did I mean to disapprove of the *Devotion of the Sacred Heart*, as far as it has had the approbation of the Holy See. If I alluded to it at all, it was only to disapprove of certain inaccurate expressions, contained in books which the Holy See has never approved, or of the imprudent way in which the Devotion is sometimes practised, or brought forward. As to the doctrine of the *Immaculate Conception*, all I alluded to in the Pastoral, was the making dedications to it, of books, which were liable to fall into the hands of Protestants, to whom I considered that such dedications were more likely to give scandal than edification. On these as well as all other doctrines and practices, I do, and always have, approved whatever the Church, or its organ, the Holy See, approves.

"*Thirdly.*—I promised to declare that I did not, in the Pastoral, disapprove of *prayers in general* for the conversion of England, some of which I ordered, much less did I disapprove of any particular prayers which the Holy See had approved; that the only prayers I prohibited in the Pastoral, as expressly stated in my answers to the charges, was a weekly Mass, proposed to be celebrated publicly, for the immediate national conversion of England. I have no hesitation, however, in adding, that should the Holy See approve or command such Mass, I shall certainly approve and enforce it.

"*Fourthly.*—I said the same of pious associations and pious exercises of all kinds. It undoubtedly belongs to the Holy See to sanction such matters by its authority, and it is undoubtedly my duty, as a Bishop, and Vicar Apostolic, to obey its regulations.

"*Fifthly.*—I have already said, and here again openly declare, that I had no intention of applying the remarks I made in the Pastoral, respecting converts, to *the whole body of them in general*, but only to certain individuals, who were animated by a zeal which appeared to me imprudent, and calculated to injure rather than benefit religion. In applying to them certain texts from the epistles of St. Paul to the Corinthians and Timothy, I never meant to insinuate that those converts were guilty of the same offences as are mentioned by St. Paul, or to impeach in any way either their faith, their morality, or their good intentions.

"In objecting to the term *heretics* being applied indiscriminately to Protestants, I declared that I did not mean to deny that the term may be applied in a correct theological sense to any sect which denies the articles of the Catholic Faith, and is separated from the centre of Catholic unity, but only to assert that some individuals, who err invincibly and without obstinacy, are not *heretics* in the strict and formal sense of the term, and that harsh appellations, however true, ought to be refrained from as more likely to repel men from the truth, than to allure them to it.

"As to the charge of wishing to flatter Protestants, I referred to the passage of the Pastoral, in which I compare the Anglican clergy to the pagan priesthood, in proof that such charge is groundless. As to the complaint that I had seemed to place myself in opposition to the Holy See, I could only regret, if this had happened through any fault of mine, it having ever been my intention, as it was undoubtedly my duty to show every deference, respect and obedience to that supreme authority

“It will be seen that these declarations, which embrace all the points contained in the original document, are little more than a simple explanation of certain passages in the Pastoral, which the converts, or their agents, had interpreted in an objectionable sense. How far such interpretations could be fairly put upon my words, others must be better judges than myself. To me they appear forced and unnatural. However, being called upon by my superiors to explain my sentiments more fully upon these heads, it was my duty to suppress all feelings of repugnance, and to comply with their demands with all humility and sincerity, which I accordingly did.

“I delivered the foregoing declarations into the hands of his Holiness, on the 16th March, and never shall I forget the kind, benevolent and paternal tenderness, which he expressed on the occasion. He promised that he would write me a letter, which I might show in self-defence, and that he would also write to all the English Vicars Apostolic, to inform them of the happy termination of this unpleasant affair. When I took my leave, he loaded me with benedictions. On the 19th, his Holiness again sent for me, and read the letter he had written to me, the extreme kindness of which I immediately saw, and for which I returned him my ardent thanks.

“As I was well aware that there were persons who would feel disappointed at the result of this affair, and who would be tempted to put forth accounts more conformable to their wishes than to matter of fact, I requested that his Holiness would give me his sanction for publishing a new edition of the Pastoral, with the substance of the declarations I had presented to him appended, to which he graciously assented, adding,—‘Take notice that you have not been required to retract any thing.’ At the same time, he expressed his earnest wish that whatever was calculated to excite angry feelings should be avoided as much as possible, which I promised him should be done, as far as I was concerned. His Holiness then presented me with a thousand crowns in gold, to defray the expenses of my journey, and again loaded me with the kindest caresses and the most fervent benedictions.

“The following is a literal translation of His Holiness’s letter, written with his own hand, and delivered by him on that occasion into mine :—

“TO OUR VENERABLE BROTHER, PETER AUGUSTINE BAINES, BISHOP OF SIGA, AND VICAR APOSTOLIC IN THE WESTERN DISTRICT OF ENGLAND.

“Venerable Brother,—The injunction, Venerable Brother, which with paternal charity we addressed to you in our letter of the 16th of January of the current year, and with which,

your docility, religion and deference to the Holy See, caused us to anticipate your compliance, we exceedingly rejoice in the Lord, and cordially congratulate you that you have faithfully fulfilled. For the written declarations of the 15th instant, which you delivered to us in person, respecting the Pastoral put forth by you on the 24th of February of the past year, satisfies, we find, both the decision of the Select Congregation and our own exhortations, and therefore we most willingly admit it, not doubting that what you promise you will seasonably fulfil.

“Go, on, therefore, Venerable Brother, to preserve the bond of sacerdotal concord and the unity of spirit with your colleagues, the Vicars Apostolic and other Pastors of Souls, and remember the saying of St. Leo, ‘that it is our duty’ and yours to establish, by the grace of charity, what by no insidious art of the devil may be overthrown.’ In the meantime, whilst we embrace you with fatherly affection, we most affectionately impart to you our Apostolical Benediction.

“Given in Rome, at St. Peter’s, the 19th of March, 1841.

“GREGORY P.P. XVI.”

“May the Prince of Pastors, JESUS CHRIST, reward, with his choicest blessings, this worthy depository of His power, and faithful imitator of His meekness and charity.

“On the 27th of the same month I left Rome for England, where I found that certain very erroneous and injurious statements respecting these events, proceeding from persons of great respectability, had arrived before me, and rendered indispensable this simple narrative of facts. May it be productive of the peace I so earnestly desire!

“*Prior Park, 19th June, 1841.*”

Cutting, sarcastic, triumphant, and truthful as might be the foregoing replies to the charges so unjustly brought against him, I could not, as a friend to Bishop Baines, but regret the tone which pervaded them. But I must defer my own remarks as well as some private letters from his Lordship on the best method of raising funds to supply the religious requirements of England, until next month: when I shall conclude a paper which has extended further than I had anticipated, but which I am glad to hear, has been most interesting to the readers of the *Catholic Magazine*.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

AVE MARIA. ---

When all the busy world is still
 And starry beams light vale and hill,
 Then all should sing on bended knee,
 With solemn burst of jubilee,
Ave Maria !

When earthly sorrow brings the tear
 Of anguish gushing forth to sear
 Our sinking hearts—oh let us cry,
 If we for consolation sigh,
Ave Maria !

And when the mantling cup of joy,
 Sparkles on high without alloy,
 Oh ! let us ne'er forget that word,
 Once in angelic accents heard,
Ave Maria !

Oh ! Thou by whom our prayers ascend,
 And with celestial anthems blend,
 Our trusting hearts thine aid implore,
 In those sweet words for ever more,
Ave Maria !

For thou wilt never coldly spurn
 The love with which these accents burn :
 And on thy bosom all may lean
 The aching head—and comfort glean,
Ave Maria !

There we unveil the aspirings high,
 That find on earth no sympathy,
 The secret founts of burning tears,
 The hope and love of other years—
Ave Maria !

And there the contrite sinner brings
 The load his darkened conscience wrings,
 And thy pure hand is raised to bless
 And clasp him in thy sweet caress—
Ave Maria !

The weak on life's tempestuous sea,
 Star of the morning ! call on thee ;
 In spirit hail thy radiant form,
 And ride triumphant o'er the storm—
Ave Maria !

Then, Ave, ever bright and fair !
 Well doth thy brow a garland wear
 More dazzling than each glorious gem
 That crowns the seraph's diadem—
Ave Maria !

For thou art holier than all,
 Unstained by Adam's hapless fall :
 In thee, more pure than temple, well
 Our good Creator loved to dwell—
Ave Maria !

ANONYMOUS.

DOUBLE AUTUMN.

Oh ! where are the summer months fled away ?
 And they who made sunshine around—where are they ?
 The seasons roll on, and they take as they roll
 All that made life worth having and lit up the soul.
 Dost thou think future years the spent light may restore ?
 Yes ; but not in this world. The heart panting of yore
 For all that had made life worth having is still ;
 And feeling grows reconcil'd stubborn and chill.
 Time was when perhaps....Do not cry for the moon :
 She was bright a brave plaything : she shone and is gone.
 Is life worth so much worry, contention and woe ?
 It is passing—will pass. Heed it not. Let it go.

OCTOBER FECIT.

LEAVES FROM MY JOURNAL.

**"THE CATHOLIC BODY" — PULLING DOWN ST. PETER'S —
HOPPING—DEER STALKING—THE ISLE OF WIGHT—TOR-
QUAY—NOTES AND. QUERIES—MOCKERY.**

SEPTEMBER 7TH.—I have just been reading an article in to-day's "Catholic Standard," entitled "THE CATHOLIC BODY," in which the writer laments that, of all Nonconformists to the Established Church, English Catholics should do least to support their churches, their schools, their colleges, their literature, and "every institution or society established for their own enlightenment and defence. All that the majority think they are called upon to do," says the writer, "is to hear Mass on Sundays and attend their duties on the leading festivals of the year;"—and then he tells us how Churches are unfinished, Colleges bankrupt, Reviews supported by gratuitous writers; and all because the "Catholic Body" lacks organization and a spirit of worldly wisdom.

All this seems very true when stated in juxtaposition to the idea conveyed by the great letters composing the words "THE CATHOLIC BODY:" but there would have been no cause for marvel if the writer had not made a false start. No such Society exists in England as that which he calls the Catholic Body. There are Catholic Limbs; but they are no more conglomerated into a Catholic Body than were the "members" when, in the old fable, they refused to work in union with the "belly." Arms and legs, ears, eyes, and nose—each would set up for itself; each would have an existence independent of the "belly." The fable tells us that the body human was then in a sorry plight; and every day's experience assures us that it was not more sorry than is that of the so-called "Catholic Body." In either case, it was brought on by conceit, jealousy and extravagance.

For what can be more conceited than the very motto of the paper that lectures us:—"In this sign," of the cross, "thou shalt conquer." Alack! alack! was there ever more grievous mistake! The editor may and does deserve to conquer: but had he hoisted a gridiron, as old Cobbett did; a bible, a sceptre, a clock, or any other figure-head, he might have known, from the fate of his predecessors, that he would have been much more likely to succeed. The "Tablet," indeed, was more diffident:—though diffidence is not the quality for which it is usually distinguished: it foresaw that it would be obliged to ask for charitable contributions from those who ought to have borne it on in

triumph : it foresaw that, after a prolonged struggle in England, it would have to shift its location and to seek for Irish support ; and it very properly began with an appeal to the most powerful of intercessors to pray for it. I fear the prayer has not been granted : as although the engraved figure is still at the head of the paper, the scroll "Ora pro nobis" has, of late, disappeared.

And yet, as the "Catholic Standard" says, Catholics think that they fulfil their duties by hearing Mass on Sundays. They would have some qualms of conscience if they knew, as I do, how many Catholics are at work on Protestant newspapers and periodicals, because our supineness prevents Catholic editors from paying for their contributions. How many young men have I known tempted to write slightly of their religion in those publications because the Catholic gentleman, merchant, or artizan was too jealous, or too indifferent, or too captious to subscribe to a publication which did not support his own every pet and peculiar opinion !

We are told by the "Standard" that, of two of our leading colleges, one drags on a lingering existence while the other has been only saved by a London millionaire. Even so : all the world does not know that the encumbrances on Prior Park were moderate compared to those on Oscott : neither does all the world know that when Mr. Raphael (after munificently giving thirty thousand pounds to the former establishment) first met the most distinguished of our episcopacy at dinner, not one word on the subject was said to him during the whole evening. An oversight, doubtless ; as His Holiness has conferred an honourable distinction in acknowledgment of the seasonable aid.

But on matters of foreign and domestic policy and politics, on matters of taste, of art, of literature, of architecture, of ecclesiastical discipline even, the "CATHOLIC BODY," as it is called, is composed of so many disjointed limbs, kept together by the one indissoluble tie of faith ; but in all other respects, acting at cross purposes and often in opposition.

And yet I am delighted to read in the same newspaper a letter from Mr. Pugin, asserting that that he has never "published nor expressed in a public manner" his wish to pull down St. Peter's at Rome ; however much he may "deplore the existence of so bebased a church in the Capital of the Christian world." Let us trust, therefore, that what seem to be the architect's private wishes may be kept yet awhile to himself, and the church preserved for its equally "debased" admirers.

8th.—It may be a sign of a "debased" taste to prefer the hop gardens, waving their festoons in the sun-lit air around me, to

"The vine-covered hills and fair regions of France,"

where the vine is cut down like a gooseberry bush, or is trained to a short stake, like a raspberry tree. How gracefully the slender hop climbs up the pole, that is all concealed by its overlapping twigs, its broad dark green leaves, and its dangling blossoms! How they cluster around it, like seaweeds floating from some wave-washed rock, or cast from the brow of some mermaid, that has dived out of sight and has left her green head-gear on the strand! Far and farther stretch the long lines of garden forest. Green leaves and green blossoms rustle on every side, and make even the cool shade of the avenues amongst the plants seem tinged with a reflected green. And here, under every hedge, the labourers throng to the harvest. London has poured out thousands of its Irish;—wanderers, too, who have gathered in the corn harvest in other parts of England, hasten to reap a second crop, with the wages obtained from which they may pay the rent for their miserable holdings at home, or, better far, traverse the sea to that broad land where no one dies of hunger. See how they eagerly press forward—singly, in twos or threes; or there, where whole families come on together. The father trudges first; after him, one or two great girls limp, barefooted, along the dusty road; the mother toils on not far behind, but bending forward under the weight of the infant, strapped, in sackcloth, upon her back. Then comes the son, a great boy, driving a skeleton donkey-cart, in which are the kettle, the pot to boil potatoes, and two or three wretched mattresses and bundles, amongst which a sickly child lies, with pale and bloated face upturned to the blue sky, that smiles on it in vain.

There, too, another party has made a halt under that dusty hedge. They have collected some half withered branches, and are coaxing a smoky fire to boil the pot, which is scarcely large enough to hold half the potatoes needed to satisfy those ravenous-looking features. For miles, the roadside is dotted with the white ashen marks, surrounded by black borders, that show where these fires have lately been. While down yonder, beside the stream that flows through that cool meadow, two or three families are washing their rags and tatters, and are hanging them on the hedges to dry.

But not frequent, I must admit, are such signs of cleanliness. More often, a child's head is in the lap of an elder sister or of a mother, employed upon it, as Pinelli represents a Neapolitan group. Though thousands and thousands press on, or loiter under hedges, lining the roads and lanes with an almost continuous stream of human beings, who have to wait about until

the commencement of the hop harvest, few, very few, show any signs of cleanliness, thought, or habits of refinement, such as the features of the poorest might bear traces of. Bloated, red, dissatisfied, sulky, are the lineaments of almost every man, woman, and child of the thousands whom I pass. Most of them are the denizens of St. Giles's parish, and every thing about them shows from whence they come.

The more praise, therefore, is due to the Fathers of the Oratory, who have sent forth two of their number to minister to these poor wayfarers, and the effects of whose spiritual interference is observed by the planters in every district where they appear.

And now the hop-poles are pulled from the ground and are laid prostrate, with their fringe and swaddling clothes of leaf and blossom; and now the pickers gather around the piles and soon despoil them of those light green clusters that lately waved so daintily in the breeze. Thrust into sacks, they are carted from the ground, while the naked poles and bruised and torn and trampled plants lie, like the mangled slain on a field of battle.

But beautiful and poetical as look the hop gardens of Kent, they mar the sportsman's toil in this sunny month of September. What 'vails it to beat the well-grown turnip fields, or the stubble newly-turned by that wondrous, cumbrous implement, the Kentish plough? Staunch though be the dogs, the partridges are wild as hawks, and away they skim to the hop covers, or lie there as securely as in hazel coppice, while the sun shines overhead and the sportsman idly beats the fields around. When the hops are picked, the coveys will again be found unbroken, and again will the eager sportsman I have been told of, fire his ramrod into the midst, as he did last year, when "he skewered six on 'em:"—much as Ariosto represents Orlando to have spitted the pagans, like larks, upon his irresistible lance. Better, far better, is it to lie beneath this old stone wall—that fine old Elizabethan mansion crowning the top of the hill on the left hand, whence the ground falls, in mighty terraces—once, perhaps, encumbered and disfigured with ornamental masonry—but now sloping down, down, beneath gigantic oak trees and unmeasurable ashes, down to the lake and the spreading weald beyond: better, far better, to lie beside this crumbling wall, and, with unerring rifle in hand, mark the stately deer, as they are driven near us by the keeper—tossing their antlered heads, or looking suspiciously on every side to see where their dreaded foe may lurk; better far to lie beside this crumbling wall and note how the old ones of the herd, whom experience has told wherefore they are

collected from the shady glens of the park, crowd together in the centre, where no ball can hit them without endangering others, while the younger beauties trot unsuspiciously on the outside, and seem proud to show off their graceful limbs and tiny heads, innocuous to the rifle they are not yet old enough to tempt. Tell us not, old friend, Izaak Walton, of the pleasures of angling: beside what stream didst thou ever find scenery more peaceful, trees more noble, than these; and where is the shoal of trout, grayling, or salmon, to be compared to the stately herd that prances before me beneath the chequered shade? If thou dost not own this, old Izaak, thou knowest no more of the kingly art of venerie than did the studious friend who lately whispered to the butler,

“Harding; your master is going to send me a side of venison; pray see that they do not forget to send the giblets.”

12th.—But I might not tarry amid scenes which “Leatherstocking” of “La longue carabine” might have envied. Let me turn to another “garden of England,” and admire the beautiful Southampton water and the far-famed Isle of Wight. How brightly the little waves danced in the brighter sun! How gracefully those wooded shores sloped down to the water’s edge! How snug looked the white villas amid their tufted bowers: how gloomy the walls of the old abbey of Netley, which modern taste has transformed into a tea-garden!

“If it’s not profanation, it’s ‘coming it strong,’
And I really consider it’s all very wrong,”

wrote the late Rev. Mr. Barham thereanent. But on, on paddles the lively little steamer. Calshot Castle is left in its loneliness; Cowes has opened the busy Medina to our view: we hug the shores of the island, and pass beneath the sea palace of our Ocean Queen. Osborne House looms darkly at the top of the hill, overshadowed by the two ugly towers that royal taste has superadded to it. Surely never since the times of Babel were people so bent upon tower building! We are raising a mighty one adjoining the new Houses of Parliament, for no other reason, as the late Lord Holland declared, than that, once upon a time, a certain people said, “Go to; let us build a tower:” it may, however, typify a confusion of tongues underneath: without the means of adequately supporting our priests, we are building steeples to every church—excepting to St. George’s Cathedral:—and the Queen is here following or guiding the national taste, by making her own especial country-house look as if it sprung from a cross between a brewery and a gasometer.

And at Ryde, also, is a church with a tower, on which no expense has been spared. It is a beautiful building, in the

early Norman style, and having, with the presbytery, been raised and endowed by one individual, (the Lady Clare), I quarrel not with the costliness of the execution. It is only when I see the pennies and shillings, contributed by those who have had to earn them, expended in ornament, rather than in church space and in schools, that I question the justice, as well as the wisdom, of the appropriation.

My guide and *cicerone* asked me to read and explain to her some letters, in old Saxon characters, carved, in double lines, round the arch of the doorway. The smoke of the packet returning from Portsmouth curled up in the distance, announcing that I had but an hour to spare; I excused myself, therefore, on the plea that it was not intended that "those who run should read:" and that such words were only allowed to be read sitting—

"Like the verbum Græcum,
Spermagoraiolekitholakanopolidays,*
Words that ought only to be said upon holidays,
When one has nothing else to do."

I hastened back to the beautiful pier, three-quarters of a mile long, from the end of which I contemplated the thriving town, described by Smelfungus Smollett as a fishing village at which he could only land by being carried through the mud on men's shoulders. The packet quickly steamed alongside; and through the waters, freshened up by a fine afternoon's breeze, we glanced and paddled and glided as lightly as the round-backed porpoises tumbling amid the waves beside us:

How blissful the leap of the porpoise seem'd
As it rose on the dancing sea!
Its fine fat sides in the sun light gleam'd
As it tumbled joyously.
Oh! who would not like on a porpoise's back
Around the world to roam?
I never would ask for a livelier hack
To ride on the ocean foam!

15th.—When I was travelling through Kent and Hampshire, it was taken for granted that I was a "gent" employed to visit the hop grounds by governmental or other interest; and enjoying the assumed character, I talked learnedly of how I had measured hops three and a half inches in length and of the

* Σπερμαγοραιολεχιθολαχανοπωλιδες. From the *Lisistrata* of Aristophanes, v. 458.

amount of duty that would have to be paid. I am now at Torquay where religion is the one characteristic of the place: where Bishop Phillpotts on one side of the town urges on to high Church-of-Englandism, and Tor Abbey on the opposite side gently wooes to Catholicism by elegance, fashion, gaiety, and its quiet little Catholic chapel where piety may find itself at home. I am assured, that, during last winter, it really grew into the fashion for ladies and gentlemen to become Catholics, so impressed seemed all the world with the spirit of the onward movement and so thoroughly aware that it could have but one termination.

Three and twenty years have glided away since I last walked from our Bath House near the pretty retired bathing cove, passed along Frying Pan Row, where dwelt Mrs. Edward Cary with her neice and the beautiful Miss Hodgson, both of whom had inspired me with a sudden taste for marbles and madrapores that we picked up as we sauntered along the beach;—three and twenty years have elapsed since I passed along “Frying Pan Row,” and over the then thickly-wooded mount, now studded with villas, that separates the town from the avenue-planted fields of Tor Abbey, and knelt in its peaceful chapel. And now again I kneel here, and the happy past masses itself into oneness; and, with all its events and all its happiness, seems as the act of a play that has been played out, or as the volume of a novel that has been read. Is not the novel ended? Is there to be another act to the play? When I was last here, life had not yet begun: and now.....Close the volume! Put out the lights!

And the friend of my then boyhood—the Rev. Mr. M’Ennery—how merrily and how scientifically we lighted up the old caverns with blue lights and stumbled and moralized over antediluvian bones and some petrified moss that he declared to be the wig of Moses! How gaily we cantered to the fishing villages around the bay, and baptized the poor people’s children; and then dined with them on apple-pudding hid under Devonshire cream; intermingling the whole with religious, or controversial or scientific talk! He is dead; and his museum is dispersed; and the descriptive book of it that he was about to publish, may turn up hereafter amid the relics of the present world, but will never be seen until then.

A correspondent of the publication entitled “Notes and Queries” is, I perceive, about to collect a museum of such old-world antiquities; and, fearful of making a false start, asks the editor of the paper

“Who was Sollingen?”*

* Sollingen is a town in Westphalia; the blades manufactured at which are as famous as those of Damascus.

and the learned editor, instead of replying "He was a partner of Damascus in the sword trade ; the one made sharps and the other blunts ;" or gruffly answering "Dam-(it why do you)-ask-us—we know nothing about it," publishes the query as innocently as it is asked !! Oh these Jonathan Oldbucks and Edie Ochiltrees !

"What perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron."

Will the editor of the "Notes and Queries" be pleased to tell me by what right it is recorded on the tomb of Louis Phillippe that he was "Rex Francorum ?" The Franks, methinks, are a wider race than he ever ruled over. We no longer claim to be sovereigns of France ; and I see not why a French king should assume to be King of Frangistan.

But a stranger has entered the coffee-room and addresses the waiter : he looks like a Catholic, or perhaps he is only a Puseyite ; and, having heard that this is Ember week, wishes to comply with the rule of abstinence without knowing to what days it is restricted :—

"Waiter !" he says : "can I have fish for dinner ?"

"Why, sir ;" replies the waiter ; "our boatmen do not trawl on Sundays : but we have *mock* turtle soup."

Did he know that real turtle was fish and think that mock turtle would do as well ? Or did he think that Puseyism was a mock Catholicity ? Or did he mock at the whole question ?

I remember when I was last at Haore an Englishman, who was most anxious to have a mock turtle soup, vainly endeavoured, for a long time, to describe how it was made. He said that it was made of "tête" of something, but could no more remember the French for calf than could the hero of the Editor of the "Catholic Magazine" for last month remember the French for "bull." At last, however, he clasped his own head with his hands, and said it was made with "a tête-a-tête comme ça—a head like this."

"Oh je comprends : une tête de veau !" said the waiter : "I understand now : a calf's head !"

THE DIARY OF MARTHA BETHUNE BALIOL.

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF HER BELOVED GRANDMOTHER,
THE LADY BETHUNE OF LINCLUDEN: COMMENCED THE 1ST
DAY OF SEPTEMBER, 1753.

(Continued from page 128.)

September 18.—I wished for some stirring event to vary the quiet routine of my life,—some incident to give interest to my DIARY. Truly I have had both. How much a day may bring forth, how little can we judge by the present hour what may happen the next! Had any one told me, two days ago, that this morning I should be galloping over the country, ere break of day, I should have scouted such a wild idea. But let me return to yesterday, and tell all that befell me. I did stop my writing to go and see my grandmother, and never had I time to resume it: as yet, the events are fresh in my memory, and whilst they are so I will note them down, commencing where I did leave off.

I proceeded to my grandmother's room; she kissed me tenderly, and gave me her blessing, and hung round my neck a very magnificent jewelled necklace.

After remaining a short space with her, I proceeded to the garden, to tell the gardener to send some of his best fruit in to breakfast. This is a French fashion, which my Lord Derwentwater has taught us, and which we do much affect. Whilst in the garden, my Lord D. joined me, and, kindly greeting me, wished me many happy years, and that during their course I would sometimes bestow a thought on my old playmate, Charley Ratcliffe, who would never forget Mount Baliol, and the happy time spent there. He then acquainted me that there was no prospect of his affairs in this country mending. His principal estates, the value of which Sir Richard told me is immense, government has seized. That he is rightful heir to the title, no one can deny. The proofs are too clear to admit of a shade of doubt; but that title is attainted, and he cannot bear it, nor even show himself openly in his native country; for his name is one of the exceptions to the pardon; and the usurper's government is too needy to be able to forgive a man whose first act, on being pardoned, would be to dispute its right to endow hospitals with his fortune.

“In short, Miss Baliol, nought remains for me now but to return to France, and there, in the excitement of a soldier's life, to try and blot out the remembrance of the gleam of sunshine which, since I have known you, has shone upon my dark and

solitary path. You I can never forget; but I must think of you now as one so immeasurably removed from me, that it were madness to attempt to annihilate the distance that separates us. I shall look up to you as a guardian angel to incite me to noble deeds, that you may never blush in after years to hear the name of the man that loves you: not, as I did, till Kilmaine brought a death-blow to my hopes, not as a ministering angel to my comfort and pride in life, to share with me the coronet I hoped to lay at your feet." He was going away! Leaving Scotland to return no more!! I longed for the power to bid him remain, and share the fortune that would be joyless without him. But speak I could not. I felt sick at heart, and must have fallen to the ground had not his arm supported me.

"I should not have remained to-day but at the urgent request of your brother; for, believe me, the longer I remain near you, the more I see of you, the harder will be the effort to tear myself from you, the greater the misery when gone."

I know not exactly what I said, nor how it came to pass, but this I do know, and I thank heaven whilst I write it, that ere we left the garden, he had promised not to leave Scotland for some time longer, and I had promised that when he did so, I would accompany him as his wife! How my heart beats in writing these two words—*his wife*! Was ever a girl more supremely happy! I cannot believe it, for never did one gain a truer or nobler heart.

With many apologies for its unworthiness, he begged of me to accept of a little patch box as a *gage d'amour*. He told me that it might find favour in my sight, as it had formerly belonged to Madame de Sevigné, and her cypher is on it. It is composed of embossed gold, with a little looking-glass on the top encircled by brilliants, on the bottom a coronet and cypher. When I hesitated to accept of it on account of its great value, he laughed merrily at my scruples, and requested to know if I rated his heart of less value which I had just accepted. I smiled, and somehow the word exchanged passed my lips. He took my hand, and, raising it to his lips, he thanked me for that amendment on his speech; "but if an exchange be necessary, give me that ring which you always wear, and which I shall ever faithfully guard."

It was a signet ring, an antique which my dear Father used to wear. Hastily drawing it from my finger I put it on his.

"What is the subject?" he said, looking at it.

"Can you not decipher it. The eternity of love in the soul, we say it means. Cupid holding a butterfly, and encircled by a serpent."

"That is not it. To me it looks like Hymen; but why the inverted torch?" he replied.

I started, and with dismay now remembered that yesterday I was playing with Madge's rings, and had taken one of her's as a pledge of her return, giving her my own one in exchange. They were so much alike that I had not remembered this when I gave it away, and alas! it was a mourning ring: the genius of life with folded wings and inverted torch, typifying death:—and this was the ring of our betrothal!—and again the gipsy's warning came across my mind; and, agitated beyond expression, I felt the hot tears coursing each other down my cheeks, whilst I explained to him the fatal mistake—the fearful omen.

Never shall I forget how kindly he consoled me; how gently he chid my superstition; how gaily he read the image on the ring, which was Hymen with his inverted torch, having no farther use for it, and meant that I was his till death; that, in fact, a more suitable espousing ring could not have been chosen.

But the time had passed more quickly than we could have imagined, and I heard the horn sounding for breakfast, ere it seemed to me we had been five minutes in the garden.

We agreed to tell our engagement to none, to-day, and as much as possible to act as if none existed between us; and then we hurried away: luckily, the little postern-door being open, I entered without meeting any one, and he told me he was equally fortunate; and so, after running up stairs to my room to efface from my eyes the traces of emotion, when I got to the breakfast table I found I was by no means the last. I fear I made many mistakes during the breakfast; but at last I was recalled to my senses by hearing my brother say:—"You must pardon my sister, my Lord; her birthday luckily occurs only once a year, on other days she is really a reasonable being."

"What have I done?" I asked in amaze.

"Merely told Lord George, when he asked if the pastie before you was venison or moor-game, that you were quite well, and again that these plums are from our garden. I pass over the trifling mistakes of giving no sugar to my chocolate, and emptying the cream-jug into the sugar-basin." I joined in the laugh at my own expense, and luckily made no more mistakes.

Soon after breakfast, the gentlemen departed to beat the woods in search of game, and we ladies proceeded to divert ourselves after our own fancy. Lady Stirling and Mrs. Hunter accompanied my dear grandmother to see some new improvements in the kitchen, and the young ladies began discussing the new modes, whether the short aprons were as becoming as the long, the reported marriages, and when they were going to Edinburgh, where I believe we all meet in winter. I must own I took little interest in the matter. I was too much occupied in thinking over the scene of the garden to heed, as I might otherwise have done, the announcement of the fact that

Lady Clerk was to be gayer this winter than last, as she was to introduce her second daughter ; neither did I care whether Mrs. Elliot returned to India with her husband, as some thought she would, or remained at home with his father, now an old man. I rejoiced when Miss Murray proposed that we should take a walk and see the garden : accordingly we got our hoods and capuchins and proceeded there. I know I played my part badly, for I could not still the beatings of my heart when passing the spot where so lately I received the vows of Lord Derwentwater, and had in return plighted my own.

Lucy Græme could not assist me to amuse my guests, and I feel well assured they were getting very tired, when I saw Madge Murray coming along the pleached walk, and knew that she would assist me. I named her to my young friends, for save Lucy, she knew none of them, and told her that she must help me, and very soon she had them laughing, for she described so funnily that it was owing to an accident that had befallen her that morning, that she had come six hours sooner than she intended. She had just mounted her own chesnut to take a gallop to the gate, when lo ! it put its foot on a stone, and down they both came.

"Then you acknowledge having been thrown ?" said Miss Murray, with a sneer.

"Acknowledge having been thrown ? Yes, fifty times at least. I would not ride a horse that could not throw me ; but this time we both fell together, luckily I was uppermost ; but I found my poor Bright Star had hurt her shoulder, and was not able for more to-day, so I had to take Harry's gray, and he is no arm chair to sit, especially on a rough road ; so instead of galloping across in time for the first dance with my cousin Dick," and here she gave a glance at Miss Murray, "I was obliged to bring Prince Rupert as quietly over as his excitable nature would permit. As we passed the Spring Well Muir, I met a party of sportsmen and left Harry with Sir Richard, so I had the felicity of riding to the stable with our steeds ; as I led Harry's—"

"And had you no groom ?" said Miss Murray.

"To what purpose ?—to pick up the pieces if I fall and preserve the pattern ? Harry will do that, and I had as lieve go in the family coach at once, with the coachman on the box, my own woman inside, two footman behind and a couple of out-riders ; all very fine indeed, but most fearfully in the way. Suppose Harry and I make a wager who will first return to a given point by each riding a circle ?—what is the groom to do—race after me, or fly after Harry, or remain stationary ? But let me not forget to tell you, Martha, the sport has been so good that Sir Richard begged of me to announce his speedy return,

and his hope that after that, the ladies will permit them to accompany them in their walk."

They did soon return and planned a walk to an old ruin at the end of our park. I was unable to go having household matters to arrange at home, but Madge promised to take my place and tell them the legend connected with it, which she averred to know better than I did, and in truth I believe her, as she has a rare knack of collecting all the old legends of the country.

But my household affairs were little attended to, for I found that my Lord D. had also managed to escape the walking party under some pretence, and so we sat together in the *oriel* room and talked of the happy future which is before us. I must describe the dress I wore for it was much commended. Instead of the rose coloured taffetas which I had resolved to wear, my grandmother had ordered for me from Mistress Needle,—a very rich white and silver brocaded satin which was made in the newest fashion, looped up to show my petticoat which was of pale blue satin. My trimmings and ruffles were the finest point—my hair was powdered, for as it has a *shade* of the Baliol red in it, powder is no small addition to the adornment of my toilet. My woman, Mistress Alice Lambskin, is the most skilful hair dresser that ever was, and truly, vanity apart, when she had finished her labours and put on my cap, and I had added my patches, I was not altogether displeasing to behold. To-night, at least, I thought I shall not appear to such disadvantage by *his* side. But when Lucy Græme came to see me, alas, how poor was my appearance beside her radiant loveliness!—who that had eyes but must contrast the difference between that picture and this! She was attired in a plain white satin negligée, with cherry coloured trimmings, and a petticoat of peach blossom and gold brocade. She wore no powder, but the natural loveliness of her sunny brown curls was seen in all its beauty. Her neck and arms boasted of no adornment save that which nature had given them, whilst mine were sparkling in gems; for in addition to the necklace my grandmother gave me, my uncle had presented me with bracelets to match. In one respect only were we alike—we both wore the little Flanders lace caps, which my brother had presented to us. I could not raise my eyes from contemplating Lucy, she looked so lovely beyond expression; but whilst I regarded her in mute admiration, she spoke in high terms in praise of my appearance, and told Mistress Alice she might be proud of her skill, for never had she seen any one more becomingly attired—more fitted in every way to be queen of the ball. Whilst we were talking, Madge entered; she shares my room, but had been busy with Harry, who occupies Alice's chamber, for Madge never will consent to be separated

far from him. She complimented both, and vowed that we were rearmed with deadly intentions.

"Pray don't wait for me," she said, "if you wish to proceed to the scene of action, for I have yet to see that Harry's hair looks well when powdered—if not, he shan't wear it; but his heart is set upon powder, as Sir Richard wears his that way, and his valet is now with him."

Accordingly we did not wait, but proceeded to the drawing-room, where we found my grandmother, Lord D., and Sir Richard only. Lady Lincluden and Sir Richard were loud in their praises of the becoming nature of our toilet. My Lord D. said nothing, but his eyes were eloquent, and in them I read that he did not regret or repent the choice he had made. And truly I had reason to be proud of his appearance, for scorning the fashion of the usurper's court, he wore the dress that a gentleman appeared in, when the Stuarts were on the throne. It consisted of a doublet of blue velvet with slashed sleeves, the collar covered by a band of the finest lace, over which fell his long love-locks: his short cloak worn over one shoulder was of blue velvet with gold embroidery, and lined with white satin; his breeches were of blue velvet, slashed with white; his stockings white with gold clocks; his shoes of blue velvet, with large white roses, with a diamond centre to each. In his hand, he held a broad-leafed Flemish hat, with a rich band and a large plume of white feathers, fastened in by a diamond aigrette. A Spanish rapier hung by his side from a superb baldric, which was worn sashwise over the right shoulder. Truly had a queen been his choice rather than a simple Scottish maiden, she would have derived honour from one on whom nature had lavished her choicest gifts, though fortune had proved less kind. He pointed out to me that he was in my colours, and then first I perceived that, by mere chance, the dresses of each were blue and white. He told us that at the ball he had lately been to at Versailles, he had been requested to wear an English costume, and therefore, out of compliment to the king (his cousin), he had chosen the dress worn at the time of his majesty's kinswoman, the beautiful Queen Henrietta.

My brother was in a court dress. Truly neither court nor costume are improved by the change. His coat was of purple velvet, with gold embroidery; a long flapped embroidered waistcoat hung down and met his scarlet silk stockings, with gold clocks, which came so high above his knees as to conceal his breeches. He had large hanging cuffs, and very beautiful Flanders lace ruffles and cravat; his shoes were of black leather, with square toes, red heels, and very magnificent diamond buckles. He wore a small sword, with a jewelled

hilt; and in his hand he held his small three cornered hat, laced with gold galloon and trimmed with feathers, and powder in his hair. Although beside my Lord D.'s dress, his looked stiff and formal, he himself bore well the comparison, and two handsomer men you would look for in vain. My Lord D. was dark as a foreigner, while my brother has the blue eyes, fair complexion, and sunny hair of the Scandinavian heroes, whom we boast as our ancestors on the Bethune side. Harry and Madge were the next to enter. I am glad to say that Harry did not wear powder; his own rich chestnut curls suited him much better. His dress was a plain green velvet one, laced with gold, and a black solitaire, worn loosely round his neck, allowed the beauty of his fair boyish throat to be well seen.

Madge's dress, the most unstudied, was not the least becoming. It was of white lutestring, with bunches of flowers embroidered on it in their natural colours. The boddice had a very long peak, with a stomacher, and a partlet of fine lace; the petticoat was rose coloured; her shoes white, with diamond buckles; and the ringlets of her black hair, in which she wore a white rose, her only ornament, fell on her snowy neck.

Harry's extasies at the sight of the brilliantly lighted hall and chalked floor were long and loud. The others then began to arrive, but so quickly did one entrée follow another, that I had no longer time to note the dresses. Amongst others was Miss Peggie Paterson; and there being some dragoons quartered near, my brother had judged it best to ask them (he having been a king's soldier, as they unjustly term him). Accordingly some of the dragoons appeared, and one of them was Captain Mucklewham: he was named to me, as indeed they all were; he is quite different from what I had expected. Not in the least good looking; but though a sidier roy, he has a soldierly port and presence, and although the son of a Glasgow weaver, he is not unlike a gentleman. My grandmother shook hands with him and congratulated him on having gained the heart of Peggie Paterson. He thanked her, and made some speech about being a willing captive.

"Ah," said Madge to my brother, and so loud that I blushed for fear that Captain Mucklewham might hear her, "Ah, we can forgive Hawley's dragoons if they follow the example of their valiant leader in his admiration of us. Few generals reverse the old song, and say as he did,

'I could not love you, love, so much,
Did I love honour more.'"

The sets then began to form, and I felt not a little nervous when Lord D. led me to the top of the room. I could not

but hear the hum of admiration which greeted him as we walked along the room, and which did not diminish when they saw his dancing. We first walked a minuet. There were several couples besides ourselves. Sir Richard presented his hand to Madge to lead her forth, but she refused to dance this time, as she kindly said she wished to admire me. My dear brother seemed to be gratified by her speech, and pressed her no more. The Lady Lincluden begged of him then to secure the hand of Miss Murray. "No," he replied, "I do not dance, unless it be with Madge;" but seeing my grandmother look distressed, he said, "I will please her yet more; I will get Gentle Georgie (my Lord George) for a partner to her, and he is the best dancer that I know;" and, suiting the action to the word, he crossed to where Lord George stood, who presently after was seen leading out Miss Murray.

About the middle of the evening, I was standing in the corridor, near the door of the small drawing-room, and concealed by the curtain which hung across the door, and was witness of a scene which occasioned me much pain of heart, and which is yet unexplained to me. Madge Murray and my Lord D. entered, and looking round to see that none were present save themselves, they set down on the settle and began talking very earnestly, but in so low a tone of voice that I could not hear a word that either said, but I saw Madge take a letter from the folds of her bodice and present it to Lord Derwentwater. He took it eagerly; she made some remark, which I could but guess the nature of, for he coloured and for a moment looked embarrassed, but speedily recovered; she gave him her hand, which he raised to his lips, and then Miss Murray and Captain Mucklewham entered, and I, sick at heart with all I had seen, turned away and walked down the corridor. Kilmaine met me, and told me they were forming a country dance, and he was looking for Miss Græme, who had been dancing with Harry Broughton. We entered the dancing-room, and at the door we met Madge and Harry.

"Miss Græme is talking to Lady Lincluden," said Madge to Kilmaine, who hurried away to find her. "Martha," she continued, "will you dance this time with Harry. But you are tired, you look so pale. Never mind dancing with Harry, I am sure you are tired."

"No," I replied, "I am quite able to dance."

"Then remember, Harry, go to the top of the dance beside my partner," and we entered the room. Lord D. offered Madge his hand, and we walked to the top of the room, but there we found Miss Murray and Captain Mucklewham. They gave place to Harry and me only.

"I stand next my cousin, Miss Murray," said Madge.

"Pardon me, we were here first, and shall remain. You must stand below us," said Miss Murray.

"You flatter yourself highly if you think a Broughton will ever yield to a Kilmaine," said Madge proudly.

"Captain Mucklewham, I hope you will maintain your post, and yield it to none," said Miss Murray.

He bowed, but looked disconcerted.

"What!" said Madge, "do you think one of Hawley's dragoons will stand his ground and a white rose so near," and she pointed to the one in her hair. "Remember Falkirk!"

"Bloodie Culloden remembered it well," he replied haughtily.

"Captain Mucklewham," said Lord D., "my partner's place is next to her cousin: do you mean to give it?"

I know not what he might have done; I think he was inclined to yield, but at that moment, unfortunately, the white rose from Madge's hair fell at his feet.

"The white rose has yielded its place," said Miss Murray.

"Holloa Madge, there's your bonny white rose at a sidier royl's feet," said Harry, in the same breath.

"Never!" cried Lord Derwentwater and Madge impetuously. Lord D. picked it up and presented it to her; and I could not help feeling a thrill of pleasure when I saw that he did not retain the flower.

"Nearer my heart than ever!" said Madge, sticking it in the boddice of her dress.

"Do you mean to give us our place?" said Lord Derwentwater.

"I yield my place to none," said Captain Mucklewham; "and the white rose fell at my feet."

Lord D. looked as if he could have hurled him from the spot, and bit his lip to keep in the fierce reply which rose to it, but glancing at his sword he said, quietly, "Let us not forget that we are in the presence of ladies, and must not disturb them with our quarrels."

"You may find that the white rose—" said Madge, and then she suddenly stopped.

"Your pardon, Miss Murray," said Captain Mucklewham, bowing.

"The white rose had rather be the first in the battle than in the brangle; there it will never give place to Hawley's dragoons. And now, Master Edwardes, shall we go see this dance from the other side? You are unfortunate in your tune, Captain Mungo Mucklewham; it being 'Up and rin awa, Hawley,'" said Madge.

"No, Madge," I said decidedly, "Captain Mucklewham may

rest assured that no such tune will be played whilst he is our guest."

Captain M. bowed his thanks and Lord D. smiled his approval of my speech, and the music beginning, it was "Off she goes." Harry and I led down the dance, and Madge and Lord D. walked away. I was so distressed during the whole dance, thinking what would be the consequences of the scene, that great was my surprise to see Madge and Lord D. standing, talking as unconcernedly as if nothing unusual had occurred. As soon as the country dance was over, Harry and I crossed the room to where Madge stood.

"Oh Madge," said he, "what brave sport a ball is. Whom can I get next to dance with?"

"What would you have more? you have danced with the beauty and the queen of the ball," replied Madge.

"But Martha is going away now, and I must have somebody. Come yourself, Madge; I like you better than any one. Hurrah! a Highland reel. Come, Madge, come," and he led her away, leaving me with Lord D.

"Do you know," said he in a whisper, "that Miss Murray knows our secret?"

"Madge! How?" I exclaimed, thinking on the scene I had so lately seen in the small drawing-room.

"Why," he replied, smiling, "she saw your ring, or rather, I believe, her own, on my finger, and at once taxed me with the fact; and good sooth, mistress mine, I was too proud of having won you, too happy when she styled me cousin, to seek to deny what honours me so much. But I told her that she only is in our confidence, and I know we may rely on her.

"How come you to know that so well?" I inquired, for all this did not explain about the letter.

"Because," he answered quietly, "I have known her tried in matters of life and death."

At that moment Captain M. crossed near us. The look that he and my lord gave each other I shall never forget, but not a word was spoken by either.

I felt miserable and longed for the ball to be at an end, that I might consult with my brother. At last supper was announced, and I was handed to it by Lord Derwentwater.

When it was over, we returned to the ball-room and changed partners no more, consequently the rest of the evening I was my lord's partner. On leaving the room it chanced that Lord D., not perceiving that I was near, strode up to Captain M., and touching the hilt of his sword, said the single word, "*To-morrow?*"

"I shall be at your service," replied Captain M., and imme-

diately they separated. But I had no opportunity of speaking with my brother.

After Alice had left me Madge entered ; she had been sitting with her brother, listening to his raptures about the ball till he fell asleep, and now she came to me.

"Martha," she said, smiling archly, "the next time you change rings with any one pray let it be your own ring, and not mine, that you give," and then she flung her arms round me, and folding me to her heart, she congratulated me on the prospect before me.

"Tell me how you found it out, Madge?" I said.

"I guessed there was something when Lord D. was so anxious to know the weight of a very inferior stag, that he could not join the walking party, as I knew you were too busy. Eh, Mat, and when I saw my ring on his finger I was certain."

"And what were you saying to him in the small drawing-room?" I inquired.

"Where were you?" she said hastily.

"I was outside, and saw all."

"Saw all! All what?" said Madge.

"I saw you give him a letter, Madge."

"And what then? Surely you are not so foolish as to be unhappy because the man who is plighted to you receives a letter from your cousin. I thank heaven, if I have a man's heart, as Miss Peggie says (would it were true in one sense), at least there is no room in it for the woman's failing, jealousy. Martha, it is unworthy of you, and most undeserved by Lord D. My dear burdalane, you are incapable of appreciating the truth of his character if for one instant you allow a doubt of him to poison your mind. Yes, I did give him a letter, and what the contents of that letter were I frankly tell you I shall not reveal; but if you are what I take you to be, you will at once crush the hideous image now rising in your heart, believe Lord Derwentwater to be all that you wish, and believe that Madge Murray would die sooner than harm you, and, with all her faults, is incapable of attempting to steal a heart given to you."

"I will believe it, Madge; come what may, I shall never again doubt either of you. It is too pleasant, in this case, to obey, to wish to do otherwise," and I returned her caresses.

"But oh, Madge," I said, after a moment's pause, "this quarrel with Captain Mucklewham. What is to be done?"

"Done! nothing. He will apologise, you may be sure. He could afford to bluster before us, knowing that Lord D. would not quarrel in the drawing-room; when alone there will be a difference."

"Ah, Madge, would I could think so, but I fear that will not be," and then I told her the words that I had heard pass between them.

Madge smiled scornfully. "In that case, I think there is every reason to expect a vacancy in Hawley's dragoons. Fancy the impudence of the son of a weaver presuming to cross swords with the Lord Derwentwater. Truly it will do him some good to lose a little of that blood which makes him so malapert."

"Madge! Madge!" I said, in an agony of distress, "how can you talk thus lightly of such an awful thing!"

"Awful! Bless the child, does she fancy Charley Ratcliff never crossed a sword before now, and he with a beard on his chin—I crave your pardon, he wears moustachios. Poor Peggie Paterson might term it an awful thing did she know all. Lord D. is scarce the man to forgive an insult offered in your presence. Why how now?" seeing me rising hastily. "What is the matter? Whither away?"

"Since you will not advise with me how this may be put an end to, I must go to those who will—my dear brother," I said.

"Stop one moment and listen to me. If Lord Derwentwater has been insulted, he must punish the offender. Sir Richard will tell you that no gentleman can interfere to prevent a meeting."

"And so," I replied bitterly, "Lord D. must be sacrificed to avenge a silly quarrel provoked by you."

"My dear Martha, I forgive you the unkindness of your speech, knowing that it has no foundation. I drew No. 2, consequently my place was second in the dance. Miss Murray took my place, and her partner supported her. I do not blame him, but she it was who provoked the quarrel, and so let Mungo look to himself for supporting an unjust claim. Lord Derwentwater wo'n't forget bloodie Culloden."

"Ah, Madge," I replied, "you do not love him, or you could not thus talk of exposing him to danger:" and the tears, I could no longer restrain, ran down my cheeks.

"No:" she said, laughing, "I do not; but even then..... but dry your tears, Martha. You think Lord D's life in danger. I do not: I don't think the same of Mungo's, but he provoked the attack."

"Madge, think how dreadful, if murder be the end of a silly quarrel between two girls for a place in a dance! If my brother cannot assist me I will go to my grandmother. The sin of murder shall not be on his soul if I can prevent it."

"And how can my dear old grannie help it?"

"At least she will try, since you will not."

"Will not! bless you I have been arranging a plan this half hour. Now," she said, seriously—"are you willing to put a stop to this meeting?"

"Can you doubt it, Madge? only try me."

"I will. Captain Mucklewham will be in no hurry to rise, he is too good a trooper to shame his commander in that respect, consequently the chances are that the meeting does not take place till after breakfast. Ere then, Captain M. may have received orders to mount and go: but to ensure that, it is necessary that you should assist me—are you willing?"

"Yes!" I replied, steadily.

"You must immediately ride across to the hall and see my father."

"Oh Madge! I cannot do that."

"Then I cannot stop this meeting," she answered, determinedly.

"I must then try others."

"Do so, but they will fail, and it will then be too late to try this. No, Martha, believe me I know of no other plan. Sir Richard cannot interfere. If your grandmother does, then is Lord D. branded as a coward. This way it can never be known—unless you tell."

"But alone—at this hour?"

"Alone! no: Harry shall attend you, he knows every foot of the road, and when he is by your side you need have no fear—a better or a braver rider you won't find between this and the Solway."

"Could he not go alone?" no sooner had the words passed my lips than I wished them unsaid. Madge's tone of agony and distress, as she replied, I shall not soon forget.

"He! ah would he could. How many miserable hours had I then been spared—"

"Or could you write?"

"No!" and smiling, she continued—"letters, as you know, are dangerous."

"Then there is nothing can be done?"

"Nothing—if you prefer risking the duel to riding across to the hall." Madge never offered to go herself, and although I felt inclined to suggest that plan to her, I did not like; it seemed so selfish to propose another to do what I feared.

"Then, Madge, I will go," I said, after a moment's pause.

"Ah! there speaks the Bethune blood: what says your watch, nearly two? but you have still two good hours ere it be time to start, so lie down and sleep."

"Sleep, Madge! impossible, how can you talk of such a thing."

"Nevertheless lie down : you will want rest ; for you have a long ride before you. You must indeed, dear Martha," and she forced me to obey her.

"Will you not come ?" I said.

"No, dear, I shall watch, and not let the time pass for starting."

I must have fallen asleep, impossible as it seemed ; but it appeared as if I had just lain down when Madge by a kiss awoke me, told me it was almost four, and that I must rise. I had for a moment forgot about the duel, but the remembrance of it soon returned in all its bitterness.

"Now, whilst you dress, I must go and rouse Harry," said Madge : and I saw with delight that she also had on her riding dress, and I felt comforted at having her for my companion. Truly I had wronged her when I had thought she would spare herself when she could serve a friend. I heard her speaking to Harry. "Harry, you have not got your gun, and I want them to see how you can shoot : rise quickly, go over to the hall, get your gun, and hasten back, but say nothing here where you have been, they might laugh at a man who could only shoot with his own gun."

"Oh Madge !" he replied, "I have had such a dream—"

"Hush man ! no dreams before breakfast—now quick ! join me soon." Madge returned, and very soon Harry knocked to say he was ready. My room being on the ground floor, we easily got out and hurried to the stable.

"But who will saddle our steeds ?" I said.

"Oh I can do that bravely, can't I, Madge ?" said Harry.

"None better," she replied kindly.

But when we came to the stable door we found the groom, who had come across the previous day with Madge's mails. One of our horses was sick, and John being a famous doctor, had undertaken to cure it, and as the poor beast was really very ill, he had set up with it all night. He told Madge this, and seemed to be in no ways surprised at seeing her so early.

"Saddle quickly, John ; we are going to have a brisk ride and see the sun rise."

With Harry's assistance the three horses were soon ready, and I, still trembling, was placed by him on my steed.

"Now, Harry, show Martha that you know how to ride with a lady !"

"Never fear," said he gaily ; "keep at her right side and half a neck behind, be the pace what it may."

"That's it—and, mind, no racing—take as great care of Martha as if she were a little child."

"Do you not accompany us ?" I said, with surprise."

"Me! no. If I could have gone, do you think I would have sent you; but my bonnie gray has twice your distance to put behind his feet. How lucky that the chesnut slipped; she never could have done it in the time. Now, listen attentively. Have no fear of the road. Harry knows every foot of it blindfold: but when you come to the hall follow Harry up stairs; he will go to the right; do you go straight on to a door that you will see at the end of the passage, and knock ere you enter. It is my father's study, and he is sure to be up ere you go to the hall, but he dislikes being broken in upon, so I always knock. Tell him exactly all that has happened between Lord D. and Captain M. Trust me, he can help you and will; but how, matters not; and tell him that I have ridden over to Dunsmuir; he will understand why, and then hasten back to breakfast.

"To Dunsmuir, Madge! that is sixteen miles from this; you never can ride so far alone!"

"Why not; are there bokies by the way?—but time is very precious—put me on, Harry."

The first thing the gray did when Madge mounted was to stand on its hind legs, pawing the air with its fore ones. Madge with a cut of her whip between the ears brought it down, only to lash out its hind ones, then finding that this did not unseat her, it darted off like the wind.

"There they go," said John; "there's not such a horse, nor another lady who would ride it, on this side of Tweed, whatever there is on the other."

Harry then mounted, and we proceeded rapidly by the old approach, where we soon overtook Madge and her fiery steed, now on the best of terms, and quietly walking.

"Good luck go with you, Martha: don't forget my directions. If I have not returned by breakfast time, make the best excuse for me that you can; but it will go hard with me but I shall be back—good bye; our roads separate here."

(To be continued.)

REGISTER

OF

NEW PUBLICATIONS, CORRESPONDENCE, AND EVENTS.

The Editor of the CATHOLIC MAGAZINE AND REGISTER desires that his Correspondents and Contributors may alone be held responsible for the opinions and sentiments that each may express. But he invites our Venerable Clergy and all Catholics to send him information on all matters of religious interest in their several neighbourhoods.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Holy Scriptures ; their Origin, Progress, Transmission, Corruptions, and True Character. 1 vol., 18mo, pp. 168. Dolman : London.

The object of this little work is expressed in its title. It is addressed to Protestant readers and may be useful to them. In the preface, the author explains the meaning of the word "heresy," and thence proceeds to the history of religion and of the gospels and epistles of the New Testament, and of the circumstance under which they were written. Then follows an account of the progress of the sacred books down to the present time. The whole will convey much information to many, and may dissipate many prejudices in a quiet, inoffensive manner.

Wilhem's Method of Teaching Singing, improved by H. W. Crowe. Burns and Lambert : London.

We have all heard of *talking* with the fingers : the publication before us explains the art of *singing* with the fingers. In the days of Robespierre, players were schooled how to extend their hands so as not to seem to allude to the tyrants of the Revolution : in this work, the position of every finger is to be *noted*. The method proposed is very simple and ingenious : and the music is neatly printed.

Lectures on certain difficulties felt by Anglicans in submitting to the Catholic Church. By John Henry Newman, Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, P. 1 vol. 8vo, pp. 325. Burns and Lambert.

We cannot exaggerate the importance of this volume at the present moment. The author, indeed, says that his work is "directed against a mere transitory phase in an accidental school of opinion, and, for that reason, both in its matter and argument only of local interest and ephemeral importance." This, however, is not doing justice to himself. Agreeing fully in his opinion that "it is a better deed to write for the present moment than for posterity," we must yet assert that this volume contains bursts of eloquence and passages of quiet argumentation which will be remembered for their own sake after the controversy of the present times shall, as we trust, have merged in Catholic unity. The motives which directed the preacher in his choice of subjects ; the tenderness with which he has handled and made allowance for the weaknesses which still keep back those who have advanced so near the truth ; the clearness and considerateness and respect even with which he meets their doubts and prejudices, are modes of pulpit oratory for these times. No Anglican who is earnest in his profession of high Church-of-Englandism ; no Protestant or Methodist who sincerely believes all the evils he imputes to Catholicism ; no educated looker on at

the great division which now rends the Established Church, ought to be without this volume : and truly do we thank Dr. Newman for such a means of meeting and explaining those Anglican difficulties which are the subject of discussion, of wonder, or of speculation in every society.

The Lamp. Part V. Richardson and Son.

We fear that this clever publication is too clever, too serious for the poor to whom it is directed : and we regret that its conductors cannot more closely follow the plan of the "Penny" and "Saturday Magazines," which were so eminently successful. The mechanic, the artisan, the labourer, need amusement or relaxation in their reading, or useful information. If, however, the "Lamp" lacks not oil under its present management, we are the better pleased.

A Discourse on the Mission and Influence of the Popes. By the Right Rev. Bishop Gillis. Edinburgh: Dolman.

Whatever is written by Dr. Gillis must bear the impress of thought and eloquence. The discourse before us recommends itself as an historical sketch, no less than by the possession of those other well-known characteristics of all that his Lordship writes.

The Church and the World : a Lecture. By the Right Rev. John Hughes, D.D. Bishop of New York. Dunigan, New York, 1850.

It is always delightful to us to mark the views which enlightened Americans take of European interests, whether past or present : they behold them as from a distance, and in different lights from those in which they present themselves to our own notice. When so spirited a writer, so close a reasoner, so independent a citizen as the Bishop of New York passes us in review, we need not say that his observations are most interesting. We recommend this little lecture to all who, in a few pages, would see the Catholic American raised in presence of European institutions.

A Panegyric on St. Margaret, Queen and Patroness of Scotland. By J. A. Stothert, Missionary Apostolic. Edinburgh: Dolman. 1850.

This is an eloquent discourse for a charitable purpose. May it answer the end for which it was delivered and has been published.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CATHOLIC ADVERTISEMENTS.

To the Editor of the "Catholic Magazine and Register."

SIR,—In the last number of your excellent periodical, in an article from your own multifluent pen, you remarked upon the advertisements in the "Times" newspaper. Is there nothing in our Catholic advertisements as worthy of attention? What say you to the following which (with the name of the chapel which I omit or you would have to pay duty) appeared in the "Catholic Standard" of the 31st of August?—

"A Benefactor contributes £20 towards the redemption of the Spanish Chalice.—Who will join the pious Crusader for the recovery of the Holy Vessel?—Thus stands the log—Nabuchodonosor, 35—champion of the cross, 20. Well Crangle, keep her nose close up to the wind, and next we'll give the Devil his proper place—a wide berth astern. 'Aye, aye, Sir, when he sees that Chalice on our altar, he'll spill a hot bucket of brimstone in his passion.—Likely enough—and I'll treat Crangle to a stiff glass of grog, of which he'll not spill a drop.' "

What does it all mean? Can you inform me, Mr. Editor? Is it decorous thus to speak of the Chalice in which are wrought "the tremendous mysteries" of our Redemption? We have all of us smiled and shaken our heads over the Rev. Mr. Dalton's "interesting cases:" we have all of us opened wide our eyes at the Rev. Mr. Moore's cheers to his "Wapping boys:" but what can we think, what can we say, what can we do in reference to this piece of vulgarity and blasphemy? I am, sir, your humble servant,

York, 3rd September, 1850.

A SCANDALIZED ONE.

JESU CHRISTI PASSIO.

HON. AND REV. G. SPENCER.—A NEW MOVE FOR THE CONVERSION OF ENGLAND.

To the Editor of the "Catholic Magazine and Register."

St. Patrick's College, Carlow,

Sept. 13, 1850.

DEAR SIR,—I have unexpectedly found time for a hasty letter this month in the course of a retreat, which I am giving to the students of this college; but if I can only communicate a simple statement of my own feelings, it will be calculated to animate those who sympathize with me, to new zeal for the conversion, or the conquest, of England; for never was I more devoted to the thought, though I hope to be more and more so, every day that I live. It seems to me that, if I live and have my health, I have before me a better chance now than ever I had of preaching the crusade for England; and I thank God for it. The circumstances which have led to this are such as I could not have conceived would have been so agreeable to me; but Almighty God knows how to guide things in admirable ways. I should not have thought that it could have been so much to my taste, to be started on another vast enterprise in the way of begging; but so it is. A visitor has been sent from Rome, delegated by our general to put in more complete form the congregation of Passionists in England. The result of his first view of our position has been, a resolution that we must, in the first place, obtain a regular establishment of our own near London, where we have a community, but living in a hired house. At least five thousand pounds are required for this purpose, and it devolves on me to raise this sum, by whatever fair and honest means I can. I consider that, by ordinary course of begging, provided I have health and lose no time about anything else, I might hope to raise about £100 a month, which would give me the prospect of working incessantly at this for five years; a very inconvenient prospect, or rather, one not to be contemplated as possible. But if I take to preaching the crusade for England's conversion, and succeed in this, I conceive I may very probably move people to give us what we want in much more quick time; that we may establish what I will call a fortress, overhanging the metropolis, from which that metropolis may be incessantly assaulted, till it falls by the combined efforts of this and the other battalions of troops which are stationed on different points around or within it, supported by the artillery, with which we must have its walls shaken and breaches made, from all parts of the world. This is, then, the line of action I am now following up. On receiving my orders, I determined at once to go to the synod of the bishops of Ireland, to move them, if I was permitted, to call their people to arms, to declare war on England, and to proclaim the crusade in such a tone, that the adversaries might feel that, as far as the Catholics of Ireland are concerned, no rest will be taken or given, no time lost, no exertions spared, till they submit and embrace the faith which they have so long ignorantly despised and persecuted. I could

not have counted on such a favour, as that any new matter proposed by me should be at all noticed on the concluding day of the meeting of the synod, before which I could not arrive at Thurles. Yet it was noticed. The glorious primate, delegate of the Holy See, consented to accept from me a short memorial on this subject, which he himself laid before the bishops, in their very last assembly before the synod was closed. What was decided, or whether anything definite was decided on this subject, I know not. The proceedings of the synod were ordered to be kept strictly secret; but I have good reason to believe that the idea was warmly recommended and favourably entertained. I was afterwards permitted to speak at some length to almost all the prelates, assembled after dinner on the day of the termination of the synod, and if no distinct acceptance of my proposal was intimated, at least it was not rejected nor disapproved, and this is fully as much as I could have expected. The substance of what I have to say in Ireland is as follows:—"

[We regret that want of space compels us to defer until next month the conclusion of this interesting letter.—ED. CATH. MAGAZINE.]

CONVERSIONS.

Lord Viscount Fielding, eldest son of the Earl of Denbigh, Viscount Fielding, Baron Fielding of Newnham Paddox, and Baron St. Lizy, also Earl of Desmond, Co. Kerry, Viscount Callen and Baron Fielding of Lecaghe Co. Kilkenny, also Count of the holy Roman Empire. This very ancient family claims descent from the illustrious house of Hapsburgh, which, for so many centuries gave emperors to Germany. Rudolph, the first emperor of that house, had a younger brother, Geoffrey, who flying from the oppression of the emperor, came into England and, entering the service of Henry III., took the name of Fielden or Fielding. The ninth in descent from him was created Earl of Denbigh by James I.

Upon the conversion of this nobleman the newspapers remark:—The public will learn with no less surprise than regret that Vis. Fielding, M.P. has deserted the ranks of the Established Church and gone over to the Church of Rome. During the last few weeks a rumour to that effect was in circulation, but we believe it was generally discredited. However, on Friday evening the fact of the noble lord's secession was announced to the respective committees of the London Union on Church Matters and of the Metropolitan Church Union, with which bodies he was connected. Those who are most in his Lordship's confidence attribute this unlooked for decision to his dissatisfaction with the course of conduct pursued by his Grace the Archbishop of York and some other church dignitaries, in reference to the Gorham case. Such, at least is said to be the immediate motive. But, however much Lord Fielding may have disapproved of the heads of the church, avowedly upholding the decision of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in the case of "Gorham v. the Bishop of Exeter," his secession is scarcely reconcilable with the public pledge of continued adherence to the Established Church which he gave in two recent instances—the first being the great meeting, held in February last, upon the Educational question; the second held in July last, upon the Gorham case. On the last occasion, St. Martin's Hall being inconveniently crowded, a supplemental meeting was held in Freemason's Hall over which Viscount Fielding presided; and when some of the speakers hinted that secession might be justifiable should the spiritual heads of the church fail in the discharge of their duty, his Lordship used these words:—"I have heard with pain some allusion to separation, as a possible contingency, should the state proceed to further aggressions. That, I admit, might justify us in seeking relief from the trammels of the state. Secession

from the church is quite another thing. Is it for Churchmen to desert their church at her uttermost need? when the enemy is at her gate, shall the soldiers of Christ, the divine head of the church, violate their loyalty and allegiance, by rushing into dissent, if not something worse? This suggestion was made, I presume, merely in the hurry of discussion; but I fain hope that no true Churchman, whether he be clergyman or layman, would seriously entertain the idea of secession from the church." With reference to this language, alleged to have been used by his lordship, Lord Fielding has written a letter to the "Times," in which he remarks as follows:—"I do not boast of having a precise memory, and have no notes of my speech on that occasion. I can only, therefore, say that I have not the slightest recollection of using any such language. Indeed, I am firmly convinced I did not do so. If you quote from the report of the 'Times' on that occasion, I can most unhesitatingly pronounce it to be an entire forgery, for I remarked at the time that the 'Times' had made me up a speech, of which I did not utter a single sentiment. However, waiving all this, no one will deny that I impressively said, that it was the duty of every Churchman to fight for the truth, careless of all obloquy and the world's opinion, and that I was prepared to do so. The step I have taken sufficiently attests this, as no one who knows me will think that I should have adopted such a course, had I not been conscientiously convinced that it was for the sake of truth and duty." Lord Lyttleton, in reference to whose intended secession from the Church of England rumours have been rife during the last few days, has explained his views in reference to the course Lord Fielding and others have adopted, in consequence of the position in which members of the church have been placed by the recent decision of the Judicial Committee of Privy Council. Lord Lyttleton, it seems, was invited to the great church meeting, held a few weeks since at St. Martin's Hall, but declined taking part in the proceedings. His chief motive, he says, was founded upon a fact which, in his view, has hardly been sufficiently dwelt upon, though it has been adverted to by Dr. Pusey, Mr. Keble, Archdeacon Hare, and others, namely, that there exists the most grievous amount of misunderstanding about the meaning of certain theological terms involved in the question in debate, in consequence of which many persons suppose that they differ, when, in fact, they substantially agree. Rather than recommend a separation from the church, Lord Lyttleton recommends a reconciliation between the two conflicting parties, but wishes it to be understood that he implies nothing as to the exact time and manner in which the church is bound to act upon the questions at issue—points on which his lordship thinks somewhat rash statements have been made by eminent men. His lordship repudiates for the present the use of the terms "Convocation" or "Synod," as constituting matters of detail. He is rather anxious to ascertain, in the first instance, whether the principle should be adopted. With reference to a "Synod" or "Convocation," his lordship says:—"It is probably the opinion of no one that either of these bodies, understanding by them, as relates to their main principle, entirely clerical bodies, should eventually furnish the precise model of the church legislature which we wish to establish. But especially with regard to convocation, it is a question to be argued, whether it, as already existing, should be called into practical operation, with the intention that it should then be reformed as may seem fit, or whether the attempt should be made at once to constitute, with legal authorized functions, such a body as we should wish to see permanently established.

"I will only say that (not addressing those who hold the church to be a mere function of the state) if there be anywhere in the world any organic body, secular or spiritual, which cannot be trusted with the power of delibera-

tion and self-government without danger of destruction—so that, as we are told, it is the instinct of self-preservation which has suspended the action of this power in the church—the sooner such a body falls to pieces the better. Truly would the holders of such an opinion justify the sneer of Mr. Newman's lectures, that we are all of us, as he was in the latter years of his abode among us, without faith in our church.—*Letter recently published by Lord Lyttleton.*

LORD FIELDING.—Lady Fielding has seceded with his lordship. Her ladyship was educated in strict communion with the evangelical party in the Church of England. Lady Fielding was the first to show any decided inclination towards the course which has been adopted. She is building a beautiful church on her estates in Wales—intended, until the last few days, for the Church of England, but it now will have a different appropriation. Lord Fielding is the heir to the earldom of Denbigh.—*Oxford Herald.*

It is reported that intelligence has reached England of the reception of the Rev. H. W. Wilberforce, vicar of East Farleigh, Kent, and brother of the Bishop of Oxford, into the Roman Catholic Church at Brussels.—*Times.*

From a Correspondent of the "Church and State Gazette:"—

I believe the following may be relied on as strictly correct:—H. Worthington, Esq., of Fairfield, near Manchester; the Rev. Mr. Bathurst, rector of Kibworth, Beauchamp, Leicester; Mrs. Foljambes, of Margaret Chapel, (now dedicated to "*all the Saints*"); and Mr. Stone, a chorister of that chapel, have been received into the Church of Rome. The two former were received at the Oratory, at Birmingham, by Father Newman, and the latter at Islington by Father Oakley.

The Rev. W. Bathurst, M.A., was lately Fellow and Tutor of Merton College, Oxford, and Rector of Kibworth, to which he was presented by the Society of Merton College, in the year 1844. Mr. Bathurst's living is of the value of £1,000 per annum; he has, therefore, "relieved his conscience" less canonically than the Archdeacons of York and Maidstone, and Profess Mill.

It is stated that Mr. Richards, of Margaret Chapel, and Dr. Pusey, have been in the habit of giving persons formal permission to use invocations of the Virgin Mary and the Saints, and to observe other Romish practices; and that the latter has even allowed his penitents to attend Mass under "peculiar circumstances" (in this country)! But should these assertions be incorrect, those reverend persons will no doubt contradict them. It is certain that several of the congregation of Margaret Chapel bow at the name of the Virgin Mary—(probably to gain the indulgence which the Pope has attached to the observance of this practice)—and some of them express their belief in the Rimini winking miracle, and do not hesitate to say that a "different religion" from theirs is taught at the neighbouring church of All Souls, which is no doubt quite true. They say that their new church will "far exceed" St. Barnabas at Chelsea.

A near relative of Dr. Pusey has stated his intention to resign his living, and is known to have declared that hundreds of clergymen are contemplating the same step. The "*Morning Herald*" gives more credit to the latter report than we are disposed to attach to it. There is a great division and disorganization in the Romanising camp; the Bishop of Glasgow and his section, strongly, it is said, disapproving of the extravagant views of Archdeacon Wilberforce and Manning, with whom he formerly acted.

Dr. Forbes, the Bishop of Brechin, is now on the Continent, where it is believed he feels no scruple in attending Masses and other Romish services, and that *devotionally*, as Romanists themselves would do. It is admitted that his friend, Archdeacon Manning, used to attend the Roman Catholic services regularly in Rome and elsewhere, and that he would have considered it

schismatical to have gone to the Church of England service! It is said that the right reverend gentleman "consecrated" some "altar slabs" sometime before he left England, in conformity with the requirements of the Romish ritual. He was probably aware that it would be difficult to find another prelate to perform this new episcopal function. This gentleman certainly "elevates" the bread and wine at the communion, in obedience to another direction of the Roman Catholic service. Archdeacon Manning's convent at Wantage has been dedicated to the Virgin Mary! It is said that thirty perversa have been received into the Romish Church at Cambridge, amongst whom are several members of the University.

In addition to these the correspondent of a University paper asserts that a pervert who had recanted has again proceeded to Oscott and become a priest! No name is given. The son of a West of England baronet, who had pursued a similar course, is also reported to have relapsed into Popish error, having married a wife who was of the Romish communion.

The Rev. Eyre Stuart Bathurst alluded to above has addressed a letter to his late parishioners, at Kibworth, Leicestershire, in which he says:—"What has made me leave much and many that I love at Kibworth is this—that my present convictions will not allow me to believe that I have been ministering there with the authority of Christ's one holy Catholic and Apostolic Church. You all know that I ever put before you this truth—that our blessed Lord had a visible Church on earth, in strict union with which all baptized persons ought to live. I ever called upon those amongst you who were Dissenters from the Established Church to join it, and maintained that I was the only lawfully appointed minister of Christ in the parish. Many said that to teach this and other points connected with it was to teach and preach what they called "Popery." I disregarded them, because I believed that in all such points the Established Church agreed with the Catholic Church, and formed, in fact, a part of that Church. Things have happened lately which have forced me to a very different conclusion. I can no longer believe that we belong to the same body with Catholics. I believe the Church of England did at the time of what is called the "Reformation," what it has since found fault with. Wesley and others for doing as regards itself—viz., separated from the one holy Catholic and Apostolic Church, and so has ceased to belong to it. Such being my conviction, and firmly believing, as I have already said, that all the baptised are bound in obedience to our blessed Lord's will, to live and die in strict union with His Church, I am about to make my submission to it." He goes on to say that, if this act should lead others to make further inquiry about the Church, and lead them to "a right faith," he shall thank God to his dying hour. The letter is written from "1, Devonshire-place, London,"

MR. ALLIES.—From the Oxford University Herald.—On Sunday afternoon last, the Rev. T. W. Allies, Rector of Launton, announced from the pulpit to his congregation, that he should the next day resign his benefice. He said amongst other things, that "he could not endure the infamy that contradictory doctrine, even upon the Holy Sacrament of Baptism, was permitted to be taught by the ministers of the Anglican Church, and that while they would be told in the church of Launton, that infants were regenerated by God's Holy Spirit in Baptism, they would hear just the contrary at the church of Bicester. He would, therefore, give them a sermon no more by word, but by deed, in that he would of his own accord, resign his living, teaching them thereby that they should follow the truth whithersoever it might lead them." Mr. Allies was received into the Roman Catholic Church on Wednesday last by the Rev. Dr. Newman, at St. Wilfrid's, near Cheadle. The rectory of Launton is the gift of the Bishop of London, and is valued at £1000 per annum. On Friday he returned to Birmingham, and on Monday morning

last was confirmed by the Right Rev. Dr. Ullathorne, Bishop of the Midland District, in the chapel attached to his Lordship's Episcopal residence in Bath Street.

Mr. Allies and his lady in the course of the day attended the consecration of the cemetery by his Lordship, and on Wednesday proceeded to Oscott College, where he was most kindly received by the Very Rev. Dr. Moore, the Rev. R. Bagnall, and other gentlemen of that establishment. He is now engaged removing his valuable library and effects from his late rectory at Launton, the value of which was £1000 per annum.

Mr. W. Allen, a member of an old and most respectable Protestant family, was received on Thursday, the 29th instant, into the bosom of the Catholic Church, by the Rev. John McCraith, C.C., Newport, Tipperary.—*Tipperary Vindicator*.

Miss Frances Mary Gertrude Leeson, daughter of the late Rev. Francis Thomas Charles Leeson, for many years rector of Bath, was received into the ancient faith and baptized on the 2nd instant, by the Rev. Mr. Hickey, of Phibsboro Church.—*Dublin Weekly Freeman*.

We understand that the Rev. Dr. Forbes, Protestant Bishop of Brechin, Scotland, was lately received into the Church at Malines. This gentleman is son of Lord Forbes, the Scottish Judge; and formerly himself held a high judicial office in India.

During the last eighteen months, seventy-five converts have been received into the Church, at Great Marlow, Bucks.

The "Catholic Standard" of the 21st Sept., noticing the last Number of our Magazine, in the candid spirit which we have long observed with pleasure in its useful pages, of one of the papers, says, "we cannot understand the admiration which the writer of this article feels for Bishop Baines' treatment of the converts, and the extreme *gusto* with which he narrates it." In consequence of this remark, we have again perused the paper alluded to: but we cannot discover in it anything denoting the feelings of the writer on the subject, further than that he was a friend of the Bishop. We assure the Editor of the "Catholic Standard" that no harsh or ungenerous observation on the converts should have found place in the MAGAZINE with our assent; nor is the writer, from our knowledge of him, likely to wish to indulge in such. Indeed, at the conclusion of the article on the same subject in this number, we observed with pleasure that he disapproved of the language and conduct of Dr. Baines.—[EDITOR CATHOLIC MAGAZINE.]

THE PERVERTS AND THEIR PREPARERS.—From the "Church and State Gazette."—At length, Mr. Allies has relieved the Church of England of the oppression of his membership. The beloved of the "English Churchman," the cherished of the "Guardian"—the client whose truth, when his transition views and his open traitorism were alike patent, was so stoutly contended for by the Tractarian journals—has gone to his proper place. We pilloried the notorious record of his travels long ago—a process which ultimately compelled the suppression of that wretched volume. From the day it was written, we consider that its author should have taken the step into which he has now been too tardily shamed. The stipend and the office which he clung to at Launton will, we trust, now fall to a man who will earn the one by his faithful execution of the other.

There are some yet to go whose claim to remain in our church cannot be recognised while the Tractarian course adopted by them is leading their flocks to Rome. In the meantime we submit the following intelligence, forwarded to us by a correspondent:—

Lady Fielding has followed his lordship's example, and has been received into the Church of Rome; and it is said that the schoolmaster of Bisham, near Great Marlow, Bucks, has also been received into that communion.

Mr Perry, the new curate of Margaret Chapel, is in the habit of making the sign of the cross over the congregation, when he pronounces the blessing, in the same manner as the Romish priests. If this gentleman has not yet been licensed, it would perhaps be desirable to apply the "Anti-Roman test" in his case. He was curate of the sub-deanery church at Chichester, and is the *protégé* of the dean's, under whose auspices (as rector of the district) Margaret Chapel was brought to so near an approximation to the Romish Church. The dean has several times shown his approbation of the services by preaching there. Mr. Richards is more prudent than his curate, for he only holds up his two fore-fingers, as if he were going to make the sign of the cross, which, however, he does not do; but this is, perhaps, by way of preparation for the introduction of the ceremony.

Lord and Lady Fielding were old attendants at Margaret Chapel, which it is thought served more to prepare them for Rome than either St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, or St. Barnabas.

Archdeacon Manning has proceeded to the Continent, and it is believed is now at Munich, which is celebrated for its crucifixes, images, &c. It is, no doubt, a great comfort to the venerable gentleman to be able to attend Masses, services to the Virgin, &c., which he can do now as much as he pleases, and without (as he considers) acting "undutifully" (!) towards his own "branch of the Church!"

"The Companion to the Altar," which is commonly used at Margaret Chapel and St. Barnabas, is a translation of the Romish "*Paradisius Animæ*," in which, of course, the communion is spoken of as a true and proper sacrifice for the living and the dead, and the devotions in it simply a belief in transubstantiation. On receiving the bread the communicant is told to say, "Hail true body, born of Mary," &c. This work is translated by Dr. Pusey, and published by Parker. At Margaret Chapel there are also smaller books which are (as the title-page) states "privately printed," and are also privately circulated, being more undisguisedly Roman than even the above. The devotions are from the Romish Missal, St. Ignatius of Loyola, St. Bonaventure, &c. In these books the communicant is taught to say, "Hail, flesh!" "Hail, blood of Christ!" &c., at the consecration of the bread and wine, which expressions are taken from the "Garden of the Soul."

Archdeacon Manning says that, by acknowledging the Royal supremacy, the "Church of England becomes at once guilty of a formal schism from the Church of Christ." One is tempted to ask why Mr. Manning continues Archdeacon of Chichester? Mr. Keble says, that things are going on in that direction that it will be "no long time" before she becomes heretical!—(Vide their recent publications). There was an intimation of this in the "resolutions" which were put forth, by these and other gentlemen of the Transitionist party, immediately after the first decision in favour of Mr. Gorham had been given.

The cross over the entrance to the chancel at St. Barnabas, Pimlico, is in reality a crucifix; but the figure is moveable, and it is taken off at present for prudential reasons. It is said that Mr. Richards, of Margaret Chapel, has a cross or crucifix which has been blessed by the Pope (!), and which is probably intended for the communion table of their new church. It is not long since we saw in a pawnbroker's window in Catherine-street, Strand, a number of crucifixes and rosaries attached to cards, like Sheffield scissors and knives, and which were offered for sale, warranted to have been blessed by Pío Nono!

TRANSITIONISM.—**ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, WATERLOO-ROAD**—A painted window, containing ninety-eight feet super. of glass, has been recently put up in the east window of St. John's Church, Waterloo-road. The design comprises in the centre a crucifixion, in the manner of the early Christian

painters, with figures of St. John, Mary Virgin, Mary Magdalene at foot of the cross, &c.; the cross is surmounted by a pelican in her piety, above which are angels holding a crown of vine leaves. The border contains figures of the four evangelists, with their emblems beneath the feet of each; also the *Agnus Dei*, chalice and wafer, &c., comprised in a rich mosaic, in which are introduced passion flowers, crosses, and emblems of the Trinity. The colouring throughout is rich. In the design generally a severity of feeling, adapted to the devotional character of the subject, has been observed, at the same time with an endeavour to avoid the imperfect drawing of the early artists. The work has been executed by Mr. Wilmhurst, from the designs of Mr. N. J. Cottingham, at a limited cost. The reredos and sacramentarium are decorated in polychrome (less successfully than the window), and a large painting of the entombment of our Lord is in progress for the former. The style of the church is "Domestic Greek," so to speak. The strictly correct character of glass for such a building is still a question.—*Builder*.

ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.

THE SYNOD OF THURLES, of the Irish prelates, held, by injunction of His Holiness, with an unanimity, decorum, and religious majesty, which excites the envy and the malice of our separated brother, has risen after adopting resolutions which have been published in a pamphlet entitled "The Synodical Address of the Fathers of the National Council of Thurles to their beloved Flock, the Catholics of Ireland." In this important document, the Government Colleges are formally condemned in accordance with former rescripts of the Holy Father: "all controversy is now at an end—THE QUESTION IS DECIDED:" a resolution is announced to make every effort to establish a Catholic University: a warning is proclaimed against every College in which "the doctrines and practices of the Church are impugned and the legitimate authority of its pastors set at nought:" an exhortation is made to the clergy to extend spiritual and temporal charitable associations in this time of Ireland's affliction: an encouragement is given to the poor to bear their sufferings and an admonition to those who oppress them: an announcement is made that the half-century jubilee will commence on Michaelmas Day and continue for three months: and a direction is issued to add certain prayers in honour of the Immaculate Conception to the Church services during the ensuing year.

[We would suggest to those Protestants who exclaim against our condemnation of these Colleges, to ask themselves on what principle it is that Catholics and Dissenters are excluded from the University of Oxford. Do not they themselves set us an example to avoid mixed education?—EDITOR CATH. MAG.]

Archbishop M'Hale and Archbishop Slattery, appointed visitors to the colleges have declined the appointments.

The correspondent of the *Freeman*, writing from Thurles on Monday week says:—"Among the ecclesiastics who arrived to-day was the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Spencer, Provincial of the Passionists, whose appearance, wearing the strict ecclesiastical costume of his order, created no small sensation as the gifted and eminent convert walked through the town to the Monastery. He wore the flowing black serge habit cincture of the order of Passionists, with the symbolic emblems richly embroidered over the left breast, broad-leaved hat, turned up at the sides, and laced sandals, without stockings."

The magnificent Church of St. Mary, at Sheffield, was dedicated on Wednesday, the 12th September, by the Right Rev. Dr. Briggs, supported by a large body of the clergy.

Dr. Wiseman arrived at Rome on the 6th September. A report is current that he will return to England again before the Consistory. This is evidently "a weak invention of the enemy."—[EDIT. CATH. MAG.]

THE ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS AND THE "UNIVERS."—The Archbishop has just issued a Pastoral letter, in which he publishes a decree passed by the Provincial Council of Paris last year regarding writers on ecclesiastical subjects. He remarks at great length, and in very stringent terms, on the indiscreet discussion of such subjects—proclaims the decree obligatory, and establishes a committee of ecclesiastical writings, threatening those who publish without leave with the censure of the Church. Finally, he publishes an *avertissement* specially directed to the conduct of the "Univers" in this particular, and condemning that journal for its violent polemics on the late Education Bill, the controversy on the Inquisition, &c. It is a very severe and lengthy castigation. The remarks of the "Univers" on the subject are as follows:—"We received yesterday, and this morning was read in all the Churches, a *mandement* of the Archbishop, followed by an advertisement on the subject of the journal, the "Univers" in which the Archbishop blames with the greatest severity the whole of our conduct, especially in discussing the questions of the councils, education, the Inquisition and miracles. * * * It is impossible for us to preserve the character of our journal without violating the prescriptions of the Archbishop. Two ways are open to us—immediate submission, or appeal to a higher decision. Transform the "Univers" into a journal purely political, we will not; suppress it, we dare not. Before we abandon the work which we have taken in hand, we must see this work, blamed to-day by an authority which we respect, cease to be lauded and encouraged by other authorities equally respectable. * * For these and other considerations we carry our cause and our defence to the tribunal of the Sovereign Pontiff." In reply to some remarks of the "Constitutionnel," in which it was said that "this journal ('l'Univers') has already been visited with the rebuke of Rome, on the subject of its polemics and education," (referring to the Papal Nuncio's letter), the "Univers" writes:—"The only news that we have received from Rome on the subject are sufficiently recent, and we could not in our hearts desire them to be more pleasing. A month ago, the Holy Father himself, speaking to the correspondent of the "Univers," whom he had admitted to kiss his feet, condescended to praise our submission, 'which was one not of form, but from the heart.' These are his own words; and he bestowed upon our friend, in testimony of his satisfaction, a beautiful medal struck in commemoration of his return to Rome."

THE LAST PRIEST TRIED IN ENGLAND FOR SAYING MASS.—In his Lives of the Chief Justices of England, Lord Campbell has recorded how it was that these bloody and infamous persecutions were put an end to. The memory of the manner of their deliverance ought to be preserved by English Catholics: a priest had been arraigned before the Chief Justice for the crime of saying Mass: his charge to the Jury was as follows:—"Lord Mansfield: 'There are here two questions for your consideration: 1st. Is the defendant a priest? 2nd. Did he say Mass?' By the statute of Queen Elizabeth it is high treason for any man proved to be a Popish priest to breathe in this kingdom. By what was considered a mild enactment in the reign of William III., a Popish priest convicted of exercising his functions is subject to fine and perpetual imprisonment. But, first, he is to be proved to be a priest, for, unless he be a priest, he cannot be touched for the enormity of saying Mass; and then, unless he be proved to have said Mass, the crime of being a priest will escape with impunity. Now the only witness to the Mass is Payne—a very illiterate man, who knows nothing of Latin, the language in which it is said; and, moreover, he as informer, is witness in his own cause; for, upon

conviction, he is entitled to £100 reward. Several others were called, but not one of them would venture to swear that he saw the defendant say Mass. One swore that he sprinkled with holy water; another, that he addressed some prayers to the Virgin Mary in English; another, that he heard him preach, and being asked what the sermon was about, observed that 'it taught the people that good works were necessary to salvation—a doctrine which he looked upon as wholly at variance with the Protestant religion!' Then as to the defendant being a priest, you are not to infer that because he preached; for laymen often perform this office with us, and a deacon may preach in the Church of Rome. A deacon may be a cardinal,—if he may not be Pope. A deacon may even administer some of their sacraments, and perform many of their services; and we do not know that he may not elevate the Host—at least I do not know but he may, and I am persuaded you know nothing about it. If a deacon may perform all the ceremonies which Payne swears, there is no evidence that the defendant is a priest. Why do they not call some one who was present at his ordination? You must not infer that he is a priest because he said Mass, and that he said Mass because he is a priest. At the Reformation, they thought it in some measure necessary to pass these penal laws; for then the Pope had great power, and the Jesuits were then a very formidable body. Now the Pope has little power, and it seems to grow less every day. As for the Jesuits, they are now banished from almost every state in Europe. These penal laws were not meant to be enforced except at proper seasons, when there is a necessity for it; or, more properly speaking, they were not meant to be enforced at all, but were merely made *in terrorem*. Now, when you have considered all these things, you will say if the evidence satisfies you. Take notice, if you bring him in *guilty* the punishment is very severe; a dreadful punishment indeed! Nothing less than perpetual imprisonment!"

The jury found a verdict of *Not Guilty*; but many zealous Protestants were much scandalized, and rumours were spread that the Chief Justice was not only a Jacobite but a Papist, and some even asserted that he was a Jesuit in disguise."

Dr. Achilli was exhibiting last week at Macclesfield, under the auspices of the Evangelical Alliance. Not a word about the "Dublin Review," except that it had had "a full answer" from M. Tonua, one of "the Doctor's" deluded patrons.

Monsignor Alemani, Bishop of San Francisco and of all California, who has been in Paris for some days, at the Dominican Convent, left yesterday for Dublin to recruit some Irish priests for the mission amongst the British settlers in California. Monsignor Alemani is a Spaniard, and was provincial of the Dominican Friars in America. The French mission in California is served by friars from Valparaiso and some priests from France.

PRESTON.—GUILD PARTY.—On Thursday, the 12th inst., the members of the Youth's Guild attached to St. Wilfrid's, assembled in the Lower School-room, Fox-street, where they were regaled with coffee, buns, tarts, meat, pies, fruits, &c., to the number of one hundred and fifty. Amongst the visitors we noticed the Reyds. Wm. H. Walmsley, — Bridge, T. Weston, R. Cooper, T. Clarke, J. J. Bond, and J. Gosford. Also Mr. Howell, Head Master of Fox-street School, and Mr. Spencer, Head Master of St. Ignatius Boys' School, Upper Walker-street, and a few friends, members of the Men's Guild. After the good things provided for them by their respected pastor and chaplain, the Rev. J. Gosford, had received ample justice, the evening was spent most harmoniously in songs and recitations, enlivened by the youth's band in uniform, who played several appropriate airs, that reflected the greatest credit upon themselves and their music master.

The Archdeacon of Worcester has been accused by the Rev. Lucius Arthur, curate of Oddingley, in a letter addressed to the bishop, with propounding heresy in his primary charge.—*Local paper.*

THE GORHAM CASE.—Although the Bishop of Exeter does not intend taking immediate proceedings against Mr. Gorham for heresy, it is considered certain that, before many weeks shall have passed, the contest will be revived. The bishop, as we stated last week, has urged upon the churchwardens of Brampford Speke the necessity of informing him of any statements which may be made by Mr. Gorham on the subject of baptism; but as the testimony of village churchwardens might not be of a very weighty character in a court of law, a shorthand writer in London has been engaged to attend Brampton Speke church, and to supply a verbatim report of Mr. Gorham's sermons, especially those preached on reading himself into the benefice, a ceremony which is expected to take place on the 1st Sunday in October.—It is also stated, that the bishop of Exeter has refused to license the appointment of the Rev.^d George Bellamy to the office of assistant curate, at Charles Chapel, Plymouth, to which he had been appointed, on the ground that Mr. Bellamy holds opinions, on the subject of baptismal regeneration, identical with those of the Rev. Mr. Gorham. Mr. Bellamy officiates at present as chaplain to the borough prison, Plymouth, and a voluminous correspondence is said to have taken place between him and the bishop, the result being a positive refusal on the part of the latter to give the required license.

BIRTHS.

On the 6th September, at Hampstead, MRS. W. W. WARDELL, of a son.

On the 6th September, at Westbourne Grove West, MRS. A. A. LACKERSTEEN, of a son.

On the 12th September, at Margate, the wife of J. C. MACDERMOT, Esq., of Tadmarton, Oxfordshire, of a son, stillborn.

MARRIAGES.

On the 4th of July, at Calcutta, at the Catholic Cathedral, by his Grace the Archbishop, the Rev. Dr. Carew, ROBERT LEWIS WILLIAM READ, Esq., son of the late Captain James Read, of the Hon. East India Company's Service, to AGNES TESTAR, youngest daughter of the late John Testar, Esq. of South Audley Street, Grosvenor Square, London.

On the 6th September, at the Catholic Chapel, Stratford, by the Rev. Thomas Shattock, of Prior Park College, Bath, ALFRED ZOUCH PALMER, Esq., of Sonning, Berks, to CATHERINE ELIZABETH PITCHFORD, second daughter of the late John Pitchford, Esq., of Bromley, Middlesex.

On the 22nd of September, at Hammersmith, by the Right Rev. Dr. Morris, JOHN ALEXANDER, second son of Joseph Spencer, Esq., of Westbourne-place, Hyde-park, to ELIZA ST. AGNES, eldest daughter of the late Captain Washington Carden, H.M.'s 30th Regiment.

DEATHS.

On the 26th of August, at the residence of J. Hall, Esq., Wiseton, Notts, HENRY RIDDELL, Esq., Barrister-at-law, of the Middle Temple, aged 31.

On the 31st of August, at Weybridge, Surrey, the Rev. JOHN WELCH, beloved and lamented by all who had the happiness of knowing him.

Lately, at her house, in Ulverston, MISS FRANCES BELAYSSE, second paternal niece of the two last Catholic Viscounts Fauconberg.

On the 15th of September, MRS. ELLEN DUNDERDALE, of Bolton-le Moors, Lancashire.

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VOL. XII.

RELIGION OF LORD BYRON.

IN a letter from Sir Walter Scott, quoted in Moore's *Life of Byron*, the writer says, "I told him that, if he lived, I thought he would end by becoming a Catholic." These are remarkable words: but, if we carefully study the writings of the noble Poet, we shall find reason to believe that the Scotch Seer truly foretold of the future. Lord Byron's conversion was not far distant when his doubts were cut short and solved by death.

Moore's admirable "NOTICES" made each reader of them feel personally acquainted with Lord Byron: biography can rarely do more. But although these "NOTICES" made us thus acquainted with the writer, they have done it only so far as he was known to himself. Byron was himself ignorant of his own religious opinions—was ignorant of how much or how little he believed. Yet as the religious sentiments of one so situated must ever constitute the most interesting feature in the character of his mind, so it is that one which chiefly attracted the attention of the public, and was studied with an anxiety which still remains unappeased. Let us now seek for information at a different source from that from which the Biographers of the Poet attempted to draw their conclusions.

All the Biographers of Byron have hesitated to decide what were his religious sentiments; all have declared their conviction that he was not an atheist; while fragments of letters and conversations have been brought forward to prove that he was a better Christian than would be deemed from his writings. However interesting such anecdotal fragments may be to the public, and however willingly we would believe in the inferences to which they lead, yet must we protest against them as a mode of argument. It is by his works that an author must be judged. And this is fair: it is more probable that the real sentiments of his mind will be conveyed in those thoughts which he has been in the habit of committing to paper and of publishing during a course of fifteen years, than in a letter or conversation prompted

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by the sudden feelings of the moment, and, perhaps, originating in a thousand impulses, each independent of the action of his judgment.

By collecting and collating the various passages in his poems on this subject, we shall be enabled to form a tolerably just estimate of the real sentiments of the noble author, and may throw a new light on the often-disputed conclusions of his friends and of his enemies.

It appears to us, that Byron's published religious sentiments bear, at first sight, the impress of two contradictory feelings, which further consideration of the whole tenor of his works may reconcile. He displays himself as a disbeliever, an infidel, and yet as a man of the strongest religious feelings. And such he must have been: his *feelings* were evidently always religious; while, until his latest publications, his *reason* was evidently antichristian. We will prove this by quoting passages from his works, according to the order of their publication: by thus allowing him to speak for himself, we may perchance discover his gradual approach to other sentiments that might have been hoped from his early writings.

Let us observe, that morality forms no part of the subject under our present consideration.

What we have designated as Byron's religious *feelings*, (such as they are traced in all his writings) may be accurately gathered from the following beautiful stanza in Canto II. of *Childe Harold*:—

XXVII.

“ More blest the life of godly eremite,
Such as on lonely Athos may be seen
Watching at eve upon the giant height,
Which looks o'er waves so blue, skies so serene,
That he who there at such an hour hath been,
Will wistful linger on that hallowed spot;
Then slowly tear him from the witching scene,
Sigh forth one wish that such had been his lot,
Then turn to hate a world he had almost forgot.”

Such is the purport of all his religious *feelings*; but following, as this stanza does, close upon the decidedly infidel passage at the opening of that canto, (which stanza VIII, which he was *afterwards prevailed* upon to insert, beginning—“Yet if, as holiest men have deemed, there be a land of souls,”—cannot redeem) who does not see that it is a mere ebullition of religious *feeling*, perfectly independent of infidel *reason*, which has just sneered at those who “dream on future joy and woe?” After that argumentative passage, we fear that nothing can preserve its

writer from the charge of having been a reasoning infidel at the time he composed it.

In Canto III. there is a passage which is scarcely intelligible ; but, as far it can be understood, we do not think it can be interpreted as evincing a belief in the Christian doctrine of resurrection, but rather a participation in the ideas of Spinoza, Shelley, and many who have fancied themselves atheists, while they have substituted in lieu of God an universal whole, or an *animus mundi*, in whose essence they fancy their souls will blend with general nature after death. In the passage to which we refer, occurs this stanza, which can bear no other interpretation :—

LXXIV.

“And when, at length, the mind shall be all free
From what it hates in this degraded form,
Rest of its carnal life, save what shall be
Existent happier in the fly or worm,—
When elements to elements conform,
And dust is as it should be, shall I not,
Feel all I see, less dazzling, but more warm—
The bodiless thought ? the spirit of each spot,
Of which, e'en now I share, at times, the immortal lot !

LXXV.

“Are not the mountains, waves, and skies a part
Of me and of my soul, as I of them !”

Eight years elapsed between the composition of the first and last cantos of “Childe Harold ;” and, although the fourth canto is no longer marked by the proud self-sufficiency and derision which characterised the infidel, although it bears signs of more serious regrets and even doubts in such passages as in stanza xcv.—“I speak not of men’s creeds ; they rest between man and his Maker ;” and although in stanza clv. St. Peter’s is described as

“A fit abode, wherein appear enshrined
Thy hopes of immortality ; and thou
Shall one day, if found worthy, so defined,
See thy God face to face, as thou dost now
His Holy of Holies, nor be blasted by his brow,”—

although such passages appear to denote a very different tone of mind than breathed through the first cantos of the poem, yet, the hopes they might raise are too uncertain not to be swept away by the concluding line of the beautiful stanza cv. :—

“There wos no home, nor hope, nor life, save what is here.”

We cannot dismiss "Child Harold" without remarking on the religious absurdity and illiberality of one of the notes to the third canto. Speaking of the scenery of Rousseau's *Heloise*, Byron says: "One of these woods was called the 'Bosquet de Julie;' and it is remarkable that, though long ago cut down by the brutal selfishness of the monks of St. Bernard, (to whom the land appertained,) that the ground might be enclosed into a vineyard for the miserable drones of an execrable superstition. . . ." So the monks were to forego the use of their own land, because an author had laid among its forests the scene of what is generally considered a most dangerous and immoral work!! Really we might make marks of admiration to the bottom of the page, did we not see, a few lines lower down, the same regrets expressed, that Buonaparte should have "levelled a part of the same consecrated scenery in improving the road to the Simplon." On the virulence towards the charitable members of the snow-surrounded hospital, we shall offer no observation; the poet would not have rejoiced in their present dispersion: nor shall we pretend to judge Lord Byron's religious sentiments from any of his scornful allusions to Catholicism. While we are, alas! investigating whether he had any belief in any revelation, it were vain to attach importance to his remarks on any of the doctrines or practices of any portion of Christians. For the same reason, we are the less shocked by that so much deplored provision of his first will, by which he directs that his body should be buried in his garden, and that no funeral service whatever should be read over the grave. Indeed, were this provision founded upon opposition to a particular dogma, it might be easily defended; for, let us ask, what is, in fact, the object of the Protestant burial service? The Protestant disbelieves the efficacy of prayers for the dead—none such whatever occur throughout the whole of that beautiful service; and, however beneficial and exemplary the whole prayers and rites may be to the living, they do not profess to exercise the slightest influence on the soul of the dead man. Were a dying man to direct that his body should be delivered over to the scalpel of the surgeon, he would be doing good service to science, and thus benefitting the living; so it is with him who allows such prayers for the edification of the living to be said over his corpse: his kindness deserves well of the public; but he is not to be blamed, if he prefers being buried quietly without either surgical or such unmeaning priestly disquisition over his remains.

The next passage in Byron's works which refers to the matter we have in hand, occurs in a note to "The Giour," in which he says, "The monk's sermon is omitted. It may be sufficient to say that it was of customary length, (as may be perceived from

the interruptions and uneasiness of the patient,) and was delivered in the nasal tone of all orthodox preachers." The *tone* of that note is surely unworthy of Byron; but it forms a link in the chain of our inquiry.

The continued disbelief of the poet in a future state is next gathered from the concluding lines of Canto I. of "*Lara* :—

"Glad for a while to have unconscious breath,
Yet wake to wrestle with the fear of death,
And shun, though day but dawn on ills increast,
That sleep, the loveliest, since it dreams the least."

There is another passage in paragraph XIX. of the second canto of this poem, which must also be quoted here :—

"For when one near displayed the absolving cross,
And proffered to his touch the holy bead,
Of which his parting soul might own the need,
He looked upon it with an eye profane,
And smiled—Heaven pardon! if 'twere with disdain :
But Kaled, * * * * * * *
Flung back the hand which held the sacred gift,
As if such but disturbed the expiring man,
Nor seemed to know his life, but *then* began—
That life of immortality, secure
To none, save them whose faith in Christ is sure."

What interpretation is to be put on these lines? We fear that a scoffing vein of ridicule is but too evident; yet would we not give a decided judgment. Other passages in his works, published about this time, show something of a more seriously religious turn of mind. Two years had elapsed between the publication of "*The Giour*" and of "*Lara*." In this period a change may have been progressing; and from passages in works written at this time and afterwards, we would be willing to hope that his mind was beginning to admit the great fundamental truth of Christianity—a belief in a future life. Thus we next find the following sentiments in "*Parasina* :—

"He died, as erring man should die,
Without display, without parade,
Meekly had he bowed and prayed,
As not disdaining priestly aid,
Nor desperate of all hope on high."

On these publications, follow "*Beppo*"—which we shall not notice, as it refers solely to what the Poet supposes to be the peculiar tenets of Catholics; whereas, our investigation concerns the fundamental truths of every religion—and the dramatic pieces, in which the sentiments may or may not be Byron's, as the personages are obliged to speak according to their historic

character ; a distinction which is, at length, acknowledged pretty geneally, and has superseded the absurd outcry against "CAIN"—causing the Poet's enemies to allow that, in his own words, "it was difficult to make Lucifer talk like a clergyman upon the same subject."

We now come to "Don Juan"—a composition which presents the most beautiful poetry of any of Lord Byron's works, and at the same time the greatest ground of accusation against his moral and religious character. With regard to the former we have here nothing to observe ; in respect to the latter, we think we can show that the evil has been magnified, and that sufficient attention has not been paid to the time that elapsed between the composition of the first and the last canto, and to the progressive change of opinions we have already began to trace in the author's mind. The parody of the ten commandments is the first obnoxious passage which we observe ; and this we pass over, as it only trenches upon the dogmas of religion, (which at this time the author did, most certainly, not admit) while we have for the present only to look for signs of a general belief in a future state. The sentiments of the following passage in Canto III., stanzas cii. and civ., compel us to quote them :

"And not a breath crept through the rosy air,
And yet the forest leaves seemed stirred with prayer.
Some kinder casuists are pleased to say,
In nameless print, that I have no devotion ;
But set those persons down with me to pray,
And you shall see who has the properest notion
Of getting into heaven the shortest way ;
My altars are the mountains and the ocean,
Earth, air, stars,—all that springs from the great whole,
Who hath produced and will receive the soul."

We have heard these passages quoted in support of Byron's religious sentiments ; but they evidently only contain an assurance of his religion of feeling, to which we adverted in the beginning of this article.

In Canto VI., stanza LXIII., those questions and doubts occur, which run through so much of the remainder of this poem :—

"What are we ? and whence came we ? what shall be
Our *ultimate* existence ? what's our present ?
Are questions answerless, and yet incessant."

Canto IX. displays the author still floating "like Pyrrho on a sea of speculation," with the additional fear betrayed in the lines—

"But what if carrying sail capsize the boat?
Your wise men don't know much of navigation."

In Canto XI., stanza iv., the same doubts are more fully displayed:—

"If it be chance; or if it be according
To the old text, still better! lest it should
Turn out so, we'll say nothing 'gainst the wording,
As several people think such hazards rude."

The two following stanzas, however, clearly prove, from their scoffing tone that he still rejected all revealed religion.

Moore, in his "NOTICES," records the opinion expressed by Sir Walter Scott to Byron, at the time of their first acquaintance—that "if he lived, he would end by becoming a Catholic." As yet, we have seen nothing to warrant such a hope—for *all* will allow, that even Catholicism is better than infidelity. Byron has *hitherto* denied even the revealed doctrine of the resurrection, although we have seen that he has latterly expressed strong doubts upon the subject; and whenever he has alluded to the Catholic religion, it has been to scoff at what he deemed its doctrines and its practices. All the passages in his later works bear, however, a very different complexion; and lead the attentive investigator to judge, that he was fast veering to that point at which Scott had, nearly twenty years before, prophesied that he would hold fast.

The next religious sentiment occurs in the XIIIth Canto, stanza LXI.:—

"But in a higher niche, alone, but crowned,
The Virgin-Mother of the God-born Child,
With her Son in her blessed arms, looked round,
Spared by some chance when all beside was spoiled;
She made the earth below seem holy ground:
This may be superstition, weak or wild,
But e'en the faintest relics of a shrine
Of any worship wake some thoughts divine."

Then comes Canto XIV., stanza III.:—

"For me, I know nought; nothing I deny,
Admit, reject, condemn; and what know *you*,
Except, perhaps, that you were born to die?
And both may after all turn out untrue.
An age may come, font of eternity,
When nothing shall be either old or new."

We next find in Canto XV., stanza XLV., a description of the only heroine on whose *mental qualities* Byron ever dwelt:—

“Early in years and yet more infantine
 In figure, she had something of sublime
 In eyes which sadly shone, as seraphs shine.
 All youth—but with an aspect beyond time ;
 Radiant and grave—as pitying man’s decline ;
 Mournful—yet mournful of another’s crime,
 She looked as if she sat by Eden’s door
 And grieved for those who could return no more.

XLVI.

“She was a Catholic too, sincere austere
 As far as her own gentle heart allow’d,
 And deemed that fallen worship far more dear
 Perhaps because ’twas fallen : her sires were proud
 Of deeds and days when they had filled the ear
 Of nations, and had never bent or bow’d
 To novel power ; and as she was the last,
 She held their old faith and old feelings fast.

XLVII.

“She gazed upon a world she scarcely knew
 As seeking not to know it ; silent, lone,
 As grows a flower, thus quietly she grew,
 And kept her heart serene within its zone.
 There was awe in the homage which she drew ;
 Her spirit seemed as seated on a throne
 Apart from the surrounding world and strong
 In its own strength—most strange in one so young.”

We have been induced to quote thus much of this beautiful passage, because it appears to us that a vein of religious sympathy pervades even the poetic description of this angelic impersonation.

This canto closes in uncertainty ; but it is an uncertainty which betokens nothing of a light frivolous self-sufficiency. The following extracts will show rather that the Poet’s mind was bent upon serious inquiry :—

LXXXVIII.

“He who doubts all things nothing can deny ;
 Truth’s fountains may be clear—her streams are muddy
 And cut through such canals of contradiction
 That she must often navigate o’er fiction.

LXXXIX.

“But what’s reality ? Who has its clue ?
 Philosophy ? No ; she too much rejects.
 Religion ? Yes ; but which of all her sects ?

XC.

"Some millions must be wrong, that's pretty clear ;
 Perhaps it may turn out that all were right.
 God help us ! Since we've need on our career
 To keep our holy beacons always bright,
 'Tis time that some new prophet should appear
 Or old indulge man with a second sight.
 Opinions wear out in some thousand years
 Without a small refreshment from the spheres.

XCIX.

"Between two worlds life hovers like a star
 'Twixt night and morn on the horizon's verge :
 How little do we know that which we are !
 How less what we may be !"

Thus ends this canto in uncertainty : but the next, the last of the poem, opens with the following sentiments in stanza VI.:—

"And, therefore, mortals, cavil not at all ;
 Believe—if 'tis improbable, you *must* ;
 And if it is impossible, you *shall* :
 'Tis always best to take things upon trust.
 I do not speak profanely to recall
 Those holier mysteries, which the wise and just
 Receive as gospel, and which grow more rooted,
 As all truths must, the more they are disputed."

Such are Byron's last published sentiments on religion ! While we acknowledge how very different they are to his earlier opinions, may we not hope that his mind was not far from receiving the truth ?

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

THE DIARY OF MARTHA BETHUNE BALIOL.

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF HER BELOVED GRANDMOTHER,
THE LADY BETHUNE OF LINCLUDEN: COMMENCED THE 1ST
DAY OF SEPTEMBER, 1753.

(Continued from page 191.)

"Our roads separate here," said Madge, and in a moment she was gone.

In another moment, Harry and I were riding little less quickly along the level road which formed the first part of the way. By degrees it became more broken and rough till we came to a part where it ceased altogether, or was merely a bridle path, leading to a sheep farm, which lay far up the hill where we had to cross. Harry had all this time maintained the precise distance which he said was the correct one, and as yet neither of us had spoken.

"Rein in now, and go gently—your horse does not know the way and it is a gey kittle one," he said.

"Do you lead then," I cried, "and I will follow," which he did, and so we mounted the hill; the grey light of dawn increasing and showing us the road, enabled us to mend our pace. Yet Harry would, on no account, hurry the horses, as he said we should soon overtake the time lost here when once again on the level road, and distress them less. In my impatience, I fear I would have made them go more quickly. At last, we got to the top, and a more beautiful sight I never beheld, for the sun rose in all its glory. The shades of night fled away, and a mist which hung over the river (which lay in the valley below us,) slowly, like a gauze veil, curled up the hill on the other side from the clear and sparkling river, whilst innumerable dewdrops, on every twig and blade, glittered like gems in the flood of sunlight, and the birds joined in the universal hymn of praise, which all nature was offering up. In spite of the desperate nature of my errand, I could not but pause a moment to drink in the beauty—the freshness of the scene.

"Is it not a brave sight?" said Harry.

"Beautiful indeed! have you ever seen it before?"

"Oh, yes, often—last week I wanted some fine muir game, and I am always sure of finding the best here, so we were up then. Madge and I have seen everything—but now keep a tight bridle-rein and follow me."

We then commenced the descent, and so fearful was Harry of me that he took twice the time I thought necessary, ere we

were again on the level ground :—but when there he said, “Now give her her head and never pull in till you come to the river. Hurrah ! first there for a silver groat !”

“No racing, Harry,” I cried.

“True, Madge said none—well, lead the way,” and away we sprang. The river was quite low, and the ford easily crossed, and again we dashed onwards till we reached the home farm. The men were busy at their work but our appearance excited no surprise, from which I was led to imagine that probably they took me for Madge. The hall-door was open, and Harry hanging his horse’s bridle across a cleek put there on purpose, I suppose, returned in a moment with a servant, who stared at me ; being the first who had paid me that compliment.

“Hold the horses till I come back, I shant be five minutes cousin.”

“Oh, but I must dismount—I have a message from Madge.”

“Good then,” and he assisted me to alight, and then waiting no longer, and forgetting that I was a stranger at the hall, he hurried on, leaving me to find my way as best I could ; I remembered Madge’s directions and ran after him. He turned to the right as she said, whilst I proceeded along the passage to the door at the end. I thought I heard voices as I drew near, and for a moment my heart failed me. I had not seen my cousin for several years, and I felt anxious as to the reception I might receive from him ; but retreat was too late, so knocking at the door I awaited the permission to enter. It was given : and on entering I found my cousin alone. He was writing, and apparently had been up for a long time, if not all night ; for a lamp still burned, and its sickly light contrasted strongly with the broad daylight in the passage. My cousin was sadly changed since I last saw him—his face looked careworn and very pale, and his once dark hair was bleached as white as powder. The stoop of premature old age had diminished his height which used to be so conspicuous. He scarce raised his eyes on my entrance but took me for Madge, for he said quickly, “Well, Madge, well ?”

“It is not Madge,” I answered, “but Martha,” then he started up, and addressed me hastily, “You, cousin—and at this hour—what has happened—is Madge ill, or Harry ?”

“No, cousin—Harry is here—Madge has gone to Dunsmuir,” and then, as briefly as I could, I told him my errand, my hope, that in some way he might be able to prevent the meeting I so much feared. He listened attentively, never once interrupting me, and when I had finished he said, “and Madge told you to come to me.”

“Yes, cousin, she said you could and would assist me ; I should say us, in this difficulty.”

"Madge judged well—at least I shall do my best. Return to Mount Baliol, fair cousin, and dread no evil. If the meeting has not taken place ere ten of the clock, it shall not after. Master Edwardes's life is too precious to be risked for a silly quarrel about a silly girl. Time presses for your return, and for me to fulfil my promise; therefore, fair cousin, pardon me that I play the uncourteous host, and hasten your return, instead of beseeching you to remain."

He rose, and, offering me his hand, led me to the door, where we found Harry quietly waiting, his gun slung to his shoulder.

"Ah, papa," he cried: "I am going to shoot for a wager, and Madge says I shoot best with my own gun, so I came across the hill for it, and Martha came too—and now, boot and saddle, as Madge says, and off we go!"

"You say well, Harry; and see you take good care of your cousin, for she is precious to us all, though I fear her reception here may not bear me out. Nay, do you hold her horse's head whilst I assist her to mount. Old as I am, that is a privilege I shall not readily yield;" and whilst settling the folds of my skirt, he, in a low and emphatic voice, charged me to mention to none his share in the matter, at least, not for some time. It could do good to none, and might harm many. "Madge," he concluded by saying, "Madge evidently considers that you are fit to be trusted, else had she never sent you on such an errand to me; see that you merit the confidence we repose in you, and do not, like a silly girl, go prate of the matter to enhance the obligation (which, believe me, Master Edwardes will consider as none) of keeping him from risking his life for such a frivolous matter as his place in a dance. But his is a bold and daring race, and I like him the better for it. And now farewell, cousin; in future, I pray you, be not such a stranger at the hall. God speed you." He waived his hand, I touched my horse, and away we sped.

And now I had time to think over the matter, to ponder had I done right or wrong? True, I might have been instrumental in saving a human being; but were the means I had used justifiable? I feared not, as they must be kept a secret from all I best loved. I was distracted by doubts, and had no eyes for the beautiful landscape which so lately had charmed me.

At last we reached home. John was in attendance, and received our smoking steeds. "What must John think of our early ride?" I must have thought this aloud, for Harry replied, "Good sooth, I know not, but I'll soon ask him. Hie, John, Miss Baliol wishes to know—"

"If Miss Murray be returned," I said, finishing hastily the question.

Harry forgot his former question, and eagerly pursued this one: "Oh aye, John, has Miss Murray come back?"

"Na, sir, I'm thinkin she's had farer to ride than ye hae, or she hadna been sae lang ahint ye."

"Well, she can't be long, for Prince Rupert will clear the ground with any horse that ever I saw," said Harry.

"Hark! I hear her coming," I said.

"It's not Madge," said Harry, after a moment's pause; I'd know Prince Rupert's pace amongst a hundred. No, that's not him, I'm quite sure."

And true enough it was not him, yet it was Madge. She was mounted on a bay, which showed every trace of hard riding.

"You've beat me," were the first words she said when she saw us.

"And where's Prince Rupert?" said Harry.

"Quite safe, Hal, and will soon be in his own stall. Here, John, walk this horse for the next half hour, and as soon as he is rested, lead him quietly over the hill and keep him there till I return. You can leave as soon as he is rested, and send across the Black Douglas for me when you get home. Now for breakfast;" and, putting her arm in mine, we walked away.

"Madge, what must John think of this morning's excursions?"

"Think! Nothing; or if he does at all, that it is lucky that, at the pace we have gone, none of the horses are hurt by it."

"But will he not talk of it to others?"

"Not if he value his future residence at the hall. His business is to groom our horses, and not to prate of our concerns. Besides, the man is so used to it. Many a time Harry and I pass half the night galloping over the country; don't we, Hal?"

"Aye, Madge, and brave sport it is. But look ye, I have my gun."

As soon as we got to my room Madge said to me, "I see, by your face, that you have sped well on your errand. Now tell me all."

I did so, and then asked her success.

"I succeeded well also," she said. "I went at a mad pace, for I was nervous about you. I knew Harry would take care of you, but the road is rough, and the light was so bad, so I tore along, to prevent the possibility of turning back and going with you; consequently poor Prince Rupert was so warm, that I thought it best, on arriving at Dunsmuir, to get another, and told them to send mine home two hours after I left. Hark! there is ten. How few will think, when they see us at breakfast, that we have been half over the country this morning, whilst they were in the land of dreams. I wonder if any of their dreams have been more improbable than our actions!"

We proceeded to the breakfast room, but there were few there; Lord Derwentwater and my brother, but not Captain Mucklewham.

"You see, Martha, I was right; he is a laggard," said Madge aside to me.

One or two came dropping in, and then Captain M. He went up immediately to Madge, and said,

"Miss Murray, I must apologize for taking your place in the dance last night—"

"No apology is necessary from you, Captain Mucklewham," said Madge, politely, but in astonishment. "It was your duty to stand where Miss Murray wished."

Then was Madge right; this man was a coward, and our labour had been in vain. "Love's labour lost," truly.

Lord D. then advanced quite friendly to Captain M., and said, "In fact, I think we were all in the wrong, and that we had best let the matter rest for ever. Do you not agree with me, Miss Murray?"

"Oh certainly," said Madge, in a careless tone.

"And now to breakfast with what appetite we may," said Lord D.

"A veritable dragoon of General Hawley's," whispered Madge.

"Pardon me," Lord Derwentwater replied, in the same low tone; "pardon me, had there been many such, Falkirk might have ended differently for us."

"This is, then, a ruse to mislead us," she whispered to me.

Gradually the table filled, and we were busy discussing the various dishes on it, and the previous evening, when a servant entered and presented a letter to Captain Mucklewham, saying, "The orderly said it was immediate, sir." Captain M. asked permission to open it. I was so placed that I could see that his face, whilst reading it, expressed great annoyance. He rose and went to my brother.

"Sir Richard," he said, "I regret particularly that I cannot accept of your hospitality for to-day, but this is an order from my colonel, requiring my instant departure. Wilson, you and Henning will accompany me," turning to two young dragoons who had remained all night. "Lady Bethune, I trust that you and Miss Baliol will forgive our abrupt departure, and allow us at some future time to return you our best thanks. Come along, gentlemen;" and bowing to the company, Captain M. and his friends left the room, my brother accompanying them. I looked at Madge, but she was occupied in petting Speid, and restraining his caresses from being too marked.

"Miss Murray," said Lord D., "you know every thing; can you tell me what all this commotion is about? Have the French landed, or what has happened?"

"I shall know all about it ere long, but at present I am trying to solve a more intricate puzzle."

"And that is?" he said. "To account for the friendly terms that you and Captain M. are on."

"And can you not guess that?"

"No; there I am at fault. No matter; though I have got a check, I shall soon know it. A steady hound never opens on a false scent, so I shall have patience."

"Then I leave you the pleasure of finding out the reason;" and no more was said upon the subject.

Ere we left the room, Sir A. Krimrose was giving an account of some Roman swords which had lately been discovered near Dunnipace, and was describing to Miss Murray the difference between a Roman falchion, a Toledo, an Andrea Ferrara, &c., and was looking at the different swords the gentlemen wore. Madge, of course, was handling the swords, as she says she "dearly lo'es the cauld steel." She returned Lord Derwentwater his sword. He chanced to be standing near me. She gave a meaning look to Lord D. when returning it, and said, "The scent is breast high; the hound no longer at fault." He returned her glance, and put his finger on his lip, indicating silence. "Fear not," she replied. As we left the room she led me aside, and said:

"Martha, I have wronged Captain Mucklewham; he is no coward. You and I might have spared ourselves our morning ride; he and Lord Derwentwater have crossed swords!"

"Already, Madge!" I exclaimed.

"Even so. I thought he was not the man to sleep long on such an affront, but I had no idea that Captain M. would have been so ready. However, this explains his apology. Ah, well, his bootless ride will be a proper punishment."

"How mean you, Madge?"

"Oh I mean, of course, as Harry Hotspur has it; if he ride without boots, he cannot escape agues. But we must hasten and call off these young ladies, who are worrying my dear old grannie," and the next moment Madge was in the midst of the group which surrounded her.

And all my anxiety was for nothing: the deed was done! He was unscathed, and I cared for nought else.

"Come here, Martha," said my grandmother, "and join your entreaties to mine, in persuading our friends not to leave us."

This was "pressed day," so, after a proper resistance, they agreed to remain; all save Madge, who declared that she must go to the hall, but, if possible, she would return ere the evening, for we were to have a dance in the evening; and Harry said he did love dancing so dearly, that Madge declared, hap what

might, she would return. And so she did, and brought with her the news that the sudden call for the dragoons was in consequence of some apprehended row with the miners near Dunsmuir, but that the sight of them had quelled all such intentions on the miners' part, had they ever existed. "But," added Madge, looking at Miss Peggie, whom my grandmother had insisted on keeping: "but, ladies, you may 'stand at ease' about the gallant dragoons; they are uninjured in life and limb, and have had no harder duty yet to do than sit and look frae them."

Soon after Madge's departure my brother asked us if we would go to the paddock, where the gentlemen were, and award a prize to the best shot. I was very willing to do so, but the Nunters and Lucy Græme declared they were too great cowards to do anything of the sort, for they were terrified at the sight of a gun. Miss Murray and Jane Douglas were very anxious, and kind Lady Stirling, seeing our anxiety, vowed that there was nothing that she more delighted in than good shooting, and that she would be of the party. Accordingly Miss Murray, Jane Douglas, and I accompanied her.

My brother gave a small silver bugle-horn as prize, and of course he tried not for it himself. I was glad, for Madge's sake, that Harry was the winner. I hung it round his neck by the silver chain attached to it, and nothing could exceed his delight, poor boy. He put it to his lips and sounded a mort with great precision. "Won't Madge be proud?" he said to me.

"Are you to have no chance?" inquired Miss Murray of my brother.

"I should have none against Harry," he said kindly.

"Suppose you try; and I will bestow this on the victor," and she took a rose from her nosegay.

"For such a prize I shall do my best," he replied, bowing. "Gentlemen, Miss Murray gives a rose to the best shot. Now Harry, look to your laurels; this is worth winning."

"Nay, I meant not that," said Miss Murray, looking annoyed; "I meant it but as a match between you two."

"I dared not be so selfish as to prevent others trying for such a guerdon," he replied. "Now Harry, do your best."

"Never fear," said Harry; "the bonnie rose will be mine, and Madge shall choose between it and the bugle-horn."

"Fie, man; Miss Murray will hold you to be a discourteous knight if you give away a flower she has worn. Win it and wear it," said Sir Richard.

And Harry did win it. My brother led him up to Miss Murray to receive the prize she had promised, and which she bestowed with a very bad grace; but luckily he saw it not. Still more fortunately, Madge was not present to resent it.

"How much rather Ellen would have given the prize to another," whispered Jane Douglas to me, and then we went away, Lord Derwentwater, Lord George Wemyss, Sir. A. Primrose, and Kilmaine, accompanying us, whilst the others announced that, having their guns, they would beat the woods for black cocks.

Certainly Jane Douglas is a very strange girl. She accompanied me, uninvited, to my room, and sitting down, began the following conversation. I shall watch this evening and see if her words are true.

"Such a game of cross purposes as every one here is playing!"

"How do you mean?" I inquired, in amazement.

"Lookers on see most of the game, and your words prove it. First, my Aunt Murray is dying to see Ellen Lady Primrose. Ellen would rather be Lady something else. You know whom I mean."

"Indeed I do not."

"What! do you not see that she had rather dance with Sir Richard, than listen to Sir Archibald. She gave the rose to day, expecting your brother to gain it; so it was doubly hard that that unfortunate Harry Murray had the luck to do it, for I can see that Sir Richard would not give Madge Murray's little finger for the whole of my pretty cousin. Surely you see that!"

"Richard care for Madge! No, indeed; you are mistaken there, I am sure. We are all very intimate with her, but nothing more, I assure you," I replied.

"Very well, I rejoice to hear that I am mistaken. So much the better for Nelly."

"Besides, Miss Murray scarce knows my brother; she cannot care for a person she has so seldom met, and who has not paid her more marked attention. Confess that. Could she?"

"Oh they have met pretty often before this; and then the old song says,

'Oh love will enter in, whaur it daurna weel be seen.'"

"Confess, now, you are saying all this to amuse me," I said.

"Then I suppose you don't see that James Kilmaine cannot take his eyes off Lucy Græme?"

"I do allow that admiration."

"Oh, that's an attachment, if ever there was one. He is in despair, his mother having set her heart on having another daughter-in-law;" and here she looked so fixedly at me, that I felt my cheeks and brow colouring beneath her gaze.

"My aunt's heart is set on another, and his evidently on Lucy Græme."

"But I thought he admired Mary Drummond," I said.

"Oh no!" she answered, "they are good friends, but nothing more, I am sure. It was at Carbrechan he first met Lucy, and we all observed he noticed no one else."

"I do not wonder. He could see none more lovely."

"For that matter, I admire his own sister far more."

"Not so do I; she has a fine face, but a want of expression. Now Lucy's face is the index to her heart; and Miss Murray has such a haughty look."

"Tastes differ. I admire Ellen beyond every one, and great is my wonder that Sir Richard does not. Yet I fear he would not give your cousin's wit for all my cousin's matchless beauty."

"And what are my cousin's sentiments on this matter, since you seem so much *au fait* in it all?"

"I have yet to discover them. Ellen—but I allow she is prejudiced—vows she is too much of a stable boy to care for aught but horses; or, as Madge herself would say, 'too fond of horses to look at asses.' But I will allow no one to call my dear Madge a stable boy," I replied.

"Oh I don't say it, for my opinion is that, if she cares for any, it is for that handsome English boy, Edwardes."—(Jane, being on the other side of thirty, terms every man under forty a boy. Lord Derwentwater a boy! few men have done so much, or seen more. And yet he is young; barely twenty-one. How different had been his majority had we had the auld Stuarts back again!)"—"And Nell says she is sure that she interrupted a tête-à-tête in the small drawing-room last night, for when she entered Edwardes and your cousin were in close confab."

I could not help smiling, remembering, as I did, that I also had seen and misjudged that tête-à-tête, and that part of the time was occupied in talking of our engagement. How little one can judge of the truth from the evidence of their eyes!

"So she thinks Madge is attached to—to—" and I hesitated, for I dislike giving him his assumed name and setting aside his own noble one of Derwentwater, and by it I ever think of him.

"To Edwardes? Yes, so she thinks; wondering, I doubt not, at the taste which prefers the dark brows of the one to the sunny smile of the other." This was rather a homethrust, but I held my peace.

"And does Miss Murray acknowledge her admiration of my brother, for, but for that, I should doubt the whole matter."

"Nell acknowledge it! Nell own such a thing! She would die sooner; but, unfortunately, she cannot conceal it—from me, at least."

"Then does it not appear to you that I am almost the last person that she would wish to know it?"

"Perhaps so; but I thought you would tell me if there really

is an engagement between Sir Richard and your cousin. I would let Ellen know the truth, and trust to her pride soon curing, at least concealing the evil."

"If that be your reason, I can easily assure you there is no engagement. My brother has no secrets from me, so I am quite certain; and, indeed, I may say no affection, save such as is natural between cousins; and she, being one of my dearest friends, he meets her so frequently here, that he looks upon her as a sister more than aught else, I am sure."

"I rejoice, for Ellen's sake, to hear this. I cannot endure the idea of any one being indifferent to her," said Jane, eagerly.

"But do you not think that you would show your affection for her more by concealing this weakness, rather than proclaiming it to me. Suppose, now, that I told my brother!"

"Oh!" she answered, hastily; "Oh you never could be so cruel—so cruel to me, to her, to your own sex. I won't leave you till you promise me never to mention to any one what I have just been saying—my own idle fancies."

"You may be at rest—I shall not mention the matter to my brother:" and here Alice knocked and put an end to our conversation by requesting of me to go and wait on my grandmother, but I am resolved to watch the parties. I have mentioned the matter to my Lord Derwentwater, and we laughed merrily together at the interrupted tête-à-tête; and I told him that I also had seen it—he said nought in regard to the letter, and I was equally discreet. He affirms that he is too much occupied with his own affairs to have noted any of Miss Douglas's wonders, and he says that I had best allow all parties the freedom of choice. But still I wonder if there can be any truth in my brother's admiration for Madge—good sooth, I think not; and I am certain that she cares not for him: but if he does, then adieu to my hope of having pretty Lucy Græme as sister, for he is one not to be lightly moved or changed—indeed in that respect we are alike; and although I have had but little experience, I cannot but feel that my attachment for Lord D. will never change; happen what may, my choice for life is made, and truly I have no misgivings. I do not, I never shall repent the hour I pledged myself to him.

To night I wore my rose coloured taffetas made with a negligée, which some think to the full as becoming as the hoop:—Lucy was dressed in a blue lutestring: Madge in a green brocade with scarlet stockings, which both my Lord D. and my brother assure me are the newest mode, and truly they showed off well the beauty of Madge's foot and ankle.

Lord Derwentwater was in a plain suit of pompadour velvet, laced with gold; Harry in a blue and silver suit, and my brother

wore the dress my great grandfather appeared in at Whitehall on the Restoration, on the glorious 29th of May. It was composed of murrey-coloured velvet. The doublet exceedingly short and open in front, with no under waistcoat, displaying a rich shirt, which bulged out over the waistband of the loose breeches, which as well as his sleeves were profusely ornamented with points and ribbands; beneath the knee hung long drooping lace ruffles: he had a falling collar of lace; a high crowned hat with large plume, and his hair was unpowdered.

Feeling tired with my long ride I danced but little, so I had time to look at the others. Kilmaine's admiration of Lucy was sufficiently evident to all, but she merely received it, and appeared in no way to return it. My brother danced but once with Miss Murray, and to me it appeared she received with pleasure the attention of Lord George Wemyss, and Sir Archibald Primrose. One incident I remarked which occurred between my brother and Madge:—Lord Derwentwater was seated beside me, whilst Madge and Sir Richard stood at a little distance from us—so near that we could hear their conversation, yet too far apart to be one group. Harry came up to Madge—he had *the* rose in the button-hole of his coat:—

"See Madge!" he cried joyously, "see I have the rose yet, but I had far rather show my bugle-horn, for of the two it's far the bonnier die."

"Ah, but you must guard the rose well, Harry: draw if any one attempts to take it. Cousin Dick would give the best thing he has for it—would you not cousin," said Madge, laughing.

"You know I would not," replied Sir Richard, quietly.

"He shall have it for nothing if he wishes it," said Harry.

"That would be making it *good for nothing*, Harry—it would never do to treat a lady's gift that way; you must guard it well," said Madge.

"Very well, I'll do so—but the horn! oh, Madge it is such a brave one—how I shall make the woods of Gownor ring with it yet."

"Since Miss Murray's rose is so highly prized, I mean to put up, not throw down, my glove, to-morrow, and he who wins it, may wear it," said Madge.

"If what the glove contains were added, I'd willingly give all I possess to call it mine," said my brother, emphatically.

I looked at Madge—a brilliant blush rose to her cheek, but she answered, carelessly, "Oh, you mean my fan," holding it up—"you mean my fan—you shall have it at a much less price than the bonny *holms* of *Baliol's Grip*."

"You wilfully misunderstand me; you know I do not mean the fan, but the *hand* which holds it," said he, earnestly.

(*To be continued.*)

RECOLLECTIONS OF EMINENT MEN.

THE RIGHT REV. PETER AUGUSTINE BAINES, BISHOP OF
SIGA, VICAR APOSTOLIC IN THE WESTERN DISTRICT OF
ENGLAND, &c.

(Concluded from page 166.)

IN the last number of the Magazine, I concluded the "History of the Pastoral," which had been printed, but not published by Bishop Baines. His friends could not but applaud the triumphant answers with which he met and overcame the "charges" of his opponents, while they regretted the spirit in which he came down upon and overpowered them. Sarcasm, however refined, is scarcely a dignified weapon in the hands of a bishop; and it was impossible not to feel that the "History" now put forth was very different in manner, matter, and tone from the new edition of which His Holiness had sanctioned the publication. I have been charged with feeling "admiration for Dr. Baines's treatment of the converts, and narrating it with extreme gusto:" in the first place, I am not aware that his Lordship treated THE CONVERTS, as a body, in any peculiar manner, though he objected to and ridiculed certain particular practices which a few individuals of their number would have introduced: and secondly, I know not that I have personally expressed any "gusto" or relish in the matter, though, as a biographer, I have faithfully recorded the transaction. Although born in the Church myself, no one is more closely, more endearingly connected with converts than I am; no one would be more unwilling to employ a word that could ungenerously reflect upon the noble, disinterested, self-sacrificing, pious motives and spirit that have led them to that blessed home, where I pray that we may live together for evermore, in this world or in the next.

Dr. Baines's History of the Pastoral was, to many, more annoying than the Pastoral itself. It was reported to Rome; attempts were made to procure it through a bookseller's hands, that it might appear to have been published: but these were frustrated; and Propaganda could only feel "this man writes powerfully; it is not possible to touch him: the wisest plan is, therefore, to leave him alone."

In his address to the reader, at the commencement of the history, Dr. Baines observes: "I had the misfortune to incur the displeasure of a respectable party in the Catholic body, whose cause was warmly espoused by another very powerful

body, to whom I was previously obnoxious." I have heard various surmises as to what parties were here alluded to ; but from my knowledge of the conduct of Dr. Baines towards them, it is evident to me that they must have been unjustly charged. It is true that he objected to receive Dr. Wiseman, then Rector of the English College at Rome, as president of his own new establishment at Prior Park ; but so highly did he, with the rest of the world, esteem the magnificent attainments of his Eminence, that he earnestly besought Leo XII. to send him, as a bishop, to England. His Holiness was strangely inflexible : "Whatever you please, Monsignore," he said ; "ma Vescovo, no—he shall not be a bishop." The members of the Society of Jesus, although settled at Stonyhurst, had no recognized existence in England : at the entreaty of Dr. Baines, the Pope issued the wished-for document, and delivered it publicly into the hand of his Lordship : the cardinals and court crowded around, and thinking that the English prelate had received some great personal favour, offered him their congratulations. Dr. Baines said nothing, but hastened to the Gesu, and placed the document in the hands of the general of the order. He read it, and tears streamed down his face.

"For years and years," he said, "we have sought to obtain this, and now it is to your Lordship that we are indebted for it."

He was grateful. "Gratitude is a noble sentiment," the author of "Four Years in France" remarks : "let the Jesuits always be grateful."

On the 12th of January, 1842, being in Bath, I received the following note from Dr. Baines. I print it here in order to show those readers who may not have seen the earlier letters with which he honoured me, that I had every opportunity of being well informed of his real sentiments on all the subjects which I have handled :—

"Prior Park, January 12, 1842.

"My Dear Mr. ———,

"I have been led to expect that your present visit to Bath was intended, in part at least, for my gratification. I hope it was so, and that you will allow me all the time you can spare. I have much to say, which a few days would not be too much to unfold : and I really know of nothing that would give me more satisfaction than to have such opportunity afforded me. Can you spend to-morrow with me ? Or can you, which I should infinitely prefer, spend a few days here ? With best respects to ———, believe me,

"Dear Mr. ———,

"Yours very truly,

✠ "P. A. BAINES."

I need not dilate upon what passed between us on this occasion. I found his Lordship as usual struggling against misapprehensions and misrepresentations, which were most injurious to his own peace of mind, and to the prosperity of the college of Prior Park.

One assurance, which Dr. Baines gave me at this time, must be interesting to very many. We were speaking of Tom Moore, the poet, whom all the world may not know to have been born and bred a Catholic; but some of whose publications all the world unfortunately does know to be inconsistent with the dictates of religion:

"Oh, he is a good boy now," exclaimed the Bishop in reply to some observation of mine; "he is a good boy now: I have been with him, and he is all right"—giving me to understand that he had fulfilled his religious duties by Confession and Holy Communion. This assurance may be a comfort to many who lament over his present sad bereavement and inability to atone for the past.

In the same year, I received the following letter in answer to one I had addressed to Dr. Baines. The subject explains itself in a great degree: it is one that still presses with undiminished weight upon the Catholic consciences of England, and still calls, but calls in vain, for some such remedial measure as I then recommended, and would still as earnestly recommend:—

"Prior Park, November 27, 1842.

"My Dear Mr. —,

"To avoid the danger of delay, I write by return of post, in answer to your favour just received. Like every thing you write, this letter is full of good sense, and will bear discussion.

"In recommending to Lucas, the publication in the "True Tablet" of Mr. Mason's letter, my object was not to recommend the adoption of the plans of the Wesleyans, or Mr. Mason's own, but to let the Catholics see how much 'wiser in their generation are the children of this world than the children of light;' or in other words, how much more is done by others for a false religion, than Catholics do for the true one. I want to bring this subject before them incessantly, and thereby excite attention. Before any precise plan is adopted, the Catholic body should be made to feel that *some* plan is necessary.

"For several years I have urged upon the bishops the duty of making a candid and bold appeal to the Catholic body for the supply of its religious wants. I wanted them to say with one voice, 'Christ has made no provision for the support of His Church. He intended this to be done by those who possess the means. These, His intentions, imply an *obligation, of charity*, if you will, but still an *obligation*, the neglect of

which would exclude from heaven. Now, the Catholic clergy in this country do not possess the means, but the laity do. On the laity, then, lies a strict obligation, binding under pain of grievous sin, to support religion in England, *i.e.*, to educate and maintain a sufficient number of priests and bishops; to build a sufficient number of churches, &c.”—(N. B. I say churches, not steeples, and not necessarily *Gothic* churches)—“to accommodate the Catholics, and afford a means of conversion to a certain number of Protestants.” This is the first thing I wish the bishops to do. The next would be to devise the best means for levying the moneys which ought to be paid. Here you and I are nearly agreed. There must be official persons appointed for the purpose, who must be paid by a per centage upon what they collect. I should propose that a list should be made out of every householder in every district, and that they should be asked what they would contribute; a certain *ratio*, such as you suggest, being recommended. This list to be published, as you recommend, at least once or twice a year, and put up in the different chapels, showing who contributed, and to what amount.

“Sodalities might be useful, if it were only to counteract sodalities. The regulars have them, and turn them to great profit. I know a wealthy Catholic, who, having become a member of a kind of sodality in Italy, has for several years considered it a duty to devote to the religious body with which that sodality is connected, *all* her superfluous means, to the exclusion of her own district, her own bishop, and her own pastors!! But such sodalities should not form an integral part of any plan of general contribution.

“What you say of the wealth of the Methodist, and the poverty of the Catholic mass, is true to a certain extent. But let a calculation be made of the wealth of the Catholic body, and you will find that they possess abundantly sufficient, without contributing a *tithe* of their incomes, (poor’s rates, pews, &c., included) to educate more than double the number of Catholic clergy who are now educated, and to give more than double the quantity of *space* in churches. I quite agree with you that Gothic steeples and pinnacles are, when *space* is so much wanted, *pointed* abuses; and I can imagine how the devil must shake his sides when he gets hold of so admirable a man as ———, and impresses him with this most ludicrous error, that unless Pugin “builds the church, they labour in vain who build it.”

“The first thing to be aimed at is the securing, by *foundation*, of our ecclesiastical seminaries; the next, to provide a decent support for the bishops, and clergy; the next to build plain spacious churches. I put the priests before the church, just as

I would put the horse before the cart. When you have zealous priests, churches will rise as if by magic, through their multiform and indescribable instrumentality.

"All goes on well here. I have lost my Italian Fratelli, and we all think the loss a gain: religious orders have always a double object, the principle being self. The colleges are prospering. My health seems to improve, though I am now taking calomel, alternately with other medicines, daily. But my sole complaint is decided to be the liver, and the assiduous attention paid to me gives me hopes of a thorough cure.

"Present my kind regards to ———, respectful compliments to ———, and give a hundred blessings to all your little ones, from,

"Dear Mr. ———,
"Your very faithful and obliged Servant,
✠ "P. A. BAINES."

In the beginning of 1843 I received the last letter addressed to me by his Lordship. Playfully and cheerfully as it is written, it has a melancholy interest:—

"Prior Park, February, 23rd, 1843.

"My Dear Mr.—

"I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your kind note for which accept my grateful thanks. I was not aware that one of my circulars had not been sent to you, and can only account for it by supposing that my good secretary, knowing how much you had done for this establishment, had not the face to ask you for more. I think very much as you do respecting "the fervour and sense" of my brother Catholics, and if in my Lenten Pastoral, which I was dictating to Mr. Bonomi when your letter was brought me, you find any such avowal of my sentiments, and approve it, you may take a share of the merit to yourself. I will send you a copy when it is printed, and with it, if I can find one, a copy of my Birmingham sermon.

"I had not heard of Mr. Urquhart, but am obliged to you for putting me on the alert. He shall have no cause to boast of my confidence.

"The "Tablet" has for some weeks past been managed by A. which means, I believe, Ansty. He is a convert, fanatical, and in my opinion dangerous—the more so, as he is clever, and will I fear exercise more influence over Lucas and his paper than will lead to the credit of the latter. However we shall see when Lucas returns and resumes his editorship. I *suppose* I am better; but in the meantime, they have made me feel worse. I am so weak from loss of blood, by a sort of hemor-

rhage, that I can hardly walk up stairs ; but, on the other hand, the bowels have resumed their functions, which had been interrupted for the last fifteen or twenty years. If this improvement continues, I am well and shall calculate on enjoying a visit to you, the first spare week that Providence shall allow me, I hope ere the ensuing summer is past.

"You have seen that I have got rid of my Frattelli, fortunately just in time to give Oscott the credit of their new acquisition. I have already replaced them infinitely more to my satisfaction. I will not add anything more at present, being pressed for time, except to beg that you will remember me most kindly to ———, and give my blessing to your little ones, always believing me to remain,

"Dear Mr. ———,

"Yours most truly,

✠ "P. A. BAINES.

"P.S.—I wish you could suggest to Lucas to put underneath the B. V., a notice requesting that before the paper is carried to where all newspapers go, the Sacred Figure may be torn off and burnt: an iconoclastic remedy after all, but better than none."*

On the 7th of July, I received the note with which I must close "this sad eventful history." Hereafter I may publish other matter relating to my lamented and revered friend. At present, I would only pray that those who unjustly persecuted him may have the grace to repent, and that he himself may, long since, have been received where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. The sad announcement was conveyed to me thus:—I inquire not if it was strictly accurate in all its details: it will suffice to show the feeling of the public in reference to a great public character:—

"My dear Son,—You heard of the Exhibition at Prior Park, and of the opening of the Chapel at Bristol on the next day. We all feared that the exertion would be too much for the Bishop. Though he was in good spirits and preached for an hour and a quarter, he felt too tired to remain during the whole of the dinner and complained that his hands and feet were cold. But he returned to the dessert and joined in chorus with the Rev. Mr. Jenkins in the song of the "Old Monk"—every verse ending "Death will have us all." However, he got home and went to bed apparently in his usual health. Can you anticipate the sad news I have to tell you? Indeed did I not think you would hear it suddenly from others, I would not be the one to communicate what I know will distress you so much. This morning at half past seven, his servant went to him, and found him lying

as though he were asleep : but alas ! it was only in appearance. It is supposed that he had died in his sleep some hours previous. The whole town seems to be lamenting the loss which society sustains." * * * * *

* THE "CATHOLIC MAGAZINE : " THE "TABLET : " THE "GUARDIAN : " THE CONVERTS.—In the preceding letters, there have been several allusions to the "Tablet" newspaper and to its editor : so much so as to point to this as not an improper place in which to introduce the few observations we feel called upon to make in reference to both. A recent number of this Magazine contained a sort of olla podrida article, which humourously introduced a dialogue, the Protestant speakers in which mentioned her religion as a reason against marrying a beautiful Catholic girl of family and fortune ; this opportunity the writer of the article improved into a mock-heroic address to our many recent converts, beseeching them that, "instead of entering holy orders (where I freely admit that you do incalculable good," said the writer—this parenthesis is omitted in the "Tablet")—"they should take unto themselves wives of our sweet and pure Catholic maidens, in order to recommend the faith to hundreds of worldly-minded parents, who are debarred from joining us by the thought that it might mar the prospects of their daughters."

This paragraph the "Tablet" informs us that it had itself marked for quotation, but that "shame and indignation" prevented it from laying it before its readers, until it saw it quoted by the "Guardian." "Now, however," it says, "it no longer withholds it ; for its readers ought to be enabled to appreciate all publications calling themselves Catholic, while right-minded Protestants will admit that neither Divine grace nor Holy doctrine can, in all cases, secure a community from having to deplore the imbecility and worldliness of some of its members."

We quite agree with the "Tablet" that its readers "*ought* to be enabled to appreciate all publications calling themselves Catholic ;" but it does not, therefore, follow that the "Tablet" has so trained them as to enable them to do it. Our position has compelled us, much against our will, to take in the "Tablet" for some years, as a surgeon may be compelled to dissect disgusting ulcers ; but in reading it after the Sunday's holy service, we have always felt as though we were listening to the "*avvocato del diavolo*—the devil's advocate," whose business it is to misinterpret every action of the saints, and to traduce all their motives ; and the feeling thus engendered was not such as to "enable us to appreciate all Catholic publications." Few of our readers who remember the chastisement which the "Tablet" received from a contributor in that very

August number of the Magazine, will impute to the impulses of "Divine grace or Holy doctrine" the spite which ever animates it against this periodical. The "Tablet" may rest assured that the "worldliness" of its motives and the bitterness of its bile are perfectly appreciated in England; that English readers estimate at their worth the sneers with which it alludes to this Magazine as a Catholic "New Monthly," and think none the worse of it for that it mingles light reading with more serious matter. Puritanic cant is hateful every where; but it is more especially so when it blends the leaven of old heresies and superstitious bigotry with the pure glad feeling of Catholicism. We have never heard rational and devotional minds, such as we rejoice to number amongst our readers, attach weight to the imprecations of a virago, because they were known to be inspired by personal animosity or pecuniary interest; and although the "Times" newspaper has recently dubbed the editor of the "Tablet" with the title of "Duke of Smithfield,"* we are convinced that English readers will despise its insinuations as much as they would have done if put forth under the more appropriate parentage of a Duchess of Billingsgate.

When the "Tablet" wishes to stab, it always seasons the stiletto with "Divine grace and Holy doctrine." We would not willingly charge it with hypocrisy; we can make allowances for constitutional ill-temper, indigestion, disappointed ambition; but, whencesoever derived, we do grieve to mark the scandal given by its weekly exemplifications of the text, "See how these Christians love one another:" and with all the solemnity of a brother in the faith, performing a sacred duty to one who has called him to admonish, we assure it that, of the many English Catholic priests with whom, at different times, we have spoken of it, we have never heard one who did not rejoice that he had not the charge of the editor's conscience.

And now one word to our readers still entangled in the sophisms of High-Church-of-Englandism, or happily escaped from them, and converts to the faith of all ages and of all nations. If our pages have at any time, while under our superintendence, contained a single expression, the apparent levity of which shocked their feelings, let them ask themselves whether it was their pride, their self-love, or their sense of decorum, that felt aggrieved. Their disease, as viewed by Catholics, is multiform. Dr. Newman most excellently exemplifies, and endeavours to meet this fact; but all writers are not Newmans, and all readers have not the argumentative and deeply studious minds and habits of many of his hearers. Are

* See article on the new Cardinalate in the "REGISTER."

these to be excluded from all spiritual reading because it may not be disguised under what, to them, is a more attractive exterior? Are these to be debarred from knowledge because they cannot receive it under the sterner form which is appropriate to scholars? *We wish this publication to be considered as a Catholic "New Monthly."* Let the highly-gifted men and their Catholic friends to whom we appeal, be generous. No one more truly respects them than we do. No one would more truly grieve to express any thing that could wound their feelings. But let them not impute evil to us because, as we *know* the good that we do by it, so do we follow a different system from theirs. Before what we are now writing meets the eye of the reader, the Church will have received into her communion some whose conversion—thanks be to Almighty God!—has been perfected by what they have read in this Magazine: others have been led on by it to investigate, and we have every reason to believe that their investigations will lead to an equally happy result. This is the unvarnished truth. Let, then, those who are designated to us as "the converts," and their "friends," be charitably forbearing and generous. Let them, with us, repeat Tasso's beautiful invocation to the muse of the "Gerusalemme Liberata:—"

" Oh Musa ! tu che di caduchi allori,
Non cirondi la fronte in Ellicona
Ma su nel ciel infra i beati cori
Hai di stelle immortal aurea corona,
Tu spiri il mio canto e tu perdona
Se intessi fregi al ver, se adorno in parte
D'altri dilette che de 'tuoi le carte.

" Così all' egro fanciul porgiamo aspersi
Di suave licor gli orli del vaso :
Socchi amari intanto ingannato ei beve
E dall' inganno suo vita riceve."

Oh blessed muse!—not thou engaged to twine
The fading bays of Helicon below,
But thou who, high aloft mid choirs divine,
A golden crown of deathless stars dost show,
Do thou inspire my song: forgive me thou
If decking Truth with fringe, my page puts on
Some charm that haply is not all thine own.

To sickly child thus give we medicine
From cup whose rim is sprinkled o'er with sweets :
He quaffs the bitter drink—the taste deceives,—
And from the fond deception life receives.

—EDITOR CATHOLIC MAGAZINE AND REGISTER.

FUNERALS PERFORMED.

On the forenoon of a day in January, I was walking in Oxford street, with a party of friends; among them was a young Parisian, lately arrived in England, and full of that intelligence and observation for which the Parisians are so remarkable. He stopped suddenly opposite a house on which was displayed in large gilt letters "Funerals performed," and turning towards me he repeated the words, interrogatively: "Funerals performed?—performed?—performance? Is not that what you say of the stage? I have heard a 'clever performance' often said." "And so you have," replied I; "and don't you remember our admired Shakespeare affirms: 'that all the world's a stage, &c.'" And continuing the quotation, and remarking upon it, we walked up Holles Street, and found a French breakfast waiting for us, at the house of a friend in Cavendish Square. The conversation at table turned upon the Parisian remark. "You would acknowledge it was a really good one," said our host, "if you had seen the exemplification of 'Funerals performed' that we had within a few doors of us last week. Our wealthy neighbour, Mr. Mann, died after a lingering illness; his story is a very common one in London annals: he came in early youth to the great city to seek his fortune; began as an errand-boy to a great mercantile house, to the very head of which his untiring industry raised him; he loved, it is said, and was beloved by a merchant's daughter, but her father failed, and Mr. Mann's affection did not stand the test of poverty; she died, after years of wearying toil as a teacher; and he lived and prospered in worldly possessions, and was an old man when he died. We never heard he had any relations, nor will the lawyers be able to hold out any hopes to the nearest of kin of Robin Mann of hearing something to their advantage, for he willed his property to national institutions, reserving a large sum for the expenses of his funeral and of a magnificent tomb to be erected over his remains in Kensal Green. His funeral was certainly 'performed' on the grandest scale, and must have nearly made the fortune of the undertaker: there was the hearse with its six horses and attendant mutes, followed by eight mourning coaches without *one* friend! It was a bitterly cold morning, and the streets were half whitened by sleet, which a driving wind blew about in a most unpleasant manner, and I watched the two physicians and the lawyer as they got into the first mourning coach; but I am afraid their sorrowful expression of face was entirely owing to the dreadful cold: the occupiers of the other coaches were

the dressed-up and hired men of the undertaker ; and as the procession moved off, and the body was borne without one tear to its stately resting-place, I could not help saying, this is, indeed, a 'Funeral performed.' "

* * * * *

The seasons had changed, and we were a party of tourists ; up betimes, and hurrying from our hotel, in the city of Limerick, to the quay, where we embarked on board a steamer for Tarbert ; it was a glorious summer morning, and as we came down the noble Shannon, I could not help contrasting its deserted waters with the crowded Thames we had recently left, and wishing that commerce was more extended. At Tarbert we readily hired vehicles to convey us to Tralee, and on our way we stopped near the village of Ballylongford to visit the fine ruins of Lislaghtia Abbey, founded in 1478 for Franciscan monks. We had admired the tower and choir with its Gothic window, and were leaving the churchyard that surrounds the abbey, when we saw a dense crowd moving slowly towards it. It was a funeral, for borne to us by the breeze, came the wailing of the mourners, seeming to increase in grief as they approached the burial ground. "Oh ! do let us stay and see a real Irish funeral," said one of the party ; and we all drew aside within the ruins and looked out on the sad procession. The coffin, of rudest painted wood, was carried on the shoulders of six fine young men, and I saw the tears coursing down the cheeks of the two foremost, as they laid their burden on a tombstone near the freshly-dug grave. An old woman rushed out of the crowd, and flinging herself on her knees laid her head on the coffin, and burst into a passionate lamentation ; five or six elderly women knelt near her, and two amongst them, with their heads laids on the coffin, declaimed, alternately in Irish, an eloquent eulogium on the merits of the deceased, and from time to time broke out into the wailings of the "keen," the most heart-rending sounds one can hear. It was answered by those around, and echoed back by the old walls of the abbey. There could not be less than fifteen hundred present ; there were the peasants from the opposite shores of Clare, the women in their picturesque red cloaks, and the men with their gray frieze coats ; numbers of the first on their knees among the tombs, and some of the latter with their heads reverently uncovered. The deceased was an aged man, who had brought up a large family honestly and respectably, and whose life of usefulness had earned the regrets that accompanied him to the grave. "But these 'keeners' are well paid for their lamentations, are they not ?" asked one of our party of a peasant near us. "Paid, is it ? why then, 'deed and indeed they're not ; sure they wish to compliment the

family, and so do all the neighbours that come to the funeral,—a rare, dacent, honest family as there's in Ireland; that have the good word of the whole country round. Ah! God be good to you, John Connor, this day, and those you have left keen over you with their hearts, and would scorn being paid. You had always the bit and the sup for the poor, and a helping hand for a friend;" and the speaker turned away from us. The poor widow was forcibly taken from her place, and, amid the excited wailings of the women that surrounded her, the coffin was lowered into its humble resting-place; and as we came away the sons were supporting the widow, and I did not see a dry eye among the group that were about her.

The shadows of the old abbey fell on the newly-made grave as we left the spot; the sounds of sorrow were hushed, and all around seemed, as I could imagine the old man, smiling in perfect peace. I was just in a train of delightful thought, when the Parisian, touching my arm, inquired, "Is not this another instance of a 'Funeral performed?'"

VERSES FOR THE MONTH.*

ALL SAINTS.—FIRST NOVEMBER.

"Benediction and glory, and wisdom and fame,

"Thanksgiving and strength to the Lord."

So cry all the saints while they honour His Name

For ever and ever ador'd.

From each region of earth, from each nation and tongue,

They stand round the throne in His sight.

"Salvation to God and the Lamb!" is their song

Repeated with endless delight.

Some are cloth'd in white robes, and with palms in their hands,

Brave martyrs from sorrow and strife,

And the Lamb shall rule over their thrice-blessed bands,

And lead them to fountains of life.

* From "Church Hymns in English that may be sung to the old Church Music, with approbation, and other poems. By R. Beste, Esq. Published by Burns and Lambert; and Jones, 63, Paternoster-row.

And there above the highest seat,—
 Bright-clothed with the sun,
 The shining moon beneath her feet,
 With twelve stars for a crown—
 The Virgin Queen of Heaven the Lord adores
 And gentle homage to the Lamb outpours.

Around the throne, the mighty four,
 The bright-eyed living creatures, sing,
 And Him upon the throne adore,—
 High pois'd upon untiring wing
 'Mid noise and flash of lightning.
 And there the twelve Apostles blest
 Are thron'd as Judges, o'er the rest.

And many a martyr'd Saint is there,
 And hoary eld and virgin fair,
 Who, for the faith, have freely bled
 And, by example, others led.
 From every age, from every land,
 Stout champions of the faith, they stand.
 There are the earliest Christians slain,
 By rack, and fire, and sword,
 In many a hostile pagan's reign
 Ere mighty Rome ador'd.
 There are the missionaries of grace,
 Slain in some distant, unknown place ;
 Beneath far India's blazing sun,
 Or in the forests of the north,
 Or in the kingdoms of Canton,
 Wherever Truth had call'd them forth :
 And those who, in these later days,
 Have scorn'd the alluring breath of praise,
 And chosen in the Church to die
 Rather than sanction heresy.
 And holy Fathers who have striven
 To keep the faith, by Jesus given,
 From doctrine strange :—for well they knew
 What'er was novel was untrue :
 All from their heights look gladly down
 And number those their toils have won.

And virgins pure, from every clime
 From every age are there :
 Sweeter than all, their voices chime,
 Their looks more calm and fair.

And holy women without end
 Their tones in that glad chorus blend—
 Wives, widows, mothers, who have given
 Their hearts, 'mid earthly ties, to heaven.
 And some are there from cloister'd walls,
 And some from scenes where guilt appals,
 And some from rich and princely halls,
 And from the altar, some.
 From toil and want, are many more :—
 Aye, thousands—thousands of the poor
 Are there, at length, their sorrows o'er,
 Are there, at length, at home.
 Some with their own glad families,
 Surrounded by earth's purest ties,
 With added bliss that never dies
 Are all together come.
 All these, with the bright cherubim
 And high angelic choir,
 With jubilee repeat the hymn
 In tones that never tire.
 The heavenly powers give back the swelling sound,
 And Holy ! Holy ! Holy ! through the skies rebound.

Hosannah ! to our God on high,
 The saints in heaven proclaim :
 Oh, shall not we, too, join the cry
 And bless his holy name ?
 Communion with the saints is ours,
 Sweet fellowship with heaven :
 We, too, will join the heavenly powers—
 Our praise to God be given !
 Though cold, as yet, our songs of love,
 Our aspirations few,
 Help us, ye blessed saints above,
 Help us to follow you !

ALL SOULS.—SECOND OF NOVEMBER.

But not alone with the saints above,
 We hold communion kind,
 The mighty circle of Christian love
 Is not to heaven confin'd.
 All earth and heaven may not suffice
 To engross the Christian's sympathies,
 While souls exist whom prayer may bring
 From penitential suffering.

Fond parent—child—relation—friend

And is the lov'd one torn away ?

Is that dear fellowship at end ?

And has the grave borne off its prey ?

Mourn not ! Mourn not ! The heaven above

Is a bright world—more bright than this.

They left us for a world of love :

Are gone before to endless bliss.

Oh ! who would doubt it ! They're in heaven !

Dry up, dry up those selfish tears !

But is it so ! . . . Is *that* forgiven ? . . .

Oh ! who can still these dreadful fears !

No slightest sin can enter there . . .

Were *they* unspotted ? . . .

List the call to prayer !

Pray for the dear ones. Weep and pray

That God would wash earth's stains away ;

Those stains that still impede their flight

To heaven. Just God ! thou God of might !

Thou God of justice ! hear our cry,

Forgive them their iniquity.

Oh, they were dear to us on earth !

They taught our childhood—cheer'd our hearth—

Oh ! she was fond and true and fair—

He strove to ward off pain and care—

They sooth'd our age, its woes beguil'd :

For parent—friend—wife—husband—child— . . .

For these, great God ! we weep and pray :— . . .

Thus all their kindness we repay :—

Thus we assuage our doubts and fears :—

Thus—thus The God of mercy hears !

Our prayers avail ! They are forgiven !

And now they pray for us in heaven.

And hear thy Church, great God upraise,

Its wailing voice on thee to call ;

And while each for his household prays,

This day he prays with it for all.

This day, we may not pray alone

For those most dear to us, our own,

Our own dear dead. Our charity

This day, to all extended be.

Oh, moving sight ! mankind kneels down

And prays for those before it gone.

We pray for all, whate'er their race :

Oh ! bring them to thy resting place !

Whether alone on earth they mov'd,
Or liv'd here loving and belov'd :—
Whether they died long years ago,
Their place of burial unknown.
Or tears of love still hotly flow
On some fresh-carved sepulchral stone ;—
Whether from wealth and state they went,
And left in the broad world a rent,
Or toil and poverty sank down
Unmark'd, unpitied and alone :—
We pray for all—unite our sighs
And all together, sympathise.
Nor pause we here. Our prayers be said
This day for the forgotten dead :—
For those poor souls forgotten quite
Or who have left us friend behind :—
Oh, lead them, too, to joy and light :
Forgive their sins, their chains unbind.
We pray for all. Thy Church to-day
Calls on us all for all to pray.
Thy Church on earth which labours still
To join thy glorious Church in heaven,
Prays for Thy suffering church : fulfil
Our prayer and be their sins forgiven.
Promote this wide communion blest,
Let prayer and praise all souls unite.
Oh, give them, Lord, eternal rest
And light them with perpetual light.

REGISTER

OF

CORRESPONDENCE, AND EVENTS.

The Editor of the CATHOLIC MAGAZINE AND REGISTER desires that his Correspondents and Contributors may alone be held responsible for the opinions and sentiments that each may express. But he invites our Venerable Clergy and all Catholics to send him information on all matters of religious interest in their several neighbourhoods.

CORRESPONDENCE.

JESU CHRISTI PASSIO.

HON. AND REV. G. SPENCER.—A NEW MOVE FOR THE CONVERSION OF ENGLAND.

To the Editor of the "Catholic Magazine and Register."

(Continued from page 195.)

I have been a missionary in England during eighteen years, working for the Irish, of whom, during that time, I have had many more to serve than I have had English. Since I have been a Passionist, this has been true to a much greater extent. In our missions generally we have, perhaps, ten Irish to one English confession to hear. Once I have been, as it were, within the jaws of death and out again, when so many of our English priests actually did die, in attending the Irish sick of the fever in 1847. Moreover, as a little thing to add to this, I have been for eight years and more a pledged teetotaller, which I became out of love for the Irish. On these and like grounds I found a little claim to be heard on the subject of the Irish in England, and perhaps my experience of them may make my testimony worth listening to. And what do I say of them? I mean of their present state and future prospects. I say that, at present, there are many excellent Christians among them, but that the greater part (I had, perhaps, better not venture to say in what proportion, for fear of a mistake,) are living in a state of sin, and neglecting their religious duties; and we, the priests of England, are at a loss what to do, or say, or think of, in an ordinary way, to help them. Now let us have this crusade proclaimed and preached, not by one poor weak voice like mine, but by authority, to which they will bow; in short, let me be supported in calling them to the great enterprise of conquering England for God and his Church, by a great spiritual crusade, and I promise (perhaps in a loose way of speaking, but not far from my serious meaning,) that in six months the Irish in England will be a people of saints, and in twelve months we shall see England on the highway to Catholicity, and the Irish exalted among nations to a position, to which no nation ever yet thought of aspiring. Are the Irish capable of such an enterprise? it will, perhaps, be said incredulously. Indeed this has been said continually, ever since I have been proposing it to them; and I have been saying yes, and again yes, and giving reasons for saying this *yes*, which I cannot, for want of time, repeat here.

I will only say, that what I saw at Thurles has exceedingly strengthened the decisiveness with which I again say, *Yes, they are*. I rejoiced, with wonder, to see myself, providentially, the representative of the English Catholics and the English nation, at the conclusion of that great synod being, as far as I know, the only Englishman of any sort in the town at the time; certainly the only one engaged in the proceedings. And what did I witness? The Catholic Church of Ireland, just emerged, as she is, from a state of depression and oppression, of persecution and of poverty, quite unparalleled in ecclesiastical history, achieving, in the face of the overpowering temporal Protestant ascendancy, which still exists in the country, a grand, free, noble, ecclesiastical movement, such as no other Catholic people in the world can attempt, and such as is, even in past history, at least for many ages, without a precedent. I say this with confidence. There was a book in the people's hands, drawn up to give an account of the nature and objects of the synod, and the only authorities to which reference was made, because the only ones to which it could be made, for information as to the proper mode of proceeding on the occasion, were the synods of Benevento, under the direction of Pope Benedict XIII., and those of Milan, under St. Charles Borromeo; but these manifestly were not national, but only provincial synods: and this synod was conducted under the direction of a primate whom I have already above called a glorious one, and who, I now return to say, appears to me to be chosen out of ten thousand, and to go, if I may say so, beyond any ideal which could have been formed of a man calculated to direct and carry forward such a movement in such a people as the Irish, under the eyes of such a people as the English. I heard praises of Dr. Cullen before going to Thurles, but my observations carried my opinion of him far beyond all I had heard. He seems to me a compound of more admirable qualities than I can enumerate; I could see in him unaffected humility, unpretending simplicity, fervent piety and zeal, profound learning, determined energy and firmness, first rate powers of business and despatch, consummate judgment and tact. This was the impression made on me; and what can I say? *Beatus populus*, to whom God sends such a chief pastor. May they know how to value him, and by their docility and obedience deserve the prolongation of such a life, which appears none of the strongest physically; but this, I trust, may be, as has been seen in so many other cases, only to exhibit more strikingly the power of God in what he may be the instrument of effecting. I would go on further, but I must stop, only saying one word again for my own dear England, which, I hope, will not be thought out of place. If there is, as I have supposed, no Catholic people in our day which can carry out what the Irish Church has attempted and splendidly accomplished on this occasion, I attribute this not only to the want in them of such perfect and healthy Catholic life as Ireland manifests, but to the jealousy and ill dispositions of the governments under which they exist. Have not the Catholics of Ireland and, of course, of England, reason to thank God for, and to wonder at, the contrast to be seen in these countries? Not only no opposition, nor shadow of opposition, from our Government to this synod, but the Government police force, if not some of the military stationed in Thurles, engaged in keeping order during the procession of nearly thirty Catholic bishops, in copes and mitres, and of the representatives of at least eight religious orders in their habits, besides a multitude of clergy in surplices, crossing and re-crossing the public high road between the church and the college. Shall I be told I am wrong in drawing fresh grounds of hope for England from what I saw at Thurles? Well, I am used now to such telling. I think my good friends will soon find it is not worth while to try to discourage me, and perhaps a little later may begin to join me in

my hopes. It is not unkindly meant, if I wish them such a wish as this; for assuredly they would find themselves more happy in the indulgence of such hopes, than I think they can be in crying them down.

I am, your faithful Servant in Jesus Christ,

IGNATIUS OF ST. PAUL, *Passionist*.

P.S. The most important matter comes last, and stands by itself, so as to draw special notice. The Sovereign Pontiff, Pius IX., has granted an indulgence of 300 days for every Hail Mary offered for the conversion of England. We shall soon have all Ireland saying it, and perhaps a hundred or a thousand in the day. Perhaps some English Catholics will now think it worth their while to say one now and then. But let me observe, that if it is said without any hope it will not please me, nor do I think it will much please the Blessed Virgin or Almighty God.

ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.

THE CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER.—We think that we shall most gratify our readers by laying before them all that our space will permit relating to this most important step towards the rehabilitation of the Catholic Faith in England. We will merely state that the increase of the Catholic Bishops, if not the formal restoring of the Hierarchy, was previously approved by the English Government on the plea that the Catholic clergy were the best conservators of the peace of the country.—EDITOR OF CATHOLIC MAG. AND REG.:—

LETTERS APOSTOLICAL OF OUR MOST HOLY FATHER POPE PIUS IX., ESTABLISHING THE EPISCOPAL HIERARCHY IN ENGLAND:—"PIUS P. P. IX.—*For a Perpetual remembrance of the thing.*—The power of ruling the universal Church, committed by our Lord Jesus Christ to the Roman Pontiff, in the person of St. Peter, Prince of the Apostles, hath preserved through every age, in the Apostolic See, that remarkable solicitude by which it consulteth for the advantage of the Catholic religion in all parts of the world, and studiously provideth for its extension. And this correspondeth with the design of its Divine Founder, who, when he ordained a head to the Church, looked forward, by his excelling wisdom, to the consummation of the world. Amongst other nations, the famous realm of England hath experienced the effects of this solicitude on the part of the Supreme Pontiff. Its histories testify that, in the earliest ages of the Church the Christian religion was brought into Britain, and subsequently flourished greatly there; but about the middle of the fifth age, the Angles and Saxons having been invited into the island, the affairs, not only of the nation, but of religion also, suffered great and grievous injury. But we know that our holy predecessor, Gregory the Great, sent first Augustine the Monk, with his companions, who subsequently, with several others, were elevated to the dignity of bishops, and a great company of priests, monks, having been sent to join them, the Anglo-Saxons were brought to embrace the Christian religion; and by their exertions it was brought to pass, that in Britain, which had now come to be called England, the Catholic religion was every where restored and extended. But to pass on to more recent events, the history of the Anglican schism of the sixteenth age presents no feature more remarkable than the care unremittedly exercised by our predecessors, the Roman Pontiffs, to lend succour, in its hour of extremest peril, to the Catholic religion in that realm, and by every means to afford it support and assistance. Amongst other instances of this care are the enactments and provisions made by the chief pontiffs, or under their direction and approval, for the unfailing supply of men to take charge of

the interests of Catholicity in that country, and also for the education of Catholic young men of good abilities on the continent, and their careful instruction in all branches of theological learning; so that, when promoted to holy orders, they might return to their native land and labour diligently to benefit their countrymen by the ministry of the Word and of the sacraments, and by the defence and propagation of the holy faith.

"Perhaps even more conspicuous have been the exertions made by our predecessors for the purpose of restoring to the English Catholics prelates invested with the episcopal character, when the fierce and cruel storms of persecution had deprived them of the presence and pastoral care of their own bishops. The Letters Apostolical of *Pope Gregory XV.*, dated March 23, 1623, set forth, that the chief Pontiff, as soon as he was able, had consecrated *William Bishop*, Bishop of Chalcedon, and had appointed him, furnished with an ample supply of faculties, and the authority of Ordinary, to govern the Catholics of England and of Scotland. Subsequently, on the death of the said *William Bishop*, *Pope Urban VIII.*, by Letters Apostolical, dated Feb. 4, 1625, to the like effect, and directed to *Richard Smith*, reconstituted him Bishop of Chalcedon, and conferred on him the same faculties and powers as had been granted to *William Bishop*. When the king, *James II.*, ascended the English throne, there seemed a prospect of happier times for the Catholic religion. *Innocent XI.* immediately availed himself of this opportunity to ordain, in the year 1685, *John Leyburn*, Bishop of Adrumetum, Vicar Apostolic of all England. Subsequently, by other Letters Apostolical, issued January 30, 1688, he associated with *Leyburn*, as Vicars Apostolic, three other bishops, with titles taken from churches in *partibus infidelium*; and accordingly, with the assistance of *Ferdinand*, Archbishop of Amara, Apostolic Nuncio in England, the same Pontiff divided England into four districts, namely, the London, the Eastern, the Midland, and the Northern; each of which a Vicar Apostolic commenced to govern, furnished with all suitable faculties, and with the proper powers of a local Ordinary. *Benedict XIV.*, by his Constitution, dated May 30, 1753, and the other Pontiffs our predecessors, and our Congregation of Propaganda, both by their own authority and by their most wise and prudent directions, afforded them all guidance and help in the discharge of their important functions. This partition of all England into four Apostolic Vicariates lasted till the time of *Gregory XVI.*, who, by Letters Apostolical, dated July 3, 1840, having taken into consideration the increase which the Catholic religion had received in that kingdom, made a new ecclesiastical division of the counties, doubling the number of the Apostolic Vicariates, and committing the government of the whole of England in spirituals to the Vicars Apostolic of the London, the Western, the Eastern, the Central, the Welsh, the Lancaster, the York, and the Northern Districts. These facts, that we have cursorily touched upon to omit all mention of others, are a sufficient proof that our predecessors have studiously endeavoured and laboured, that, as far as their influence could effect it, the Church in England might be re-edified and recovered from the great calamity that had befallen her.

"Having, therefore, before our eyes so illustrious an example of our predecessors, and wishing to emulate it, in accordance with the duty of the supreme Apostolate, and also giving way to our own feelings of affection towards that beloved part of our Lord's vineyard, we have purposed, from the very first commencement of our Pontificate, to prosecute a work so well commenced, and to devote our closer attention to the promotion of the Church's advantage in that kingdom. Wherefore, having taken into earnest consideration the present state of Catholic affairs in England, and reflecting on the very large and every where increasing number of Catholics there; considering also that the impediments which principally stood in the way

of the spread of Catholicity were daily being removed, we judged that the time had arrived when the form of ecclesiastical government in England might be brought back to that model on which it exists freely amongst other nations, where there is no special reason for their being governed by the extraordinary administration of Vicars Apostolic. We were of opinion that times and circumstances had brought it about, that it was unnecessary for the English Catholics to be any longer guided by Vicars Apostolic; nay more, that the revolution that had taken place in things there was such as to demand the form of Ordinary episcopal government. In addition to this, the Vicars Apostolic of England themselves had, with united voice, besought this of us; many also both of the clergy and laity, highly esteemed for their virtue and rank, had made the same petition; and this was also the earnest wish of a very large number of the rest of the Catholics of England. Whilst we pondered on these things, we did not omit to implore the aid of Almighty God, that in deliberating on a matter of such weight, we might be enabled both to discern, and rightly to accomplish, what might be most conducive to the good of the Church. We also invoked the assistance of *Mary* the Virgin, Mother of God, and of those saints who illustrated England by their virtues, that they would vouchsafe to support us by their patronage with God to the happy accomplishment of this affair. In addition, we committed the whole matter to our venerable brethren the Cardinals of the Holy Roman Church of our Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith, to be carefully and gravely considered. Their opinion was entirely agreeable to our own desires, and we freely approved of it and judged that it be carried into execution. The whole matter, therefore, having been carefully and deliberately consulted upon, of our own motion, on certain knowledge, and of the plenitude of our Apostolic power, we constitute and decree, that in the kingdom of England, according to the common rules of the Church, there be restored the Hierarchy of Ordinary Bishops, who shall be named from sees, which we constitute in these our Letters, in the several districts of the Apostolic Vicariates.

"To begin with the London District, there will be in it two Sees; that of Westminster, which we elevate to the degree of the Metropolitan, or Archiepiscopal dignity, and that of Southwark, which, as also the others, (to be named next,) we assign as Suffragan to Westminster. The Diocese of Westminster will take that part of the above named district which extends to the north of the river Thames, and includes the counties of Middlesex, Essex, and Hertford; that of Southwark will contain the remaining part to the south of the river, viz. the counties of Berks, Southampton, Surrey, Sussex, and Kent, with the islands of Wight, Jersey, Guernsey, and the others adjacent.

"In the Northern District there will be only one Episcopal See, which will receive its name from the city of Hexham. This diocese will be bounded by the same limits as the district hath hitherto been.

"The York District will also form one diocese; and the bishop will have his see at the city of Beverley.

"In the Lancashire District there will be two bishops; of whom the one will take his title from the See of Liverpool, and will have as his diocese the Isle of Man, the hundreds of Lonsdale, Amounderness, and West Derby. The other will receive the name of his see from the city of Salford, and will have for his diocese the hundreds of Salford, Blackburn, and Leyland. The county of Chester, although hitherto belonging to that district, we shall now annex to another diocese.

"In the District of Wales there will be two bishoprics, viz. that of Shrewsbury and that of Menevia (or St. David's), united with Newport. The Diocese of Shrewsbury to contain, northwards, the counties of Anglesey,

Caernarvon, Denbigh, Flint, Merioneth, and Montgomery, to which we annex the county of Chester from the Lancashire District, and the county of Salop from the Central District. We assign to the Bishop of St. David's and Newport as his diocese, northwards, the counties of Brecknock, Glamorgan, Pembroke, and Radnor, and the English counties of Monmouth and Hereford.

"In the Western District we establish two Episcopal Sees; that of Clifton and that of Plymouth. To the former of these we assign the counties of Gloucester, Somerset, and Wilts; to the latter, those of Devon, Dorset, and Cornwall.

"The Central District, from which we have already separated off the county of Salop, will have two Episcopal Sees; that of Nottingham and that of Birmingham. To the former of these we assign, as a diocese, the counties of Nottingham, Derby, and Leicester, together with those of Lincoln and Rutland, which we hereby separate from the Eastern District. To the latter we assign the counties of Stafford, Warwick, Worcester, and Oxford.

"Lastly, in the Eastern District, there will be a single Bishop's See, which will take its name from the city of Northampton, and will have its diocese comprehended within the same limits as have hitherto bounded the district, with the exception of the counties of Lincoln and Rutland, which we have already assigned to the aforesaid diocese of Nottingham.

"Thus, then, in the most flourishing kingdom of England, there will be established one Ecclesiastical Province, consisting of one Archbishop or Metropolitan Head, and twelve Bishops, his Suffragans; by whose exertions and pastoral cares we trust that God will grant to Catholicity in that country, a fruitful and daily increasing extension. Wherefore, we now reserve to ourselves, and our successors, the Pontiffs of Rome, the power of again dividing the said province into others, and of increasing the number of dioceses, as occasion shall require; and in general, that, as it shall seem fitting in the Lord, we may freely decree new limits to them.

"In the meanwhile we command the aforesaid Archbishop and Bishops that they transmit, at due times, to our Congregation of Propaganda, accounts of the state of their Churches, and that they never omit to keep the said Congregation fully informed respecting all matters, which they know will conduce to the welfare of their spiritual flocks. For we shall continue to avail ourselves of the instrumentality of the said Congregation in all things appertaining to the Anglican Churches. But in the sacred government of clergy and laity, and in all other things appertaining to the Pastoral office, the Archbishop and Bishops of England will henceforward enjoy all the rights and faculties which the other Catholic Archbishops and Bishops of other nations, according to the common ordinances of the Sacred Canons and Apostolic Constitutions, use, and may use; and are equally bound by the obligations which bind the other Archbishops and Bishops according to the same common discipline of the Catholic Church. And whatever regulations either in the ancient system of the Anglican Churches or in the subsequent missionary state, may have been in force either by special constitutions or privileges or peculiar customs, will now henceforth carry no right nor obligation: and in order that no doubt may remain on this point, we, by the plenitude of our Apostolic authority repeal and abrogate all power whatsoever of imposing obligation or conferring right in those peculiar constitutions and privileges of whatever kind they may be, and in all customs by whomsoever or at whatever most ancient or immemorial time brought in. Hence it will for the future be solely competent for the Archbishop and Bishops of England to distinguish what things belong to the execution of the common Ecclesiastical law and what, according to the

common discipline of the Church, are entrusted to the authority of the Bishops. We, certainly, will not be wanting to assist them with our Apostolic authority, and most willingly will we second all their applications in those things which shall seem to conduce to the glory of God's Name and the salvation of souls. Our principal object indeed in decreeing by these, our Letters Apostolical, the restoration of the Ordinary Hierarchy of Bishops and the observation of the Church's common law, has been to pay regard to the well-being and growth of the Catholic religion throughout the realm of England, but at the same time it was our purpose to gratify the wishes both of our venerable brethren who govern the affairs of religion by a vicarious authority from the Apostolic See, and also of very many of our well-beloved children of the Catholic clergy and laity, from whom we had received the most urgent entreaties to the like effect. The same prayer had repeatedly been made by their ancestors to our predecessors, who indeed had first commenced to send Vicars Apostolic into England, at a time when it was impossible for any Catholic Prelate to remain there in possession of a Church by right in ordinary; and hence their design in successively augmenting the number of Vicariates and Vicarial Districts, was not certainly that Catholicity in England should always be under an extraordinary form of government, but rather looking forward to its extension in process of time, they were paving the way for the ultimate restoration of the Ordinary Hierarchy there.

"And therefore, we, to whom by God's goodness, it hath been granted to complete this great work, do now hereby declare, that it is very far from our intention or design, that the prelates of England now possessing the title and rights of Bishops in ordinary, should, in any other respect be deprived of any advantages which they have enjoyed heretofore under the character of Vicars-Apostolic. For it would not be reasonable, that the enactments we now make at the instance of the English Catholics, for the good of religion in their country, should turn to the detriment of the said Vicars-Apostolic. Moreover, we are most firmly assured, that the same our beloved children in Christ, who have never ceased to contribute by their alms and liberality, under such various circumstances to the support of Catholic religion and of the Vicars-Apostolic, will henceforward manifest even greater liberality towards bishops who are now bound by a stronger tie to the Anglican Churches, so that these same may never be in want of the temporal means necessary for the expenses of the decent splendour of the Churches, and of divine service, and of support of the clergy, and relief of the poor. In conclusion, lifting up our eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh our help, to God Almighty and All-merciful, with all prayer and supplication, we humbly beseech Him, that He would confirm by the power of His divine assistance all that we have now decreed for the good of the Church; and that He would bestow the strength of his grace on those, to whom the carrying out of our decrees chiefly belongs, that they feed the Lord's flock which is amongst them, and that they may ever increase in diligent exertion to advance the greater glory of His name. And, in order to obtain the more abundant succours of heavenly grace for this purpose, we again invoke, as our intercessors with God, the most holy Mother of God, the blessed Apostles Peter and Paul, with the other heavenly Patrons of England, and especially, St. Gregory the Great, that since it is now granted to our so unequal deserts, again to restore the Episcopal Sees in England, which he first effected to the very great advantage of the Church, this restoration also, which we make of the Episcopal Dioceses in that kingdom, may happily turn to the benefit of the Catholic religion. And we decree that these our Letters Apostolical shall never at any time be objected against or impugned, on pretence either of omission, or of addition or defect either of our intention, or any other whatsoever; but shall

always be valid and in force, and shall take effect in all particulars, and and be inviolably observed. All general or special enactments notwithstanding, whether Apostolic, or issued in Synodical Provincial, and Universal Councils; notwithstanding also all rights and privileges of the ancient Sees of England, and of the Missions and of the Apostolic Vicariates, subsequently then established, and of all Churches whatsoever, and pious places, whether established by oath, or by Apostolic confirmation, or by any other security whatsoever; notwithstanding, lastly, all other things to the contrary whatsoever.

"For all these things, in as far as they contravene the foregoing enactments, although a special mention of them may be necessary for their repeal, or some other form, however particular, necessary to be observed, we expressly annul and repeal. Moreover, we decree, that if, in any other manner, any other attempt shall be made by any person, or by any authority, knowingly or ignorantly to set aside these enactments, such attempt shall be null and void. And it is our will and pleasure, that copies of these our Letters being printed, and subscribed by the hand of a Notary public, and sealed with the seal of a person high in Ecclesiastical dignity shall have the same authenticity, as would belong to the expression of our will by the production of this original copy.

"Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, under the Seal of the Fisherman, this 29th day of September, 1850, in the fifth year of our Pontificate,

"A. CARDINAL LAMBRUSCHINI."

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE 'TIMES.'—Sir,—As the only Catholic bishop now in England who has been immediately engaged in negotiating the re-establishment of our episcopal hierarchy, I beg to offer a few remarks, bearing reference to your strictures on that measure.

"It is an act solely between the Pope and his own spiritual subjects, who are recognized as such by the Emancipation Act. It regards only spiritual matters. In all temporal matters we are subject to, and are guided by, the laws of the land.

"Every communion in the land has its own territorial divisions of the country for religious purposes, with reference to its own members. The Episcopalians in Scotland, and the Wesleyans in England, each mark out territorial lines for their own purposes of spiritual jurisdiction, and the administration of the temporalities of their churches. These are acts of religious jurisdiction; and the Catholic community cannot exercise jurisdiction without the Pope. Now, the increase of Catholics in England, not merely by conversions, but far more by the vast influx of Irish subjects, necessarily demanded an increase of bishops. Bishops cannot be increased amongst us except by the Pope, nor without a new territorial division. In 1688 England was divided into four vicariates. In 1840 the four were again divided into eight. In 1850 the eight vicariates are again divided and changed into thirteen dioceses. This last change is the result of frequent and earnest petitions from the Catholics of England to the Pope. In 1846 two bishops proceeded to Rome with a view to this matter, on the ground of the spiritual wants of the Catholics of England. In 1848 another bishop was delegated to the Holy See with still more earnest petitions for an increase of bishops and the establishment of the hierarchy. The arrangement was then brought to its conclusion, when the troubles which befel the Roman States put a temporary stop to its execution.

"In America and in our own colonies similar new divisions of territory have been continually made with increase in our episcopacy, without exciting a clamour at the spiritual wants of our fellow-Catholics being thus provided for as their numbers increased. Either the power is in our hands of obtaining

all necessary supplies for our spiritual wants as Catholics, or else a real emancipation is not yet granted to us.

"By changing the Vicars Apostolic into Bishops in Ordinary, the Pope, instead of increasing, has given up the exercise of a portion of his power over his spiritual subjects in this country; those not such are in no way affected by his act.

"It is difficult for the uninitiated to comprehend the technicalities of a Papal document. Hitherto, and for ages past, the Pope has acted not merely as chief pastor, but also as immediate bishop, in this country. He has governed through his own vicars, bishops holding foreign sees, nominated by the Pope as his vicars, and revocable at his will. By establishing the hierarchy the Pope has divested himself of the office of our immediate bishop, and has conferred it on Englishmen instead.

"Catholic bishops in England are no longer the Pope's vicars, but English bishops, having power to form their own constitution of government by express concession, and no longer revocable at will, whilst their successors will be raised to their sees by canonical election. The entire measure has been one of liberality and concession on the part of His Holiness, and as such the Catholics of England understand it and receive it with gratitude. We feel that His Holiness has transferred from his own hands into ours the local episcopacy, and that even as Sovereign Pontiff he has set limits to his power in regard to us by constituting the canonical order of things, and literally giving us self-government, retaining only his supremacy. It is as unfair to confound this boon of liberty to the Catholic Church in England with ideas of aggression on the English Government and people as it is to confound the acts of Pius IX. as Pope with the notion of his temporal sovereignty. For my part, engaged as I have been in the negotiation throughout, I know that no political objects are contemplated in it. It was an arrangement much needed by the Catholics of England for their spiritual concerns, and I am, with all English Catholics, thankful for it, and I have no fear or alarm for consequences.

"I am, Sir, your very obedient servant,

✠ "W. B. ULLATHORNE.

"Bishop's House, Birmingham, Oct. 22, 1850."

ROME.—ACTS OF THE SECRET CONSISTORY HELD BY HIS HOLINESS OUR LORD POPE PIUS IX., HAPPILY REIGNING IN THE APOSTOLIC PALACE OF THE VATICAN, THE 30TH OF SEPTEMBER, 1850.

His Holiness our Lord Pope Pius IX., held this morning in the Apostolic Palace of the Vatican, the secret consistory in which after a short allocution he proposed the following churches :—

The Metropolitan Church of Capua, for Mgr. Joseph Cozenza, transferred from the Cathedral Church of Andria.

The Metropolitan Church of Cambray, for Mgr. René François Regnier, transferred from the Cathedral Church of Angoulême.

The Metropolitan Church of Agria, in Hungary, for Mgr. Adalbert Bartakovics, transferred from the Cathedral Church of Rosnavia.

The Metropolitan Church of Mexico, in North America, for Mgr. Lazarus de la Garza, transferred from the Cathedral Church of Sonora.

The Cathedral Church of Terama, for Mgr. Pascal Taccone, transferred from the Cathedral Church of Bova.

The Cathedral Church of Brescia, in Lombardy, for the R. D. Jerone Verzeri, priest of Bergamo, definitor for the solution of cases of conscience,

inspector of the elementary schools of that province, and canon of the cathedral of Bergamo.

The Cathedral Church of Treviso, in Lombardy, for the R. D. Antoine Farina, diocesan priest of Vicenza, canon of that cathedral, founder of the pious establishment of masters of Dorothea, pro-synodal examiner, censor for the revision of books, and rector of the royal Lyceum, as well as of the public school for little girls.

The Cathedral Church of Angoulême, for the R. D. Antoine Charles Cousseau, diocesan priest of Poitiers, professor and superior of the grand seminary of that town.

The Cathedral Church of Rosnavia, in Hungary, for the R. D. Etienne Kollaresik diocesan priest of Cassoria, canon of that cathedral.

The Cathedral Church of Scepusio, or Zips, in Hungary, for the R. D. Ladislaus Zaboisky, diocesan priest of Cassovia, honorary canon of the Cathedral of Scepusio, *curé* of Iglo and doctor in theology.

The Cathedral Church of Hildesherim, in Hanover, for the R. D. Odxard Jacques Wedekin, diocesan priest of Hildesherim, canon of that cathedral and vicar capitular of that same town and diocese.

The Episcopal Church of Sebastian, *in partibus infidelium* for the R. D. Stanislaus Dekowski, diocesan priest of Culm, titular canon of that cathedral, episcopal commissioner and vicar general of the bishop of that diocese, deputy suffragan at the Cathedral of Culm.

His Holiness then proclaimed Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church.

Of the order of Priests.

Mgr. Raphaël Fornari, Archbishop of Nice, Apostolic Nuncio, to the French Republic, born at Rome, the 23rd of January, 1787, reserved *in petto* in the secret consistory of the 21st December, 1846.

After which, His Holiness created and proclaimed Cardinals of the Holy Roman Church.

Of the order of Priests.

Mgr. Paul Therese David D'Astros, Archbishop of Toulouse, in France, born at Tours, the 13th of October, 1772.

Mgr. Jean Joseph Bonnel y Orbo, Archbishop of Toledo, in Spain, born at Pinos della Valle, in the Archbishopric of Grenada, on the 17th of March, 1782.

Mgr. Joseph Cosenza, Archbishop of Capoua, in the kingdom of the two Sicilies, born at Naples, on the 20th of February, 1788, transferred from the Episcopal Church of Adria.

Mgr. Jacques Marie Adrien Cessar Mathieu, Archbishop of Besançon, in France, born at Paris, on the 20th of January, 1796.

Mgr. Jude Joseph Romo, Archbishop of Seville, in Andalusia, in Spain, born at Cavixar, in the Archbishopric of Toledo, on the 9th of January, 1779.

Mgr. Thomas Goussset, Archbishop of Rheims, in France, born at Montigny-les-Cherlieux, in the Archbishopric of Besançon, on the 1st of May, 1792.

Mgr. Maximilian Joseph Godefioi Baron of Semerand-Beekh, Archbishop of Olmutz, in Moravia, born at Vienna, on the 21st of December, 1796.

Mgr. Jean Geissel, Archbishop of Cologne, in the states of the King of Prussia, in Germany, born at Giammeldingen, in the diocese of Spire, on the 4th of February, 1796.

Mgr. Pierre Paul de Figueredo de Cunha e Mello, Archbishop of Braga, in Portugal, born at Faverro, in the diocese of Coïmbra, on the 19th of June, 1770.

Mgr. Nicolas Wiseman, Archbishop of Westminster, in England, a Metropolitan Church recently erected by His Holiness, transferred from the

Church of Melipotamus, *in partibus*, vicar apostolic of the London District, born at Seville, on the 2nd of August, 1802.

Mgr. Joseph Pecci, Bishop of Gubio, born at Gubio, on the 13th of April, 1776.

Mgr. Melchior de Diepenbrock, Bishop of Breslan, in Silesia, born at Bochald, in the diocese of Munster, on the 9th of January, 1798.

Of the order of Deacons.

Mgr. Roberto Roberti, Auditor General of the R. Apostolic Chamber, born at St. Guisto, in the diocese of Fermo, on the 23rd of December, 1788.

At the conclusion of the Consistory, a request was made to His Holiness for the sacred pallium for the Metropolitan Churches of Cambray, Agroa, and Mexico, also for the Archiepiscopal Churches of Port de Espagne, in the island of Trinidad, in favour of Mgr. Richard Peter Smith, of New York, in favour of Mgr. John Hughes, of New Orleans, in favour of Mgr. Anthony Blanc, and of Cincinnati, in favour of John Baptist Purcell.

THE NEW CARDINALS.—The Roman Correspondent of the "Daily News" writes, on the 4th instant:—"The first part of the initiation or creation of the new cardinals took place on Monday, for as Rome was not built in a day, so neither is a cardinal of the Roman Church made in a day; and if the Pope, who commences the ceremony, were to die before the day fixed for its conclusion, the half-created cardinals, so abandoned *in medias res*, would have no right to sit in the Sacred Conclave. Fortunately no such ill-omened event has disturbed the course of events in the present instance, and the fourteen new cardinals are now legally entitled to their scarlet hats and ecclesiastical dignity. Cardinal Wiseman received his visitors in the apartments of Cardinal Ferretti, at the Consulta Palace, on the Quirinal, and Princess Doria did the honours for him. He was extremely affable to his numerous visitors, amongst whom I remarked many members of the Sacred College, the *corps diplomatique*, the Roman nobility, and several English residents, although it is by no means as yet the season for birds of passage. The British consul was also present, and the consulate was brilliantly illuminated. The costume worn by their Eminences on Monday was merely that of prelates, with the exception of a bright scarlet scull-cap, the complete cardinal's robes only having been conferred upon them by His Holiness, after their having taken the oaths in the Public Consistory, held yesterday morning at the Vatican. But in their second reception yesterday evening, their Eminences blazed forth in full splendour, the tall figure and portly form of Cardinal Wiseman especially becoming the flowing purple. Of the whole fourteen Cardinal Wiseman is the youngest, being only forty-eight years of age; whilst the eldest is the Portuguese Archbishop, who has waited for the scarlet hat until the venerable age of eighty. Only four cardinals are now wanting to complete the Sacred College.

PASTORAL LETTER.

"NICHOLAS, by the Divine Mercy, of the Holy Roman Church by the Title of St. Pudentiana Cardinal Priest, Archbishop of Westminster, and Administrator Apostolic of the Diocese of Southwark.

"To our Dearly Beloved in Christ, the Clergy Secular and Regular, and the Faithful of the said Archdiocese and Diocese.

"HEALTH AND BENEDICTION IN THE LORD:

"If this day we greet you under a new title, it is not, dearly beloved, with an altered affection. If in words we seem to divide those, who till now have formed, under our rule, a single flock, our heart is as undivided as ever, in your regard. For now truly do we feel closely bound to you by new and stronger ties of charity; now do we embrace you in our Lord Jesus Christ,

with more tender emotions of paternal love; now doth our soul yearn, and our mouth is open to you;* though words must fail to express what we feel, on being once again permitted to address you. For if our parting was in sorrow, and we durst not hope that we should again face to face behold you, our beloved flock; so much the greater is now our consolation and our joy, when we find ourselves, not so much permitted, as commissioned, to return to you, by the Supreme Ruler of the Church of Christ.

"But how can we for one moment indulge in selfish feelings, when through that loving Father's generous and wise counsels, the greatest of all blessings has just been bestowed upon our country, by the restoration of its true Catholic hierarchial government, in communion with the See of Peter.

"For on the twenty-ninth day of last month, on the Feast of the Archangel St. Michael, Prince of the Heavenly Host, His Holiness Pope Pius IX. was graciously pleased to issue his letters Apostolic, under the Fisherman's Ring, conceived in terms of great weight and dignity, wherein he substituted, for the eight Apostolic Vicariates heretofore existing, one Archiepiscopal or Metropolitan and twelve Episcopal Sees: repealing at the same time, and annulling, all dispositions and enactments, made for England by the Holy See, with reference to its late form of ecclesiastical government.

"And by a Brief dated the same day, His Holiness was further pleased to appoint us, though most unworthy, to the Archiepiscopal See of Westminster, established by the above-mentioned letters Apostolic, giving us at the same time the Administration of the Episcopal See of Southwark. So that at present, and till such time as the Holy See shall think fit otherwise to provide, we govern and shall continue to govern, the counties of Middlesex, Hertford and Essex, as Ordinary thereof, and those of Surrey, Sussex, Kent, Berkshire, and Hampshire, with the islands annexed, as Administrator with Ordinary jurisdiction.

"Further we have to announce to you, dearly beloved in Christ, that, as if still further to add solemnity and honour before the Church to this noble act of Apostolic authority, and to give an additional mark of paternal benevolence towards the Catholics of England, His Holiness was pleased to raise us, in the private Consistory of Monday, the 30th of September, to the rank of Cardinal Priest of the Holy Roman Church. And on the Thursday next ensuing, being the third day of this month of October in public Consistory, he delivered to us the insignia of this dignity, the Cardinalitial Hat; assigning us afterwards for our title in the private Consistory which we attended, the Church of St. Pudentiana, in which St. Peter is groundedly believed to have enjoyed the hospitality of the noble, and partly British family of the Senator Pudens.

"In that same Consistory we were enabled ourselves to ask for the Archiepiscopal Pallium for our new See of Westminster; and this day we have been invested, by the hands of the Supreme Pastor and Pontiff himself, with this badge of Metropolitan jurisdiction.

"The great work then is complete; what you have long desired and prayed for is granted. Your beloved country has received a place among the fair Churches, which, normally constituted, form the splendid aggregate of Catholic Communion; Catholic England has been restored to its orbit in the ecclesiastical firmament, and which its light had long vanished, and begins now anew its course of regularly adjusted action, round the centre of unity, the source of jurisdiction, of light and of vigour. How wonderfully all this has been brought about, how clearly the hand of God has been shown in every step we have not now leisure to relate; but we may hope soon to recount to you by word of mouth. In the meantime we will content our-

* Cor. vi. 2.

selves with assuring you, that, if the concordant voice of those venerable and most eminent counsellors to whom the Holy See commits the regulation of Ecclesiastical affairs in Missionary countries, of the overruling of every variety of interests and designs, to the rendering of this measure almost necessary, if the earnest prayers of our holy Pontiff and his most sacred oblation of the Divine Sacrifice, added to his own deep and earnest reflection, can form to the Catholic heart an earnest of heavenly direction, an assurance that the Spirit of truth, who guides the Church, has here inspired its Supreme head, we cannot desire stronger or more consoling evidence that this most important measure is from God, has His sanction and blessing and will consequently prosper.

"Then truly is this day to us a day of joy and exaltation of spirit, the crowning day of long hopes, and the opening day of bright prospects. How must the saints of our country, whether Roman or British, Saxon or Norman, look down from their seats of bliss with beaming glance upon this new evidence of the Faith and Church which led them to glory, sympathising with those who have faithfully adhered to them through centuries of ill-repute, for the truth's sake, and now reap the fruit of their patience and long suffering. And all those blessed martyrs of these later ages, who have fought the battles of the Faith under such discouragement, who mourned, more than over their own fetters or their own pain, over the desolate ways of their own Sion and the departure of England's religious glory; oh! how must they bless God, who hath again visited His people, how take part in our joy, as they see the lamp of the temple again enkindled and rebrightening, as they behold the silver links of that chain, which has connected their country with the See of Peter in its Vicarial Government, changed into burnished gold; not stronger nor more closely knit, but more beautifully wrought and more brightly arrayed.

"And in nothing will it be fairer or brighter than in this, that the glow of more fervent love will be upon it. Whatever our sincere attachment and unflinching devotion to the Holy See till now, there is a new ingredient cast into these feelings; a warmer gratitude, a tenderer affection, a profounder admiration, a boundless and endless sense of obligation, for so new, so great, so sublime a gift, will be added to past sentiments of loyalty and fidelity to the supreme See of Peter. Our venerable Pontiff has shown himself a true Shepherd, a true Father; and we cannot but express our gratitude to him in our most fervent language, in the language of prayer. For when we raise our voices, as is meet, in loud and fervent thanksgiving to the Almighty for the precious gifts bestowed upon our portion of Christ's vineyard, we will also implore every choice blessing on Him who has been so signally the divine instrument in procuring it. We will pray that His rule over the Church may be prolonged to many years, for its welfare; that health and strength may be preserved to Him for the discharge of His arduous duties; that light and grace may be granted to Him proportioned to the sublimity of His office; and that consolations, temporal and spiritual, may be poured out upon him abundantly, in compensation for past sorrows and past ingratitude. And of these consolations may one of the most sweet to His paternal heart be the propagation of Holy Religion in our country, the advancement of His spiritual children there in true piety and devotion, and our ever increasing affection and attachment to the See of St. Peter.

"In order, therefore, that our thanksgiving may be made with all becoming solemnity, we hereby enjoin as follows:

"1. This our Pastoral Letter shall be publicly read in all the Churches and Chapels of the Archdiocese of Westminster and the Diocese of Southwark, on the Sunday after its being received.

"2. On the following Sunday there shall be in every such Church or Chapel, a Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, at which shall be

sung the *Te Deum*, with the usual versicles and prayers, with the prayer also *Fidelium Deus Pastor et Rector*, for the Pope.

"3. The Collect *Pro Gratiarum Actione*, or Thanksgiving, and that for the Pope shall be recited in the Mass of that day and for two days following.

"4. Where Benediction is never given, the *Te Deum*, with its prayers, shall be recited or sung after Mass, and the Collects above named shall be added as enjoined.

"And at the same time earnestly entreating for ourselves also, a place in your fervent prayers, We lovingly implore for you and bestow on you the Blessing of Almighty God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

"Given out of the Flaminian Gate of Rome, this seventh day of October, in the year of our Lord MDCCCL.

(Signed) "NICHOLAS, CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER.

"By command of His Eminence,

FRANCIS SEARLE, *Secretary.*"

We take the following from the "Univers" of yesterday:—

"All the English Catholics residing at Rome have been desirous of testifying their gratitude to the Holy Father for the great act by which the Supreme Pontiff has re-established in England the Episcopal Hierarchy, and which alone would be sufficient to immortalize a Pontificate. On Sunday, the 6th instant, Cardinal Wiseman himself pre-sented to his Holiness these generous Christians, amongst whom are a great number of converts. All the members of the English College, conducted by their respected rector, Dr. Grant, united in the deputation, which was received by the Supreme Pontiff not merely with kindness, but with real joy. Having expressed his satisfaction at having been able to accomplish this important project, he thus continued in the presence of Cardinal Wiseman:

"I had not intended sending the new Cardinal back into England; I had thought of retaining him near my own person and of profiting by his counsels. But I perceived that the proper moment was come for executing the great enterprise for which you have come to return me thanks. I do not think there will be anything to apprehend in consequence. I spoke of it at the time to Lord Minto, and I understood that the English Government would not oppose the execution of my design. I send back therefore into England the eminent Cardinal, and I invite you all to pray unceasingly, that the Lord will remove all difficulties, and that He will lead into the new Church a million—three millions of your fellow-countrymen, still separated from us, to the end that He may cause them all to enter, even to the last man."

"This is the purport of the words of the Supreme Pontiff, as our correspondent has been able to gather them from the lips of one of the happy witnesses of that scene. The Cardinal replied that there was nothing to be feared on the part of the English Government, and that he hoped that Providence would grant success to a project upon which depends the religious destinies of England. The deputation retired, carrying away with them the most affectionate and paternal blessing of the vicar of Jesus Christ."

FROM THE "TIMES" OF 14TH OCTOBER.—"We are not accustomed to evince either an immoderate sensitiveness or an entire indifference to the peculiar relations which subsist between the Court of Rome and the Roman Catholic portion of our fellow-countrymen, especially in this island. But though we cannot enter upon the theological elements of this secular controversy, and we do not share the apprehensions which the defection of the feeble or the enthusiasm of the devout has sometimes inspired amongst us, yet we can never forget the part which Papal power has at different times played, or endeavoured to play, in presumptuous hostility to the independence and the liberties of this realm, and it may be well not to allow a recent and somewhat novel example of that same spirit to pass altogether unnoticed, either from acquiescence or from contempt. Our readers are aware that

in a solemn Consistory held at Rome on the 30th of September, the cardinal's hat was conferred on no less than fourteen new members of the Sacred College, under circumstances of peculiar interest. Among the causes of weakness and corruption by which the Church and the court of Rome have most suffered for centuries, and by which they have been reduced to their present helpless and dependent condition, one of the most fatal has been the purely Italian character of the governing body. The Church which claims more than any other an universal authority and dominion has sunk altogether under the control of the degraded clergy of Italy and the Papal families of Rome. Of fifty-nine cardinals who were in existence last year, fifty-two were Italians, seven only belonged to other countries. The nomination which has just taken place at Rome indicates a complete change in the policy of Pius IX. in this respect, for of the fourteen new cardinals two only are Italian, three are French, two Spanish, one Portuguese, three Austrian, two Prussian, and one English. There can be no doubt that these prelates, who all belong to the highest rank of the ecclesiastical order in their respective countries, are men of incomparably better character and attainments than the wretched creatures who have for centuries disgraced in Rome the Roman purple; and if the interests, not only of the Romish Church, but of the Papal States, are still to be ruled by a body of pure churchmen, Pius IX. takes an enlarged and judicious view of his position in this attempt to convert the College of Cardinals from an Italian Synod into a Catholic Senate. Italy has ceased to be the support of the Papacy, and Rome herself would perhaps prefer anarchy itself to the indefinite prolongation of misgovernment by her spiritual rulers. But since the Pope has had recourse to the arms of the Catholic powers to restore him to the Vatican and to protect his government, it is not inconsistent with the constitution of his Church, or with his own position, that he should connect himself by closer ties, and without national distinctions, with the chief prelates of various nations.

"In this sense, we are not surprised that Dr. Wiseman, who has long been distinguished as one of the most learned and able members of the Roman Catholic priesthood in this country, should have been raised to the purple. We may regret that a deplorable perversion of religious opinions should have the effect of alienating a respectable Englishman from the Church of his country, and clothing him with the paltry honours of an Italian court. But England acknowledges no divided allegiance; she recognizes no foreign honours, even in the civil or military career, without the express permission of her own Sovereign; and it is no concern of ours whether Dr. Wiseman chooses in Rome to be ranked with the Monsignori of that capital. He is simply at Rome in the position of an English subject, who has thought fit to enter the service of a foreign power, and to accept its spurious dignities.

"But this nomination has been accompanied by one other circumstance, which has a very different and a very peculiar character. We are informed by the official gazette of Rome, that His Holiness the Pope, having recently been pleased to erect the city of Westminster into an Archbishopric, and to appoint Dr. Wiseman to that see, it was on this newfangled Archbishop of Westminster, so appointed, that the rank of cardinal has been conferred. We really do not wish to attach undue importance to what we shall be told is a mere question of words. It may be that the elevation of Dr. Wiseman to the imaginary Archbishopric of Westminster signifies no more than if the Pope had been pleased to confer on the editor of the 'Tablet' the rank and title of Duke of Smithfield. But if this appointment be not intended as a clumsy joke, we confess that we can only regard it as one of the grossest acts of folly and impertinence which the court of Rome has

ventured to commit since the crown and the people of England threw off its yoke. The selection of the city of Westminster, the very seat of the court and the Parliament of England, and the appropriation, by a foreign priest or potentate, of the time-honoured name which is most identified with the glories of our history, and even with the tombs of our statesmen, our soldiers, and our kings, is a most ostentatious interference with those rights and associations to which we, as a nation, are most unanimously and devotedly attached. We suppose that, even among our Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen, there are few who hold such extreme ultra-montane doctrines as to wish to see the Pope of Rome exercising powers in the distribution of ecclesiastical dignities, which he rarely ventured to claim in the most benighted ages; and religious bigotry itself can hardly make them forget that this is not a question of theological opinion, but of national allegiance.

"The absurdity of the selection of this title for this illegitimate prelate is equal to its arrogance. Everybody knows that Westminster never was in early Christian times a bishop's see, but a monastery. On the suppression of the religious houses, Henry VIII. did, indeed, create a Bishop of Westminster, for the first and only time; and Pius IX. seems to have borrowed his precedent from the schismatic King of England; but on the accession of Edward VI. the see of Westminster was incorporated with that of London, which gave rise to the expression of 'robbing Peter to pay Paul.' So that there is neither tradition nor usage to justify any such appellation. It is a mere figment of the Papal brain. As applied to the city and liberty of Westminster, or to the Abbey of St. Peter's, Westminster, it is a term devoid of meaning; but its meaning lies, we fear, in an unambiguous intention to insult the Church and the Crown of England, and in an absurdly mistaken notion current abroad that the conversion of a few weak minds to the doctrines of Rome has shaken the adherence of the people of England to the great principles of the Reformation. That inference is, we know, egregiously presumptuous and false; for if there be one class of Englishmen more than another who ought to be sensitive to this indication of the undying pretensions of Romish authority, it is precisely that class which most highly venerates the traditions, the authority, and the liberties of the English Church. It has been suggested that the Pope determined to take this ridiculous and offensive step for the purpose of retaliating on the English Government the political hostility which has been imputed to it, and especially of countervailing the intrigues of a consular agent at Rome, whom Lord Palmerston declines to remove. But we can hardly imagine that the Papal Court was actuated by so pitiful a motive for one of the most daring assumptions of power it has put forward in this country for three centuries. The Pope and his advisers have mistaken our complete tolerance for indifference to their designs; they have mistaken the renovated zeal of the church in this country for a return towards Romish bondage; but we are not sorry that their indiscretion has led them to show the power which Rome would exercise if she could, by an act which the laws of this country will never recognize, and which the public opinion of this country will deride and disavow, whenever his Grace the titular Archbishop of Westminster thinks fit to enter his diocese."

From "Times" of October 22.—"We were not misinformed with reference to the proposed restoration of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in England, for the organs of that Church on the continent now actually contain the Pope's Bull for the creation of a dozen bishopricks and the systematic division of this island into new dioceses by the will and pleasure of Pius IX. Until we saw the whole scheme in black and white before us, we confess that we were still incredulous of the extent of its impudence and absurdity; and we believe that it may be some time before the people of England realize to their own minds the full purport of these surprising pretensions. An

Archbishop of Westminster, a Bishop of Southwark for the two divisions of the metropolis and the adjacent counties, a Bishop of Beverley to hold spiritual sway in Yorkshire; Lancashire to be shared between the sees of Liverpool and Salford; Wales, between Salop and Merthyr-Tydvil *cum* Newport; the bishoprics of Clifton and Plymouth in the west of England, each comprising three counties; in the midland district the two episcopal sees of Nottingham and Birmingham, flanked by that of Northampton in the east—and all this laid down with the authority and minuteness of an act of Parliament by a Papal Bull—certainly constitutes one of the strangest pieces of mummery we ever remember to have witnessed; and if it were not accompanied with an evident determination to convert these pompous names and titles into facts, we should regard such a document emanating from a foreign Government as positively unworthy of credit. As it is, we can only receive it as an audacious and conspicuous display of pretensions to resume the absolute spiritual dominion of this island which Rome has never abandoned, but which, by the blessing of Providence and the will of the English people, she shall never accomplish. On no occasion since the Reformation has the Court of Rome so peremptorily denied the validity of Anglican orders, by partitioning the whole island into new sees, as if the old Episcopal dioceses of England, many of which are cœval with the introduction of Christianity itself, were absolutely vacant or extinct; at the same time the letter of the law which prohibits Roman Catholic prelates from assuming the titles of Anglican Bishops has been obeyed whilst its spirit is set at defiance. To the existence of the dignitaries of the Romish Church having a certain authority over their own flocks in this country no objection was or could be raised; but the creation of a hierarchy, assuming the names of cities and provinces, and distributing counties amongst their sees, is a step which the Pope could not have taken in any other civilized country in Europe, and it is hardly less preposterous than the Bull of one of his predecessors in the 15th century, which assigned to the crown of Portugal the undiscovered limits of the new world.

"We have seen it contended that this stretch of Papal authority is not more startling than the creation of a Protestant Bishop at Jerusalem and the creation of the Anglican sees of Malta and Gibraltar by the authority of this country. But the analogy is altogether incorrect. The Protestant Bishopric of Jerusalem was founded, if we are not greatly mistaken, with the full knowledge and assent of the Porte, the Sovereign of that country; and the object of that institution was simply to place a prelate of our church in a place which has a character of peculiar sanctity to the whole Christian world, not certainly to exercise any kind of spiritual authority over the subjects of the Porte in Syria. So again the bishoprics of Gibraltar and of Malta are lawfully established by British authority in those British dependencies; and though the prelates who fill those sees may occasionally exercise their functions elsewhere, their residence is fixed on British territory, and their duties are mainly if not exclusively directed to the spiritual wants of British subjects. Widely different from these appointments, made or accepted by the sovereign authority of the countries in which they are placed, is a direct usurpation of a supreme spiritual power by a foreign priest over the length and breadth of this land, treating with equal arrogance the existence of our national church and the policy of our laws, and issuing such a mandate as no Government on the continent of Europe, whether Catholic or Protestant, would submit to. For if the Romish Church herself had not sunk deeper than ever in her subjection to the intrigues and ambition of the Vatican, the Roman Catholics of England would themselves spurn such an interference of foreign authority, which men of the mind of Bossuet would never have endured.

"It seems, however, that on the publication of this Bull the English Roman Catholics now in Rome obtained an audience with the Pope, and were presented by Cardinal Wiseman to thank His Holiness for these measures. Pius IX. spoke on this occasion, as we are informed by a French Catholic priest, to the following effect:—

"‘I had not intended to send the new Cardinal (Wiseman) back to England, but to keep him near the Papal Court, and to employ his talents here. But I am persuaded,’ added the Pope, ‘that *the time is come to set about the great enterprise* for which you have just thanked me. I think he has nothing to fear in England. *I spoke of it some time ago to Lord Minto, and I understood that the English Government would offer no opposition to the execution of my plan*, I therefore send this most eminent Cardinal back to England, and I entreat you all to pray without ceasing that all difficulties may be removed, and that a million—nay three millions—of your countrymen still separated from us, may enter into this new Church, even to the last of them.’”

We translate this extraordinary declaration literally from the ‘*Ami de la Religion* ;’ and it is certainly calculated to complete the astonishment with which this whole transaction fills us. The plan, it seems, was communicated by the Pope himself to Lord Minto, on his mission, which took place three years ago; yet the English Government has seen no reason to offer any adverse expression of opinion to it; so that while one of the effects of Lord Minto’s unfortunate journey was to promote the revolution in Italy, the other is to promote the re-establishment of the Romish hierarchy in England. For a Scotch nobleman, who is neither a Jacobin nor a bigot, it must be confessed that these results are strange instances of diplomatic ability; and Lord Minto will be consigned to the judgment of posterity between Cicero-vacchio and the Archbishop of Westminster.

“We venture to think that the case was one which would have justified, and which probably did cause, strong remonstrance, on the part of the responsible servants of the Crown, against a measure which must at the very least be regarded as offensive to the people of this country and insulting to the institutions we most cherish; and if we are not mistaken, this project had actually been suspended until the Pope was worked upon by his resentment against the proceedings of English agents in Italy to give us this proof of his ill-will. He has now thought the time was come to launch the ‘*great enterprise*,’ and he has taken care to accompany it with the remarks which he thought most injurious and unpleasant to the English government. To this sort of defiance, arising chiefly out of personal irritation and political causes, the government will, we hope, find means to make a suitable reply.

“As for the measure itself, it has doubtless been framed in the Councils of the Vatican with an astute consideration of the existing laws of England, and it will probably be found that enormous as this assumption of power by a foreign government undoubtedly is, it is not expressly at variance with any statute now in force, though this may form the subject of further investigation. But in these days the main importance of such an act is in effect on public opinion, which may either reduce it to its proper proportions of arrant absurdity or exalt it into more importance than it deserves. We hope that its effect will be to bring home more thoroughly to men’s minds the degradation of that allegiance to Rome which submits the most sacred interests of life and society to a power which we would not entrust in temporal concerns with the authority of a parish vestry; and that this step of the inveterate assailant of the Church of England may remind the whole Protestant body in this nation that our own divisions have given the chief signal of encouragement to the aggressions of Rome.”

FROM THE “EXAMINER.”—“Pio Nono is no longer the quiet *laissez aller*

Pontiff, such as existed in the first half of the century. He quite apes the pretensions of a Hildebrand. He and his clergy have awakened in Piedmont our own old quarrel of A'Becket and Henry II.; and, instead of urging their Catholic fellow-Christians to advance by such ways as a free constitutional Government opens to other religious denominations, they send a legate to Ireland to denounce and root out education, and despatch a cardinal archbishop to Westminster, to catch fools with his title, and enslave kindred bigots by his assumption of authority and state. But in Piedmont Azeglio is firm, and a statesmanlike spirit of resistance is steadily showing itself; nor in Westminster have we any call to take alarm at the advent of Cardinal Wiseman.

"The wicked folly of the Popedom, in short, is fast bringing all moderate men who joined in the reaction to a stand-still. The liberal and benevolent Pope has become a cruel and a bigoted one. The reactionary governments have everywhere called the clergy to their aid, and resuscitated the worst spirit of the old Church. In our own land education is denounced which does not square itself to Catholic bigotry. A university is to be founded for the science of the nineteenth century on the principle of the religion of the thirteenth. Romanists who have received secular education by the side of Protestants, and who have owed their religious education to Protestant liberality, now denounce all friendly intercourse of creeds as a false and pernicious toleration. Is it surprising that the feelings of liberal men should, in consequence, have undergone an analogous change? The old hatred of the Church, that had been appeased, has re-awakened. Respect for a priesthood, as a body apart from politics, has given way to the old abhorrence for them. And in the future revolutions of Europe the priesthood must bear their share, and more even than their old share, of obnoxiousness and bitter opposition.

"We will not affect surprise that in Rome itself, and in all that emanates directly from Rome, the priesthood should thus have striven for their old supremacy. There, there is indeed no middle term, no constitutional position for the hierarchy, no possible conciliation or compact between the civil and the ecclesiastical power. The Pope, to remain Pope, must dominate at home and abroad. The entire institution is not of this age, but of past ones; and unless it can resuscitate the feelings and the forms of government of past ages, itself is gone. We are not startled, therefore, at seeing Pio Nono leap from the shrewd liberalism of the Romagnese to the stupid bigotry of the Neapolitan priest. We are not amazed to see him resuscitate a Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, or denounce the Godless Colleges, or support Piedmontese prelates in their pretensions to be above all law. Indeed, how he can refrain from speedily re-levying Peter's-pence, and insisting upon all his rights, we know not. For *certainly*, the great authority he claims must be supported by money, and M. Rothschild cannot go on raising loans in the air. He has already done a good deal in that way. But the larger the bubble is blown, and the more gaudily it shines and rises, the sooner will come its explosion; and marvellous is it that even the intemperate Catholic prelates of Ireland should commit themselves to such egregious imposture. In a country like ours, in France, in Germany, wherever a constitutional system would offer this class of men the station and influence which may not unfairly be their due, and where their attempts to bring back the *effete* ideas of monkery can lead to the most ludicrous discomfiture, one is filled with wonder and pity at all that is now going forward."

FROM THE "GUARDIAN."—"The clever and portly Vicar Apostolic of the London District is no longer designated as Vicar Apostolic, but as 'Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.' The natural inference is, that 'he

advisers of the Papacy think it a good time to make a push for a new *locus standi* in this country. Intrusive bishoprics are to be planted here; the Church of England is to be jostled and forestalled on her own ground. In the eyes of English Churchmen all this tends, of course, only to load the Church of Rome more heavily with the guilt of the schism that divides Christendom. From an opposite point of view it is doubtless regarded as so much ground gained; uninterested observers may smile to see how disproportionate to the impossible task which the Church of Rome proposes to itself in the reconquest of the English mind is the poor expedient of clothing its missionaries with fancy titles and imaginary sees."

FROM THE "ENGLISH CHURCHMAN."—"Upon what plea the English Government will allow the Bishop of Rome to nominate and appoint an Archbishop of Westminster we cannot conjecture. Surely some body of the English Churchmen—the Bishops, the Universities, or the Church Unions—should promptly remonstrate, and protest against the allowing such schismatical intrusions and usurpations."

FROM THE "GLOBE."—"The revived assumptions of Rome have been encouraged by the recent approximations towards Rome in England. It is not surprising that a voice from the Vatican should be heard at length, saying: 'That's my thunder!'—when every Puseyite priest has been advancing pretensions deemed to have been dropped since the middle ages. From the moment Protestant principles are renounced in England, the sole consistent course is re-conversion to Rome. There is no setting up a Pope at Lambeth; and if external ecclesiastical unity were, in these times, a possibility, it must be so under the one traditionally infallible head.

"We cannot, therefore, in point of principle, exactly blame his Holiness, or his advisers, for striking while they think the iron hot. Only they may have mistaken their anvil. We doubt whether, even in Ireland, the Roman Catholic priesthood and laity will submit tamely to the Papal proscription of secular University education.

"Roman Catholic Propagandism in this country, in the aspect it now wears, must reckon on encountering a different feeling from that with which liberal and tolerant thinkers regarded Roman Catholic struggles for equal rights. It is somewhat singular that, in these days of enlarged liberality towards all creeds and communions, the revived ecclesiastical spirit has re-appeared in all the traits of less enlightened times."

FROM THE "TIMES" of Tuesday.—"*To the Editor of the Times.*—Sir,—I see that your Roman correspondent of September 30 says, that 'Cardinal Wiseman will receive the title of St. Pudencia, a grand daughter of Caractacus,' and a British saint; but I am inclined to think that this must be a slip of the pen; and I am sure that, in England at least, if he ever sets foot there, the Cardinal will enjoy the title of St. Impudentia, which, after recent occurrences, no one will deny to be a Romish saint.—I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

"October 19.

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FROM THE "MORNING POST."—"To create a Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, and to nominate district Bishops over the land, with titles of honours and conditions of precedence, is itself a direct invasion of royal authority, and an attack upon the constitution of 1688. This will certainly not be tolerated by the people of England."

FROM THE "MORNING HERALD."—"The insult which is thus offered to the English nation is aimed against both the Church and the State. The immediate purport of the new appointment is, of course, to denounce the Bishop of London and the Primate as schismatic intruders. Two bishops 'keep not their motion in one course,' and a legitimate territorial title excludes all local co-ordinate authority. It is true that the Protestant Establishment was

always schismatical and heretical in the eyes of Rome; but there are many unpleasant relations in society which it is not necessary publicly to express. It were more polite, as well as more consonant with the actual state of things, to manage the Ecclesiastical affairs of the English Roman Catholics without an ostentatious collision with the Church which is actually in possession. The Sovereign of the Ecclesiastical States has often been beholding to the friendly interference of England; and it might have been well to avoid insulting the most Conservative party in the State, at least till they could be effectually injured.

"It is an innovation in the practice, if not in the pretensions, of Rome, to divide a territory into provinces and dioceses without the consent of the government of the country. Even in Ireland, where the succession of diocesan bishops was not interrupted by the Reformation, the Roman Catholic body acquiesced in the suppression of territorial titles, under the provisions of the Relief Bill. Ancient custom, combined with ecclesiastical ambition, has, indeed, in many cases, prevailed over the law; but there is a wide difference between a titular pretender who has lost his dominions, and a new potentate appointed by a foreign power, without the consent of his so-called subjects. Perhaps this insolent and foolish encroachment may satisfy Lord Grey that he was in error in assigning a secular rank to the Roman Catholic bishops in the colonies. When prelates preside over real congregations, and are themselves personally esteemed, there is no danger that their rank in society will be lower than that to which they are fairly entitled; but the principle of attributing official precedence to the nominees of a foreign authority is in no way countenanced by any rank conferred, whether wisely or unwisely, by the State. Even those who are most prejudiced against the secular pre-eminence accorded to the dignitaries of the Establishment, cannot deny that, however objectionable they may deem it, it is founded on actual law. Foreign ranks and titles have a claim to courteous recognition, so long as they are professedly foreign; but it would be imprudent to acknowledge the pretensions of a Russian Prince of London, or of a Turkish Pacha of Ireland. Dr. Wiseman is, we believe, a respectable gentleman, but we know of no Archbishop of Westminster. The whole question is, perhaps, insignificant. In protesting summarily against an impertinent pretension of a not very formidable potentate, we cannot persuade ourselves to be seriously irritated by an encroachment that is confined to words. It is the tendency of this proceeding to revive sectarian animosity which alone materially concerns us. We have already appealed to the moderate and prudent members of the Roman Catholic body to use their influence to check the political priesthood in the teasing activity of their movements. Let them preach, and argue, and convert at their pleasure—we shall neither interfere with them nor blame them; but it can never serve the interests of their cause to insult the vast majority whom they cannot influence. Their wisest leaders know how thoroughly England is opposed to the spirit of their Church. They cannot hope to turn the current of popular feeling; but they may, we fear, easily revive the jealous antipathy from which they have, in former times, suffered so much injustice. At present they are alienating and alarming all the friends of toleration, who could look with complacency on the uneasy exertions of a sect, but for the reasonable fear that these may soon arouse the dormant passions of a more powerful enemy. If the Pope selected his counsellors from Exeter Hall, he would certainly have been advised by a sagacious enemy to consecrate an Archbishop of Westminster."—[The "Herald" here proceeds to quote a long extract from the "Catholic Magazine," deducing the temporal power of the Pope over English subjects from his treatment of Bishop Baines.—**ED. MAG. AND REG.**]

From the "Standard."—"It is unlawful for the Pope to depose Queen Victoria, or to give her kingdom to any faithful son of the Church. It is unlawful to burn heretics in Smithfield, and it is just as unlawful for the Pope to nominate to an Archbishopric of Canterbury or a Bishopric of London. We hold that to accept a nomination to any territorial Bishopric in England, whether with a title already occupied or not, is an offence against the statute of *Premunire*; but even they who do not agree with us on this point must acknowledge that by the Securities Act of 1829, to accept a Papal nomination to any Bishopric already occupied is a misdemeanor punishable by fine and imprisonment. Upon this point there can be no doubt. Let Dr. Wiseman (who, by the way, is not, as is generally supposed, an Englishman, but a Spaniard) assume the Archbishopric of Canterbury instead of Westminster, and try the experiment."

From a letter to the "Morning Post," on the Hierarchy, by the Rev. F. Oakley.—"But changes of time and circumstances require corresponding changes in government. However little many may like to confront the fact, certain, at least, it is, that England is now no longer in the same state relatively to Rome as she was. Rome has within her a vast population, bound, indeed, by the duties of English citizens and subjects; but, in spirituals, acknowledging no head but the chief Bishop of Christendom. In London alone there are as many Catholics as in Rome itself. The most accurate data which can be gained do not admit of a lower estimate than 170,000. In Liverpool, I think I am correct in saying one-third of the population is Catholic; in Preston, nearly, or quite half of it; while in Manchester, Birmingham, Bristol, and all our large towns, there is a vast settlement of Irish Catholics, and it might be added, a constant accession from our native population. For here is another consideration. Converts are regularly accruing to us, and in an increasing ratio. Nothing is known, except to ourselves, of the vast majority who join us. The papers announce a few of the most conspicuous instances; but there are multitudes behind, known but to God and the clergy. I speak from experience. I have by no means one of the most important chapels in London under my care, and those who know me best can testify that I have too much to do among my own people to aim at conversions. In this church, few controversial sermons are ever preached, and our ministrations are primarily and chiefly confined to Catholics; yet not a week passes in which we have not applications for admission into the Church. I do not think people generally are at all aware of the numbers who come over to us, simply from the fact of a Catholic Church being situated in their locality.

"All this being so, I cannot see how there is anything strange in the Holy See considering that England ought no longer to be treated as a Heathen country, but that the actual state of its Catholic population is such as to justify the introduction, at least in a modified form, of a more settled organization.

"But the Holy See has shown itself most anxious to avoid collision, not merely with law, but with national feeling and cherished association, by keeping clear of all the sees which have passed into Protestant hands. Surely, if Rome had exercised to the full what she considers her strict right, as the head of a spiritual empire, she could not have been more assailed, than she has been actually assailed, though she has waived it in favour of our Protestant Government and constitution. It is in deed, her ill fate to be blamed anyway. In a public journal it has actually been made a reproach against her that she has actually called into existence a new see. Who can doubt that she has sacrificed her own preferences to the desire of conciliation? That except out of forbearance and compliance, she had rather have reclaimed the ancient Archbishopric of London or Canterbury, the see of her first missionary to Saxon

England, than have incurred this charge of novelty by seeking to found new associations instead of availing herself of old ones?"

FROM THE "CHURCH AND STATE GAZETTE."—"Free as is our Church, and lax as is her discipline both towards clergy and laity, a boundary must be placed somewhere, if only at high treason. Suppose the Pope to establish a hierarchy here, would the Queen permit it? Suppose he come to reside here, would it be allowed? The Synod of Thurles has snubbed the British Government—will the insult be borne? They have condemned national education—will it be endured? Truly England may be the land of the free; but to be easy under these circumstances seems impossible."

In another article of the same number, the "Church and State Gazette" consoles itself with the following argument:—"In England the so called 'Cardinal-Archbishop' will have no legal *status*—no more than if he were called 'King of Little Britain.' He may, out of scorn or indifference to his own sovereign, accept titles from another, to whom he pays no divided allegiance; but he will be simply, as far as that goes, in the condition of those martial gentlemen who went to Spain with several *aliases*, and fancied to obliterate them all when they returned under the sounding title of 'Captain.'"

The following letter appears in the "Times" of October 18th.—"To the Editor of the 'Times.'—The Temple, October 16th.—Sir,—I am confident that I shall not in vain appeal to your sense of justice and fairness for permission to say a few words, as a friend of Cardinal Wiseman, respecting your observations on his elevation to the spiritual office and rank of Archbishop of Westminster.

"I submit that the act in question does not, if impartially considered, imply, as I am certain it was not intended to convey, any slight or disrespect to the Crown or the British nation, nor infringe the Royal prerogative. The case stands simply thus:—The Roman Catholics in England have for some time felt that their Church ought to be put on a regular and perfect foundation, instead of being, as heretofore, in a mere missionary form, under the government of Vicars Apostolic. The desired change could only be made, in accordance with the discipline of the Church, in one way, *i. e.*, by the appointment of diocesan bishops.

"The statute 10 George IV., c. 7, s. 24, forbids the Catholic clergy from assuming the style of any bishopric or archbishopric of the Established Church. It is necessary, therefore, that the proposed diocesans should be created under new titles. Hence the erection of the Archbishopric of Westminster, which is a purely spiritual office, and no more illegal than that of the Vicars Apostolic; it neither affects, nor professes to affect, any temporal legal rights, but merely regards the spiritual concerns of those of Her Majesty's subjects who are, or hereafter may be, in communion with the Church of Rome.

"The erection of that office does not, moreover, involve any exercise of temporal jurisdiction within this realm by the Pope, for the creation of a bishopric is not, *in se*, an act of sovereignty or of temporal jurisdiction.

"In support of this position I need only refer to the fact, that the Crown of England a few years ago erected a bishopric in parts beyond sea where Her Majesty's writ runneth not—to wit, at Jerusalem. The warrant, under the royal sign manual and signet, for the consecration of Dr. Alexander, the first bishop of the newly created see of Jerusalem, recites (among other things) that, by stat. 5 Vic., c. 6, it is enacted, that the bishop or bishops to be consecrated under its provisions, 'may exercise, within such limits as may be from time to time assigned in any foreign country by the Queen, spiritual jurisdiction over the ministers of British congregations of the United Church of England and Ireland, and over such other Protestant congregations as may be desirous of placing themselves under his or their

authority.' And the warrant concludes as follows :—'And we are graciously pleased to assign Syria, Chaldea, Egypt, and Abyssinia, as the limit within which the said Michael Solomon Alexander may exercise spiritual jurisdiction pursuant to the said Act, subject, nevertheless, to such alterations in their limits as we, from time to time, may assign.'

"Here we find the British Crown creating a Protestant Bishopric of Jerusalem, and assigning to it a diocese including Syria, Chaldea, Egypt, and Abyssinia! And I need scarcely remind you that Italy, including Rome itself, is within the diocese of the Protestant Bishopric of Gibraltar, and that the Right Rev. Dr. Tomlinson, Anglican Bishop of Gibraltar, has actually performed episcopal functions in Rome. Yet the Roman Church and Government made no complaint.

"I trust that these observations will be received as they are meant, and that after this explanation Her Majesty's Catholic subjects may welcome their illustrious prelate on his return home next month, without incurring any imputation or suspicion of disloyalty to their beloved Sovereign, or of any breach of that proper respect which they owe to the opinions and feelings of the majority of their fellow-countrymen. I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

"G. B."

FROM THE "TIMES" OF OCTOBER 19.—"It is reported by those who profess themselves better acquainted than we care to be with the intentions of the Court of Rome, that the promotion of Cardinal Wiseman to the titular Archbishopric of Westminster is only one portion of a complete scheme for the revival of the Romish hierarchy in this country. Twelve bishops of the Romish Church are said to be designated by the Pope to fill the sees into which it has pleased His Holiness to divide the Queen's dominions; and the Cardinal Archbishop is, ere long, to return to England, armed with full Papal powers for the government of the affairs of the Roman Catholic body in his province.

"We have no means of ascertaining the accuracy of this statement, and we should be glad to learn that no such project has been entertained; or, if entertained, that it is not likely that a scheme so calculated to revive amongst the people of England the strongest feelings of suspicion and aversion against the Popish authorities of the Roman Church will be executed. But the specimen Pius IX. has recently given us of his policy and intentions, and the imprudent exultation with which we are told that a lost nation has been recovered and reclaimed by this very act to the fold of St. Peter, may justify an apprehension that a more ostentatious and ambitious display of the pretensions of the Papal Court is actually at hand.

"Assuming, therefore, that these facts have not been over-coloured, we may ask what they mean. For if they have any signification at all beyond an idle distribution of spurious titles, they mean that the Pope conceives that he can, in the 19th century, resume and exercise the direct spiritual government within this realm of a considerable portion of the Queen's subjects, and that by means of a regularly-established hierarchy, accountable to Rome only for its actions, as long as they are not absolutely at variance with the mild tenor of our present laws, he can divide with the Crown the allegiance of our fellow-countrymen. It is not, as we remarked on a former occasion, on theological grounds that we repudiate these arrogant claims, and that (to use the term which the Reformation stamped upon our branch of the Church of Christ) we protest against them. We respect the sanctity of religious opinions, we recognise the inviolable rights of conscience under every form of worship, and we profess the liberal principle of the age we live in, that no civil disabilities ought to be annexed to religious distinctions.

"But, with the utmost deference for these principles of religious freedom in the person of every Englishman, we are not the less, but rather the more,

bound to uphold the polity of this kingdom, to reject with indignation the attempt of a foreign power to fasten its authority upon our divisions, and to resist the reconstruction of those great engines of the Romish hierarchy which it is the glory of our forefathers to have expelled and overthrown. For if these projects are ever fulfilled to the letter, the Court of Rome will have recovered a greater power over that portion of the nation which admits its authority than it enjoyed for centuries before the Reformation, as far back as the reign of Richard the Second, when the introduction of unauthorised Papal bulls incurred the penalties of a *præmunire*; and England, with her Protestant establishment and her oath of supremacy, would concede to the Roman Catholic hierarchy and to the Pope a greater latitude of authority than they have enjoyed for ages in the most Catholic States of Europe. That is actually, it must be confessed, the present state of Ireland, and the Synod of Thurles with a host of evils which afflict and degrade that country are the clearest indication of its effects. These effects will probably only be mitigated when means shall have been found to define by compact the mutual obligations of the Romish Church and of the State; and meanwhile we may make allowances—perhaps too great allowances—for the Church which has maintained so dark a superstition and bred so constant a disaffection amongst a large portion of the Irish people.

“But here in England we live and move in the heart of this empire; it is here that we preserve, in the sanctuary of our laws, the traditional polity of the nation; and whatever humours may affect other parts of our frame, it is by the consent of the free people who cluster round these abodes and crowd this island that we are what we are.

“Is it, then, here in Westminster, among ourselves and by the English throne, that an Italian Priest is to parcel out the spiritual dominion of this country—to employ the renegades of our national Church to restore a foreign usurpation over the consciences of men, and to sow division in our political society by an undisguised and systematic hostility to the institutions most nearly identified with our national freedom and our national faith? Such an intention must either be ludicrous or intolerable—either a delusion of some fanatical brain, or treason to the constitution. We have emancipated our Roman Catholic countrymen from the last vestiges of civil proscription, and for tolerance sake we have done well; but of those who most zealously fought in that cause there was not a man who would have endured the thought of a direct encroachment on the spiritual independence of England by that faction from whom these restrictions were to be removed.

“Our Roman Catholic countrymen have, as a body, probably no active part in these proceedings of the alien authority which they acknowledge. On the contrary, they are more likely to lose than to gain by such rash innovations, and the enjoyment of their religious liberties was more respectable when it was more silent. But since Rome is itself the seat of these ridiculous contrivances, we may fairly regard such attempts at spiritual aggression as a mark of hostile impertinence, to be met with due vigour by the British Government, not in England, but in Italy.

“In the present state of the Pope's dominions, while the feeble remnant of his temporal power excites the compassion of the Catholic States and the contempt of his subjects, the direct opposition of England and a bold resolution to shake the rotten edifice to its foundations might prove more formidable dangers to the occupants of the Vatican than the presence of a sham Archbishop to the Protestant citizens of Westminster, in proportion as the vitality of the Romish Church declines at its centre, it revives at its extremities; and by the strange contradictions of its nature a Sovereign who is too weak to defend himself in his palace against a mob who insult him with impunity acquires a sort of parasitic existence in countries not subject

to his authority, and distributes dignities and duties which are not his own. But the Papal See may presume too much on its weakness as the screen of its ambition. There is a spirit abroad even in Italy which will not be roused with impunity; and, however reluctant we may be to add fresh elements of discord to the present agitated condition of Europe, we are not disposed to submit with perfect tameness or indifference to the wanton interference of a band of foreign priests in the affairs of this country.

REPLY OF THE BISHOP OF LONDON TO THE MEMORIAL FROM THE WESTMINSTER CLERGY.—Yesterday the Bishop of London sent the following reply to the memorial signed by the Archdeacon and Canons of Westminster, and a large body of the clergy of that city, presented to his Lordship on Friday, asking for his counsel and support:—"Fulham, Oct. 28, 1850.—Rev. and Dear Brethren,—The sentiments expressed in the address which you have presented to me are in entire accordance with mine, and I am persuaded that they will be responded to by the unanimous feeling of Protestant England.

"The recent assumption of authority by the Bishop of Rome in pretending to parcel out this country into new dioceses, and to appoint archbishops and bishops to preside over them, without the consent of the Sovereign, is a schismatical act, without precedent, and one which would not be tolerated by the Government of any Roman Catholic kingdom. I trust that it will not be quietly submitted to by our own.

"Hitherto from the time of the Reformation the Pope has been contented with providing for the spiritual superintendence of his adherents in this country by the appointment of vicars apostolic, bishops who took their titles as such not from any real or pretended sees in England, but from some imaginary dioceses in *partibus infidelium*. In this there was no assumption of spiritual authority over any other of the subjects of the English crown than those of his own communion. But the appointment of bishops to preside over new dioceses in England, constituted by a Papal brief, is virtually a denial of the legitimate authority of the British Sovereign and of the English episcopate; a denial also of the validity of our orders, and an assertion of spiritual jurisdiction over the whole Christian people of the realm.

"That it is regarded in this light by the Pope's adherents in this country is apparent from the language in which they felicitate themselves upon this arrogant attempt to stretch his authority beyond its proper limits. A journal which is generally believed to express the sentiments of a large portion of them at least (not, I believe, of all) points out in the following words the difference between the Vicars Apostolic and the pretended diocesan bishops. Alluding to certain members of our Church leaning towards Rome, it says—'In this act of Pope Pius IX., they have that open declaration for which they have been so long professing to look. 'Rome' said they, 'has never yet formally spoken against us. Her bishops, indeed, are sent here, not as having any local authority, but as pastors without flocks; Bishops of Tadmor in the desert, or of the ruins of Babylon, intruding into territories which they cannot formally claim as their own.' This specious argument is once for all silenced. Rome has more than spoken; she has spoken and acted! She has again divided our land into dioceses, and has placed over each a pastor, to whom all baptized persons, without exception, within that district, are openly commanded to submit themselves in all ecclesiastical matters, under pain of damnation, and the Anglican sees, those ghosts of realities long passed away, are utterly ignored.

"The advisers of the Pope have skilfully contrived so to shape this encroachment upon the rights and honour of the Crown and Church of England that his nominees to imaginary dioceses will not actually offend

against the letter of the law by assuming the titles which he has pretended to confer upon them ; but that it is contrary to the spirit of the law there can be no doubt. As little doubt can there be that it is intended as an insult to the Sovereign and Church of this country.

" With respect to the conduct proper to be pursued by you on this occasion, it ought, in my opinion, to be temperate and charitable, but firm and uncompromising.

" You will do well to call the attention of your people to the real purport of this open assault upon our reformed church, and to take measures for petitioning the legislature to carry out the principle of the statute which forbids all persons other than the persons authorized by law to assume or use the name, style, or title of any archbishop of any province, bishop of any bishopric, or dean of any deanery in England or Ireland, by extending the prohibition to any pretended diocese or deaneries in these realms.

" It is possible that such prohibitions might not have the effect of preventing the assumption of titles by the Papal bishops, when dealing with their own adherents : but it would make the assumption unlawful, and it would mark the determination of the people of this country not to permit any foreign prelate to exercise spiritual jurisdiction over them.

" But there are other duties besides those of protesting and petitioning, the performance of which seems to be specially required of us by the present emergency. Unwilling as I am to encourage controversial preaching, I must say that we are driven to have recourse to it by this attempted usurpation of authority on the part of the Bishop of Rome, and by the activity and subtlety of his emissaries in all parts of the kingdom. We are surely called upon for a more than ordinary measure of watchfulness and diligence in fulfilling the promise which we gave when we were admitted to the priesthood 'to banish and drive away all erroneous and strange doctrines contrary to God's Word.'

" Let us be careful, as well in our public ministrations as in our private monitions and exhortations, to refrain from doing or saying anything which may seem to indicate a wish to make the slightest approach to a church which, far from manifesting a desire to lay aside any of the errors and superstitions which compelled us to separate from it, is now reasserting them with a degree of boldness unknown since the Reformation, is adding new *credenda* to its articles of faith, and is undisguisedly teaching its members the duty of worshipping the creature with the worship due only to the Creator.

" After all, I am much inclined to believe that, in having recourse to the extreme measure which has called forth your address, the court of Rome has been ill advised as regards the extension of its influence in this country, and that it has taken a false step. That step will, I am convinced, tend to strengthen the Protestant feeling of the people at large, and will cause some persons to hesitate and draw back who are disposed to make concessions to Rome, under a mistaken impression that she has abated somewhat of her ancient pretensions, and that a union of the two churches might possibly be effected, without the sacrifice of any fundamental principle. Hardly anything could more effectually dispel that illusion than the recent proceeding of the Roman Pontiff. He virtually condemns and excommunicates the whole English Church, sovereign, bishops, clergy, and laity, and shuts the door against every scheme of comprehension, save that which should take for its basis an entire and unconditional submission to the spiritual authority of the Bishop of Rome.

" That it may please the Divine Head of the church, who is the true centre of unity, and the only infallible judge, to guide and strengthen us in these days of rebuke and trial, to open our eyes to the dangers we are in by our

unhappy divisions, and to unite us in one holy bond of truth and peace, of faith and charity, is the earnest prayer.

"Reverend and dear brethren, of

"Your affectionate friend and bishop,

"C. J. LONDON.

"To the Rev. the Clergy of the city and
"liberties of Westminster."

It is announced that Cardinal Wiseman, the new Archbishop of Westminster, who is at present in Florence, proposes to pass through Paris on his way to London. He will visit the Irish College in Paris, which is about to be considerably enlarged.

CONVERSIONS.

The Rev. W. H. Anderson, Vicar of St. Margaret's, Stamford, which parish contains 30,000 inhabitants, has seceded from the Establishment, and, it is supposed is about to join the Church of Rome, if he has not done so already. On Sunday evening he preached for the last time in the establishment, and the rumour of his resignation having spread over the town, caused such immense numbers to flock to the church to hear his farewell sermon, that hundreds could not gain admission into the spacious edifice. Every seat and standing was occupied, but his hearers were disappointed, as he made no allusion in the pulpit to his future proceedings, but told them at the onset that those who came from curiosity would be disappointed. He then preached a most impressive discourse, and on the following morning took his final leave of his parish and proceeded to London. The living of Knighton, near Leicester, is attached to that of St. Margaret's, and in addition to a large private fortune, as well as extensive funds obtained from other sources, the Rev. gentleman has bestowed nearly the whole in acts of charity. It is well known that he and his household lived on the hardest fare, that he might have the more to give to the poor. He succeeded the late Sir Andrew Irvine, and has had the living of St. Margaret's and Knighton (both of which are now vacant) about four years. They are in the gift of the Rev. Sir J. H. Seymour, Prebendary of St. Margaret's in Lincoln Cathedral.—*Stamford Mercury*.

A very imposing ceremony took place on Sunday last, at the Catholic chapel of Joseph Weld, Esq., Lulworth Castle, in which Henry A. Arden, Esq. (a gentleman of the county town, Dorchester,) performed a prominent part by making his public profession of that "Faith once delivered to the saints."

BIRTH.

On the 7th of October, at 12, Dorset-square, the lady of J. V. GANDOLFI Esq., of a son.

MARRIAGE.

On the 21st of October, at St. Augustine's, Ramsgate, by the Rev. Thomas Costigan, JOHN HARDMAN POWELL to ANNE, eldest daughter of A. WELBY PUGN, Esq.

DEATHS.

On the 26th of September, at 31, Montagu-square, CHARLES KING, Esq. of Broomfield-place, Essex, aged 75 years.

On the 4th of October, at St. Michael's Grove, Brompton, ELIZABETH, wife of Aeneas MacDonnell, Esq.

On the 15th of October, JOHN CHRISTOPHER, Esq., of Gloucester House, Southampton, and of Trekenning and Trevithick, Cornwall, deeply regretted by his disconsolate widow and family.

